

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

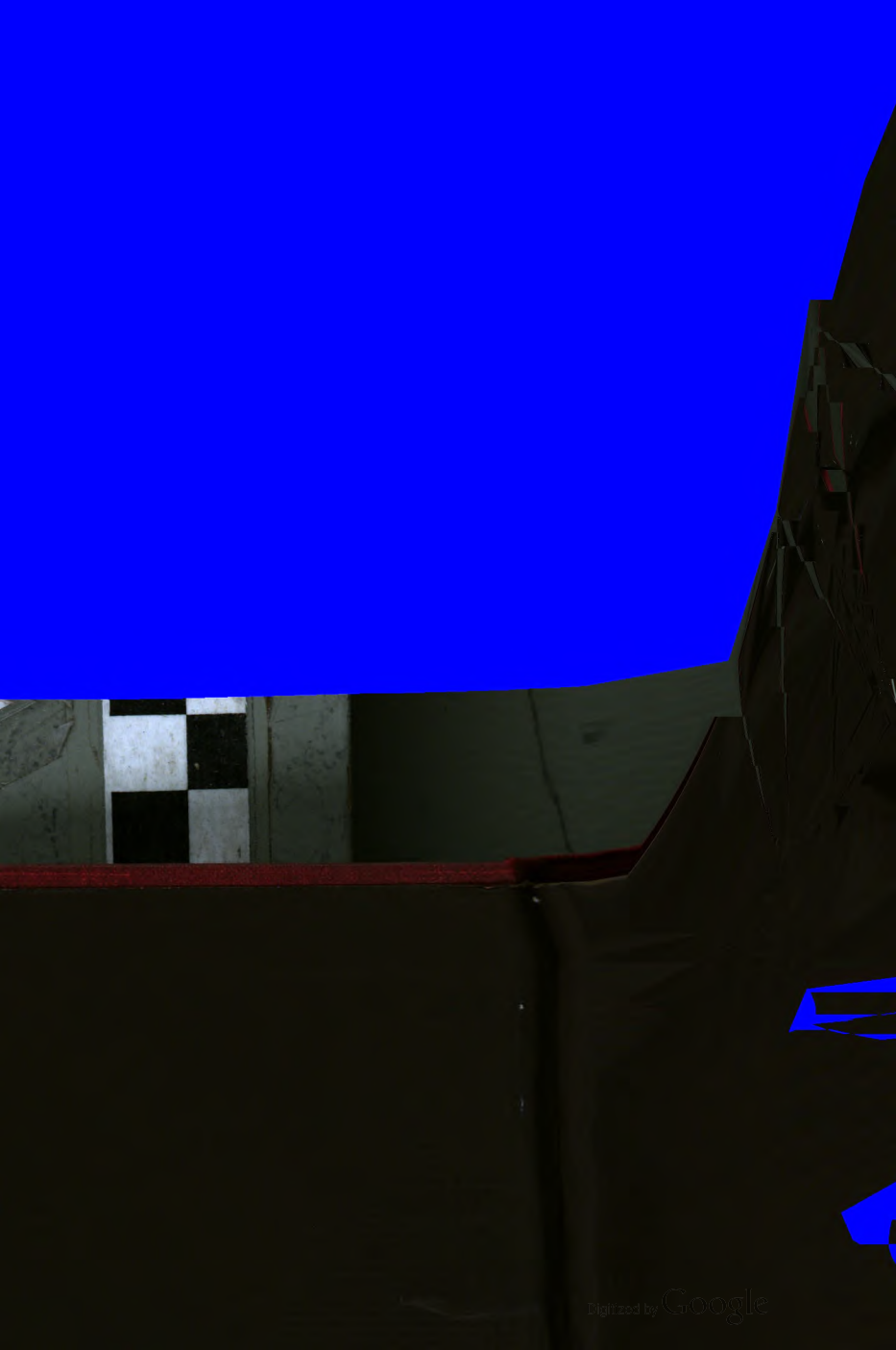
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`



Poems and songs, humorous, serious and satirical, ed., with an intr., by R. ...

Alexander Rodger

Digitized by Google


Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

28005 . e . 42

Digitized by Google

Poems and Songs

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Alex^r Rodger

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

Poems and Songs

Humorous, Serious, and Satirical

BY

ALEXANDER RODGER

EDITED, WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

ROBERT FORD

NEW AND COMPLETE EDITION



ALEXANDER GARDNER

Publisher to Her late Majesty Queen Victoria

PAISLEY; AND PATERNOSTER SQUARE, LONDON

1901

Digitized by Google

BODLEIAN
10 12 1901
LIBRARY

Digitized by Google

AUTHOR'S DEDICATION.

[*Poems and Songs*, 1838.]

To the Right Honourable
HENRY LORD BROUGHAM AND VAUX.

My Lord,

Flattered, and somewhat emboldened, by the very favourable reception which many of my Pieces have received from the Public, I have presumed to offer them in a collected form to your Lordship.

I trust I may be permitted to express myself as an ardent admirer of your Lordship's exertions in the cause of Liberty—the Diffusion of Knowledge—Reforms in our National Laws, in spirit and administration—and in behalf of the oppressed and injured Negro; and to hope that the Master Mind of the Age will long continue to be devoted to the same glorious objects.

I am,

Your Lordship's most obedient Servant,

ALEXANDER RODGER.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

PREFACE.

FOUR years ago, on the occasion of the mid-centenary of his fame—and urged to the work besides by an inborne conviction that the numerous admirers of his lyrical genius, at home and abroad, would welcome the publication—I prepared and issued a comprehensive selection of the widely popular Poems and Songs of ALEXANDER RODGER, the Glasgow Radical Poet. All that he wrote and left behind him in printed form was not gathered into the pages of that work; but nothing was left out which the editor and publisher could persuade themselves might be desired by the public, or the omission of which was likely to injure the reputation of the author. The long and unequal narrative poem of "Peter Cornclips" was omitted. Some of the Poet's satires were not included—such as are absent from this larger edition also—because, referring as they do to persons and events of more than fifty years ago, their point is either no longer apparent, or their motive has ceased to be interesting. But the worthy, the witty, and the wise—they were all there, to the honour and renown of their creator.

The result of the undertaking was successful beyond anticipation; the entire large edition being taken up in the course of a few months. Orders for copies still regularly reach the publisher; and to meet the unceasing demand, I have been asked to prepare this new and more comprehensive edition. Here "Peter Cornclips"

Digitized by Google

has a place, for the gratification of some of the Poet's admirers, who were disappointed by its omission from our earlier edition. A few short pieces have been added, and, with these, an all but complete collection of "Sandy" Rodger's poetical writings is now in the hands of the public.

The few illustrations, by the Editor's friend, Mr. J. G. Murray, A.R.E., should enhance the value of the present work, too, in the estimation of all who love the poet and know his songs.

With respect to the portrait which forms the frontispiece, it deserves to be noted that it is sketched from a lithograph of an excellent painting of the author, from the brush of the late Sir Daniel Macnee, R.A., in connection with which a circumstance has been narrated which proves, in a way, the correctness of the likeness. After the painting had been presented to Rodger by his friend, the artist, Mrs. Rodger, accompanied by her husband, called one day at the shop of Mr. David Robertson, where it remained some time for inspection. Mrs. Rodger carried one of her children (twenty-two months old) in her arms, who, without the least attempt being made to attract its attention to the portrait, after gazing, without emotion, on the various objects around, at length fixed its eyes intently on the picture, and immediately exclaimed in an ecstacy of delight, "O, my daddy, my daddy!"

R. F.

Glasgow, 1901.

Digitized by Google

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION, ...	xiii.
A Bundle of Truths, ...	235
A Congratulatory Address, ...	116
A Full-Length Portrait, ...	134
A King's Speech, ...	217
A Likeness Taken from Real Life, ...	118
A Loyal Lamentation, ...	214
A Most Loyal Ode, ...	207
A Most Loyal Peal, ...	238
A Mother's Dauty, ...	35
A Paraphrase for the Assembly's Fast, ...	191
Ah No !—I Cannot Say, ...	22
Alang Kelvin's Banks, ...	87
An Expostulatory Address to Death, ...	182
As ae Door Steeks anither Closes, ...	74
Baith Sides o' the Picture, ...	49
Bauldy Buchanan, ...	29
Be a Comfort to your Mither,...	127
Behave Yoursel' before Folk, ...	3
Black Coats and Gravats sae White,...	231
Bolivar, ...	123
"Brave Lewie Roy,"	111
Charles James Fox, ...	212
Colin Dulap, ...	12
Come, Billies, Let's Steer for our Hammocks, ...	54
Come, Fill a Bumper, ...	68
Come, Fye, let us a' to the Guzzle, ...	242
"Come Hame to your Lingels,"	108
Come Then, Eliza Dear, ...	76
Come to the Banks of Clyde, ...	65

Digitized by Google

PAGE

Daniel O'Connell's Welcome to Scotland, ... 101
Dinna Forget, ... 30
Gi'e as Ye wad Tak', ... 128
Here's to You Again, ... 55
Highland Politicians, ... 38
Highlan' Sobriety, ... 120
Honest Men and Bonnie Lasses, ... 70
Hout awa', Johnny, Lad! 53
I Ance was in Love, ... 64
I'll Awa' Hame to my Mither, I will, ... 76
I Had a Hat, I Had nae Mair, ... 47
Isabell, ... 88
It's no that Thou'rt Bonnie, ... 51
Jamie M'Nab, ... 31
Jessy M'Lean, ... 78
June and January, ... 58
Lauchie Fraser's Promotions, ... 27
Lines written in a certain Bridewell,... 195
Lo'e Me Little and Lo'e Me Lang, ... 11
Lovely Maiden, ... 84
Lovely Woman, ... 122
Magnificent Tom, ... 80
Mary Beaton, ... 82
Marry for Love and Work for Siller, ... 7
"Meg o' the Glen," 109
Mind the Butter, ... 192
My Bonnie Scotch Lassie, ... 97
My Bonnie Wee Wifie,... 92
My Country, ... 17
My Gudeman, ... 44
Nursery Scarecrows, ... 129
O Come wi' Me, ... 68
O Dear is our Hame, ... 119
"O how can you gang, Lassie?" 112
O Jeanie, Why that Look sae Cauld? 48
O Kitty, when that Form and Face, ... 88
O leese me on thee, Bonnie Bairn, ... 129
O Meet Me, Love, by Moonlight, ... 63
O Mither! Ony Body, ... 16
O Nancy, ... 85

Digitized by Google

PAGE

O Peter M'Kay,... 63
Ode Written for the Anniversary of Robert Tannahill, ... 103
Opening of the Glasgow and Greenock Railway, ... 99
Our Auld Uncle John, ... 37
Peter Cornclips, ... 136
Petition to Managers of Barrowfield Dye-works, ... 93
Pity Me! What I Dree, ... 73
Robin Tamson's Smiddy, ... 1
Roll, Fair Clutha, ... 66
Sanct Mungo, ... 15
Sawney, now, the King's Come, ... 205
Shaving Banks, ... 219
Shon M'Nab, ... 8
Since Fate has Decreed it, ... 71
Sir Benjamin Buffstrap, ... 46
Song, ... 236
Stanzas, ... 257
Stanzas on a Woman-Hater, ... 190
Stanzas suggested on planting Flowers on the Grave of John Tait, ... 100
Stanzas Written on Mr. James Pagan, ... 96
Sunday Railway Trains, ... 250
Sweet Bet of Aberdeen, ... 41
The Answer, ... 5
The Dairo's Anthem, ... 198
The Drygate Brig, ... 23
The Emerald Isle, ... 91
The Family Contrast, ... 130
The Forsaken, ... 82
The Greek Chief to his Countrymen,... 90
The Happy Meeting, ... 79
The Highlander's Welcome to the Queen, ... 34
The Indian Cottager's Song, ... 57
"The Lassie o' Merry Eighteen," 110
"The Lasses a' Leugh," 110
The Lovely Lass of Inverkip, ... 45
The Mucking o' Geordie's Byre, ... 202
The Nailer's Wife, ... 42
The Peerless Rose of Kent, ... 59
The Peasant's Fireside,... 51

Digitized by Google

PAGE

The Queen's Anthem, ... 61
The Royal Union, ... 60
The Spinning O't, ... 97
The Tinkler's Song, ... 26
The Twa Weavers, ... 113
The Waefu' Lamentation, ... 226
The Wailings of Corruption, ... 185
The Washing, ... 132
'Twas Morn, ... 71
Verses, ... 247
Verses, ... 255
Verses Sung at the Glasgow Typographical Festival, ... 94
When Gloamin' Spreads her Mantle Grey, ... 86
When youthfu' Love's delightfu' ties, ... 90
Whether or No, ... 25
Ye who Mourn dear Friends departed, ... 121
Your Daddy's far at Sea, ... 132

Digitized by Google

INTRODUCTION.

It is exactly fifty-four years since "rare old Sandy Rodger" died—Alexander Rodger, the Glasgow Radical poet, and the merriest of all the *Whistle-Binkie* brotherhood—some of whose songs—"Robin Tamson's Smiddy," "Behave Yoursel' before Folk," "Oh, Mither, Onybody," and one or two more—are among the best examples of the humorous lyric muse that have appeared in Scotland since the days of Robert Burns. Rodger, who assisted materially in the production of the *Laird of Logan*, was part-editor of the perennial *Whistle-Binkie*, and besides played a hand in the game of revolutionary politics so splendidly that he was a "kenspeckle" figure in the streets of the ever-Radical western metropolis from seventy to eighty and more years ago, and enjoyed a fame alike for politics and lyrical letters which, even in his own time, was as wide as the limits of his native land. A burly chield, indeed, was Sandy Rodger. Few among us have exhibited more of the spirit which is described by the Latin phrase, *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*. And tartan to the heel, forsooth, the colours were strong, the pattern was large. Then he possessed the saving quality of humour in such unmeasurable abundance—humour, too, so insidious in its nature and over-powering in its variety, that every adversary who fell from the attack

Digitized by Google

of his pen may be said to have perished in a paroxysm of laughter.

A grandson of Alexander Rodger is my near neighbour in Glasgow. I have repeatedly met a charming old lady in Bridgeton—Mrs. Murdoch, the mother of Dr. Murdoch there—at whose father's fireside the poet was a familiar figure. Other people I have talked with who knew him well, and all have spoken rapturously of the warm heart, the ready hand, the frank and kindly disposition, the rare humour, the strong social instincts, and the fun, and fire, and keen magnetic influence, of the man. The songs already mentioned will keep Rodger's name in evidence throughout another century at least—no matter how rapidly the new "Kailyarders" may multiply and luxuriate—and no writing of mine or any other man's will keep that living when these fail to do so. Such is not my object; such is not my hope or desire. I write of this notable *Whistle-Binkie* poet because I think it is meet—because I think it is due to him that fifty-four years after his death a restatement of his interesting career should be made, and a thoroughly representative edition of his Poems and Songs should be placed in the hands of his appreciative countrymen.

Rodger was born at the village of East-Calder, in Midlothian, on the 16th of July, 1784. His father, at first a farmer, and for a time the tenant of Haggs, close by the village of Dalmahoy, afterwards kept an inn in the village of Mid-Calder, where Alexander was sent to school. In course of time, and while the future bard was still a boy not yet entered into his teens, the family removed to Edinburgh, and here Sandy was sent to learn the trade of a silversmith with a Mr. Mathie. He continued about a year in this employment, when

Digitized by Google

his father's affairs became so much embarrassed that the household had to be finally broken up. The father removed to Hamburg, and the son was sent to reside with his mother's relations in Glasgow, who, in 1797, apprenticed him to a respectable weaver of the name of James Dunn (his step-father), who resided at the Dry-gate Toll, in the near neighbourhood of the ancient Cathedral.

In a few years quite a loyal fever broke out in the country, and the young and impressionable poet, not escaping the infection, was induced to become a member of the Glasgow Highland Volunteers. The company to which he attached himself was principally composed of raw mountaineers, then, as now, a prevalent element in the Glasgow community, and the keen edge of the poet's wit found congenial employment in hitting off in telling verses the colloquial humours and foibles of his Highland compatriots. It is to even this early period in his career that we are indebted for such rarely humorous pieces as "Lauchie Fraser's Promotions" and "Shon M'Nab," and some more of his exceedingly happy examples of the Highlander's broken English, most of which are well known to the general reader. There were occasional little squibs, too, fired at abuses which offended the poet's sense of fairplay, such as the following, which is self-explanatory :—

"The greatest sumphs in a' oor core,
Are sure to be promoted,
While men of mettle are passed o'er,
And scarcely ever noted.

This truth may seem a paradox,
But mark ye how I'll clear it,
Promotion amang Highland folks
Gangs mair by *Mac* than merit."

Digitized by Google

And this other, written about the same time :—

> "Though she'll pe cauldna read nor write,
> Will no pe meikle harm in't;
> She'll kiss her Honour's Clory's *toup*
> To get wee bit preferment."

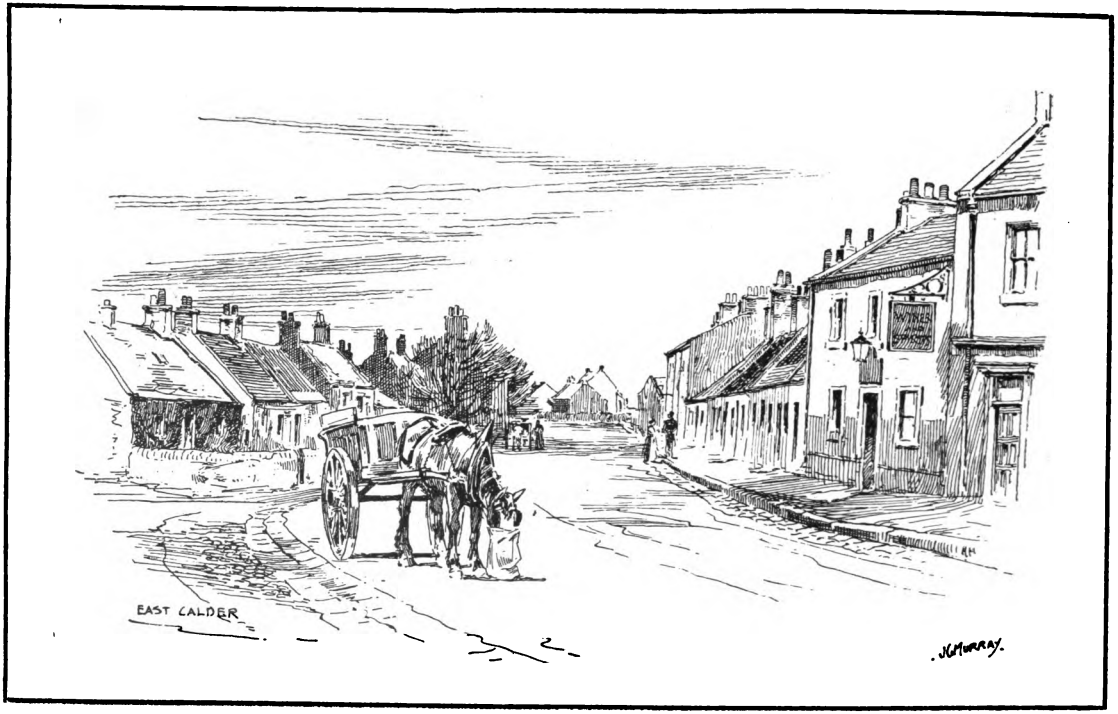
Rodger continued in this Volunteer regiment—and in another which rose out of it, after its dissolution, called the Glasgow Highland Locals—for no less than nine years. When he was twenty-two years old he married Agnes Turner, by whom he had a large family, some of whom in course of time emigrated to the United States of America, where they, or their descendants, still reside. After his marriage the poet removed to Bridgeton, then a suburb, though now incorporated in vastly greater Glasgow; and, still making his bread and butter mainly by the exercise of the handloom, he put a respectable eke on his income by teaching music. He also composed music for his own amusement, and continued, as before, to exercise his early-discovered gift for humorous and satirical song-making. In 1819, when the fever of Radicalism was epidemic among the working population of the country, and the poet had now a large family depending upon him, he was led to connect himself with a weekly journal called *The Spirit of the Union*, started in Glasgow by a person of the name of Gilbert M'Leod, and designed to cause disaffection to the Government of the time. First he wrote political squibs, such as "The Mucking o' Geordie's Byre," for this organ. Then he joined the staff. Better had he stuck fast to the loom, however. Within a few weeks of Rodger's appointment the editor was apprehended on a charge of sedition, found guilty, and sentenced to transportation for life; while Sandy was

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

also taken into custody, convicted of revolutionary practices, and sent to prison for a time. To be particular in this matter, Rodger entered the office to assist in the production of the fifth issue of the periodical, and the last number of it that was published was the tenth; the authorities having apprehended M'Leod about the beginning of January, 1820, and broken up the establishment. Immediately succeeding the "smash," the poet returned to the loom and continued weaving till the month of April following. On the first of that month there appeared on the walls of the city what was called a "Treasonable Address," purporting to be issued by a "Provisional Government." This—notwithstanding the fact that it was issued on All Fool's Day—provoked the most wonderful commotion in the City, and gave rise to an immense number of apprehensions and imprisonments. The Magistrates immediately issued a counter Proclamation, denouncing the "Treasonable Address," and declaring that "the whole military power of the district will be employed in the most decisive manner against all those coming forward to aid and assist in Rebellion;" and "The Consequences," it added, "will be on the heads of those who have seduced and misled the inhabitants, and fatal to all who venture to oppose and resist the overwhelming power at our disposal." The Volunteers were called up. The Executive Government ordered five thousand regular troops—infantry, artillery, and dragoons—to occupy the city. The banks, the excise and custom houses, the churches, and the jail, were consequently guarded by numerous soldiers with muskets and fixed bayonets. Artillery was planted to guard the bridges on either side of the river, the report being abroad that the

Digitized by Google

Paisley Radicals, ten thousand strong, were marching hitherward. All strangers were commanded to withdraw from the city regularly before seven o'clock in the evening. There was a brief but absolute reign of terror. Molehills were magnified into mountains; and the most trifling circumstances in the history of individuals who were known to possess liberal views were laid hold of as the ground of their apprehension. The celebrated Baird and Hardie trial and execution arose out of this excited period. Among others, Rodger became an object of suspicion to the authorities, from his former connection with *The Spirit of the Union.* He was accordingly apprehended on the 8th of April, and lodged in Glasgow Bridewell, where he was confined like a common felon for eleven days. During that period he was examined by Sheriff Bruce as to his supposed connection with the "Address," but, of course, without affording any ground for a charge. Solitary confinement was the order of the day, but to this it would appear some unspecified harshness was added. Yet the spirit of the indignant poet rose superior to the petty malice of the small-souled officials; and he solaced himself and tantalised them by singing at the top of his lungs his own political compositions. These, highly spiced as they were by the awful Radicalism of the time, gave his jailors "fits," and their repressive measures became more drastic. But the Radical bard was irrepressible, and the singing did not cease—yea, he embalmed their very cruelties in new and equally pungent measures, which rang in their ears in every hour of the day and the night. How the poet's proud spirit was galled by his being

"Pent up within this horrid cell,"

Digitized by Google

will be seen in the "Lines Written in a certain Bridewell, by a State Prisoner," which first appeared in pencil on his cell-wall.

There was perhaps some excuse for sharp measures on the part of those responsible for the peace of the realm in the crisis; though, really, for the disaffection that prevailed Parliament was culpably responsible. There was little wonder the galled horses winced—no wonder the people hovered on the verge of revolution; for they had as yet no voice in the making of their own laws; and the Imperial and Magisterial temerity of the times were appalling. Mr. Peter M'Kenzie in his garrulous but faithful *Reminiscences of Glasgow* tells how, when in 1816 it was contemplated to hold a public meeting, simply for the purpose of suing by formal motion for the redress of manifest grievances, there was nothing short of panic among the local powers. The Lord Provost, James Black, positively prohibited, and dared the promoters at their peril to go to the Green with their meeting, threatening that the Magistrates would call out the Forty-second Regiment to rout them at the point of the bayonet. They applied for the use of the Trades Hall in Glassford Street, and were sternly refused it. They solicited the proprietor of the Eagle Inn to grant them his stable-yard; and he, in his turn, was forbidden on his peril to give over his premises for such "a damnable purpose." Squibs, in prose and verse, were the natural result of such treatment. One of the latter, "Gotham in Alarm," enjoyed a tremendous sale at the hands of Jamie Blue, a street character and ballad-crier of the time. Rodger's satiric muse was here also provoked, and he wrote—

> "Vile, 'sooty rabble,' what d'ye mean
> By raising a' this dreadfu' din?

Digitized by Google

Do ye no ken what horrid sin
Ye are committing,
By haudin' up your chafts sae thin
For sic a meeting?

Vile *Black-nebs!* doomed through life to drudge,
And howk amang your native sludge,
Wha is't gives *you* the right to judge
O' siccan matters,
That ye maun grumble, grunt, and grudge
At us, your betters?

Base *Rads!* whase ignorance surpasses
The dull stupidity o' asses,
Think ye that the privileged classes
Care aught about ye?
If ony mair ye daur to fash us,
By George! we'll shoot ye!

We've walth o' sodgers in the toun,
To keep sic ragamuffins doun;
And gin ye dinna settle soon,
By a' that's guid!
We'll gar the common sewers rin
Wi' your base bluid.

Tak', therefore, this kind admonition;
Recant, repent, be a' submission;
And as a proof that your contrition
Is frae the heart;
In Gude's name, burn that vile Petition,
Before ye pairt."

Other satires of the time, equally pungent and always spiced by a tousie and effective humour, will be found throughout the body of the present volume. The poet, moreover, used to relate many entertaining anecdotes of this stormy and eventful period of his life. Among others, when his house was searched for sedi-

Digitized by Google

tious publications, Sandy handed the Family Bible to the Sheriff's Officer who was making search, it being, he said, the only treasonable book in his possession; and for proof of this, he referred the horrified official to the chapter on Kings, in the first Book of Samuel.

The advanced Radical, it will be seen, had to walk rougher shod in those days than now; and to be a martyr for the "cause" did not pay Rodger so well as it has done less doughty champions in more recent years. Release from jail meant only for the poet, indeed, re-incarceration within the "four stoops o' misery"—the loom. But he returned to this cheerfully, and wrought away until sometime in 1821, when, through the kind offices of a namesake, if not a relative—Mr. George Rodger, then manager of the extensive works of Henry Monteith & Company—he was enabled to leave the loom for a less laborious situation in that establishment; as an inspector of the printed cloth, in which appointment he continued for the next eleven years. The interval of this period marked the harvest-time of Rodger's poetic career. It was now he wrote "Colin Dulap," "Jamie M'Nab," "Behave Yoursel' before Folk," "Robin Tamson's Smiddy," and other songs so full of racy and genial humour, as well as composed many of his sweetest and best known love-lyrics. The treatment he received in Bridewell did not snuff out his political candle either, as the date of his most celebrated satire, "Sawney, now the King's Come," will bear witness, for this, of course, was written in 1822 (see note to the poem). And now, as ever, the poet exercised a keen interest in local concerns that affected the weal or ill of the people. In 1823 the liberty of the banks of the Clyde was threatened by the

Digitized by Google

rapacity of a local proprietor of the name of Thomas Harvie, who erected a dyke to put an end to a public footpath, and Rodger was among the first to call attention to the unwarranted encroachment, by letters to the newspapers, etc. A protracted struggle ensued, in which the poet was found continually in the thick of the fight. Night and day, in fair weather and foul, and in the face of many difficulties and reproaches, he stuck to his point in the interest of the public. He searched out evidence, he promoted subscriptions, he got up concerts and exhibitions, and did all he could think of to raise funds to carry on the law-suit which became inevitable; and, he was a principal, if not the chief, instrument, as one biographer at least avers, of ultimately establishing the right of the public to a footpath on the banks of the Clyde. Three of his well-known songs—"Come to the Banks of Clyde," "Roll, Fair Clutha," and "Come, fill a Bumper"—we know, were the outcome of this struggle, having been written for and sung by the poet himself at the concerts above-named. The last song, indeed, was sung at the meeting at which gold medals were presented to the various members of Committee—to all except Mr. Rodger, who was most unfairly overlooked. Why? it has not been even hinted. And because, we presume, the poet did not trouble to enquire. His reward, which was the best —and all he sought for—was set in the successful issue of the agitation.

Rodger's llfe, as we are beginning to realise, was marked by considerable variety. Already he has been a silversmith, a weaver, a poet, a teacher of music, a political martyr, a cloth-inspector, and a champion of the Rights of the People. In 1832 he appears in a new

Digitized by Google

rôle. Then one of his friends, who had begun business as a pawnbroker in or about the Saltmarket, induced him to leave Monteith's works and take the management of his business. But such employment was ill-suited to the feelings of a man so kindly and sympathetic in his nature as Alexander Rodger, and from some verses which he wrote on the subject we learn how he felt. He says :—

> "Obliged each day and hour to undergo
> The pain of hearing tales of want and woe,
> So finely framed, with so much feeling told,
> As would make misers give, nor grudge, their gold;
> Compelled to handle every dirty rag,
> Stript from the hide of every hateful hag,
> And doomed each finer feeling to degrade,
> By bullying every blackguard trull and jade,
> Who hither comes her tawdry trash to pop,
> That she may drink it at the next dram-shop."

The environment, distasteful to him from the first, indeed, in ten months' time became more than he could longer bear, and he appealed to the "managers of Barrowfield Dyeworks" to take his case into consideration, and save him "from this every day's damnation." He would "fire their furnaces, or weigh their coals, wheel barrows, riddle ashes, mend up holes, beat cloth, strip shades; in short, do anything," rather than stay longer in this detested place. Relief came opportunely. Through the influence of his friend, Mr. William Gardner, the poet was received into the office of the *Glasgow Chronicle* newspaper—then conducted by Mr. David Prentice—as reader and assistant reporter of local news. In this employment he remained about a year, when he got a charge in the office of the *Liberator*, then under the management, as editor, of his valued and

Digitized by Google

lamented friend, Mr. John Tait. Here, while Tait lived, the poet was quite at home. He was in the midst of kindred spirits—able, intelligent, and, withal, democratic; and he felt himself in a new element. But the premature death of Tait, with the pecuniary embarrassments in which the establishment had become involved, led ere long to the dissolution of this connection also, and Rodger was again thrown upon the world. In a few months, however, he was once more in harness. And this time in the office of the *Reformers' Gazette*, where he continued till his death, highly esteemed by his employer, and respected by a wide range of friends and admirers.

The poet's health began to fail in the summer of 1846. He went to the country to see if a change of air and scene would brace his relaxed frame, but he returned to Glasgow unimproved. To his family and friends, by all of whom he was held in tender and admiring regard, it became early apparent that the end was not far distant; and though everything was done that the best skill available chose to advise, and done in the way best calculated to succour and soothe and revive his drooping spirits, he gradually sank notwithstanding, and passed away from this shifting scene on the 26th September, the same year.

Rodger's lot, as we have seen, had been the traditional one of the poet—poverty, toil, and the vexation of shifting and uncongenial employment. His noble nature and indomitable spirit, however, raised him ever triumphant in the midst of trying circumstances, and no complaint of the world's unkindness was ever known to issue from his lips. Indeed, this in a way would have been unjust, for few men in the city of Glasgow in his day—or in

Digitized by Google

all the West of Scotland for that matter—could have congregated around them a more numerous and attached circle of friends. And this was proved on more than one occasion. He was not yet an old man when his friend Daniel Macnee (afterwards knighted) painted his portrait, and made him a gift of the work. In 1836 his friends and admirers invited him to a public dinner in the Tontine Hotel, at which upwards of two hundred gentlemen were present; and in addition to the barren laurel, he was here presented with a valuable silver snuff-box and eighty-five sovereigns. Again, on the 25th of January, 1843, he was entertained at a splendid banquet, in the Trades Hall, at which twice as many people were present—many of them from a distance—and when Professor Wilson (the great "Christopher North") did honour to the poet's talents by presiding. These were honours worthy of esteem, and Rodger esteemed them highly. Further, and this of a tenderer kind—his remains were followed to the grave by a numerous company of relations and friends—perhaps, in all, about two hundred persons. Had it been possible to give a more general notice of the time of interment (said the *Glasgow Herald*) thousands would have attended. The body was laid to rest in a beautifully retired corner of the Glasgow Necropolis, not far removed from the grave of William Motherwell, with whom the poet was intimate in life; and Mr. Leadbetter, the then Dean of Guild, was so obliging as to go and select the spot where the honoured ashes were to unite with the soil from which they came, and where a tasteful monument was subsequently raised to perpetuate his worth. This, which was executed by the late Mr. Mossman, sculptor, bears the following inscription, written by

Digitized by Google

William Kennedy, author of *Fitful Fancies*, etc., and the subjoined quotation from one of Rodger's own poems :—

TO THE MEMORY OF
ALEXANDER RODGER,
A POET
Gifted with feeling, humour, and fancy ;
A MAN
Animated by generous,
Cordial, and comprehensive sympathies,
Which adversity could not repress,
Nor popularity enfeeble,
THIS MONUMENT
Is erected in testimony of Public Esteem.
BORN
At Mid-Calder, 16th July, 1784 ;
DIED
At Glasgow, 26th September, 1846.

" What though with Burns thou could'st not vie
In diving deep or soaring high ;
What though thy genius did not blaze
Like his to draw the public gaze ;
Yet thy sweet numbers, free from art,
Like his can touch—can melt the heart."

Alexander Rodger first appeared as an avowed author in the year 1821, but in a way so curiously informal that the possibility remains that the poet himself never saw the volume. Certainly it is not referred to in any of his later works, and in none of all the writings about Rodger has it hitherto been mentioned. Recently I happened on the work, in almost an accidental way, in Gardyne's Collection in the Glasgow Mitchell Library. It is a little book of twenty-four pages, entitled :— "*Scotch Poetry, consisting of Songs, Odes, Anthems and Epigrams,* by Alexander Rodger, an Operative Weaver

Digitized by Google

of Glasgow. London: Printed and published by R. Carlile, 55 Fleet Street; 1821," and the publisher's Preface is quaintly eloquent. He says:—"The manuscripts of the following sheets were sent to London in the latter part of the year 1819, after every effort to get them printed at Glasgow had failed. The Publisher put them to press immediately on their receipt, and the first sheet was worked off; but his peculiar situation at the moment, combined with the press of other business, prevented their being then finished, and a succession of obstacles has delayed them to the present moment. The Publisher regrets the delay on his own account, as well as that of the Author, who is a poor man, and had reasonably anticipated some alleviation of his distresses from the friends to freedom by his zeal and the exertion of his abilities in the good cause. The Publisher, anxious to remedy the evil of the delay to the Author, as far as is now possible, pledges himself to give up all profit that might arise, and content himself with paying the stationer and printer. Should this meet the Author's eye, or the eye of any of his friends, any information of the Author's present residence and situation will be thankfully received by the Publisher." The pieces embraced are ten in number, and include—"Black Coats and Gravats sae White," "The Dairo's Anthem," "Shaving Banks," "Epigram on Pitt," and "The Twa Weavers," which were reproduced, in improved form, in the poet's later publications. The remaining five, less important then, and now of no general interest, were wisely not perpetuated.

In 1827, *Peter Cornclips, a tale of real Life, and Other Poems and Songs*, was published by David Allan & Co., Glasgow. In his preface to this work, the poet says—and I quote the passage because of its frank and

Digitized by Google

manly tone:—"These pieces were written neither solely for my own amusement, nor during hours of leisure; they were composed amid bustle and turmoil—the din of the clanking steam engine, and the deafening rattle of machinery; while the operation of committing them to paper was generally performed amid the squalling and clamour of children around the hearth—now in the pet of childish quarrels, and now mad with mirth and fun and frolic. . . . Of the beauties or blemishes of these poems it becomes not me to speak. They are now given to the world to be approved or condemned, and by its judgment I must stand or fall. Whatever their fate may be, I shall have the consolation that there will not be found in them anything to offend morality or to put modesty to the blush. My aim has ever been to express such feelings and sentiments as will meet the approbation of the sensible part of my countrymen—and, I shall hope, of my countrywomen too. If I have failed in this, my head, and not my heart, is to blame." In 1838, an enlarged and more complete volume, under the title of *Poems and Songs, Humorous and Satirical*, was issued from the press of the poet's friend, Mr. David Robertson, of *Whistle-Binkie* fame. This, which until recently had been the one and only truly representative collection of his poetical pieces, has been long out of print. His third publication was, *Stray Leaves from the Portfolios of Alisander the seer, Andrew Whaup, and Humphrey Henkeckle*—these being the assumed names under which the most of the pieces—chiefly satirical—had been previously published in various periodicals. This, issued by Charles Rattray in 1842, was the last complete work of which Rodger had the sole authorship. His talents were, however, to a later period, de-

Digitized by Google

voted to the editorship of *Whistle-Binkie*, in which he manifested a real poet's interest, and did more perhaps than any other single individual to give the work character and fame. Not less than fifty-eight of the lyrics of this perennial collection are from Rodger's pen; which is a fact worth noting. But Sandy Rodger was, of all things a singer of songs; and what he said so well with regard to Tannahill, in the lines graven on his own tombstone, has equal point and truth when applied to himself. To move and melt the heart—to draw laughter and tears—is the song-writer's business; and few since Burns's day have practised the art with more success in Scotland than the subject of this brief memoir. In moving to laughter, however, he was ever most successful, and his happy humorous songs of "Robin Tamson's Smiddy," and "Behave Yoursel' before Folk," are known, and sung, and afford delight, wherever Scotsmen gather. I can scarcely conceive a time when these two songs will cease to charm the hearts of Scottish men and women, "hereabout or far awa'." They may appear at the present moment in danger of getting overlaid by the prose creations of the stalwart kailyarders." But, no; the best of Barrie and Crockett and Maclaren, is not more redolent of the soil —of the "kailyard," taking the word in its best sense— than the songs of Sandy Rodger, and their vital spark will not be quenched by tons of prose volumes, however graphic and true. The Earl of Rosebery, in his marvellously eloquent address on Burns in the St. Andrew's Hall, in July, 1896, said he sometimes asked himself if a roll-call of fame were read over at the beginning of every century, how many men of eminence would answer a second time. Not many men of eminence at all, perhaps, but the *adsum* of the humble writers of

Digitized by Google

"The Flowers of the Forest," "Auld Robin Gray," "The Land o' the Leal," "Home, Sweet Home," "Auld Lang Syne," and "Robin Tamson's Smiddy," we may be sure, would ring out clear and distinct again and again.

But to come back to Rodger. We have seen how varied was the work-a-day life of the poet. His muse was not less so, but is represented by every shade and by nearly every order of poetical composition. In love-songs—admittedly the highest form of the lyric—we find him suitably represented by "Marry for Love and Work for Siller," "It's no that thou'rt Bonnie," "O, Jeanie, why that look sae Cauld?" "Pity me! What I Dree," and two or three more, as pathetic as may be. If none of his songs of child-life have taken a place so well established in the common heart as "Willie Winkie," "Castles in the Air," and "Cuddle Doon," yet our author sang very delightsomely, and with not less relish, with not less knowledge of the ways of the wee folks, than the writers of these immortal lyrics. Satire, though the least lovable quality in song-craft, was a distinctive feature of Rodger's muse, and he excelled here, as witness "Sawney, now the King's Come," and the "Mucking o' Geordie's Byre," and some more of his political and social squibs printed towards the end of this volume. Then, for broad humorous effects, such as some of the pieces I have mentioned reveal—these, and "Colin Dulap," "Shon M'Nab," "The Nailer's Wife," "O, Mither, Onybody, but a Creeshy Weaver," and "The Drygate Brig," and some others—a place must be admitted to our author on the eye-line of the nation's comic gallery. Once only—in "Peter Cornclips," the one solitary prolonged effort of his muse—did the author of these poems, in our

Digitized by Google

opinion, fail to be interesting and amusing, when he meant to be both. It may be "a true tale," as the poet avers, but it is relieved from absolute wearisomeness only by containing two songs which have no bearing on, nor connection with, the story—"Robin Tamson's Smiddy" and "The Tinkler's Song." The piece, in a word, even though it displays some vigorous writing here and there, is so weak in character and incident, and deficient in dramatic truth, that it reveals only its author's limitations in poet-craft.

It was in song-making—in forming the lightsome lyric—that Rodger excelled. Herein his strength lay; and, in the splendid lines of the late Robert Louis Stevenson,—

> "Bright is the ring of words
> When the right man rings them,
> Fair the fall of songs
> When the singer sings them.
> Still they are carolled and said—
> On wings they are carried—
> After the singer is dead
> And the maker buried."

We may not grumble, nor feel disappointed sorely, although our author did not excel in a sustained effort like "Peter Cornclips." Long poems at the best appeal but to the few. 'Tis songs that captivate and enliven the multitude; and the lyrical is the rarer and higher gift. By song-writing Alexander Rodger won fame; and by the songs he wrote his fame survives, and will be maintained.

"Hee sang rycht merrylie."

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

POEMS AND SONGS.

ROBIN TAMSON'S SMIDDY.*

My mither men't my auld breeks,
An' wow! but they were duddy,
And sent me to get Mally shod
At Robin Tamson's smiddy;
The smiddy stands beside the burn
That wimples through the clachan,
I never yet gae by the door
But aye I fa' a-lauchin'.

For Robin was a walthy carle,
An' had ae bonnie dochter:
Yet ne'er wad let her tak' a man,
Tho' mony lads had socht her;
But what think ye o' my exploit?
The time the mare was shoeing,
I slippit up beside the lass
An' briskly fell a-wooing.

---

* This, of all Rodger's songs the most popular, has been variously claimed for Aberdeenshire, for Habbie's Howe (the scene of Allan Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd") in Edinburghshire, and for the Clachan of Campsie in Stirlingshire; and not very long ago a newspaper controversy raged on the subject. The question involved is, which of the three clachans was in the poet's eye when he wrote the verses? Those who believe in the Clachan of Campsie rely upon the fact that Rodger wrote all his poetry in Glasgow, and that, consequently, it was unlikely that he would go to either Aberdeenshire or Edinburghshire for the scene. One fact, however, militates against this claim. If there was one man who was likely to have definite knowledge on the point,

Digitized by Google

An' aye she ee'd my auld breeks,
The time that we sat crackin',
Quo' I, "My lass, ne'er mind the *clouts*,
I've new anes for the makin';
But gin ye'll just come hame wi' me,
An' lea' the carle, your faither,
Ye'se get my breeks to keep in trim,
Mysel', an' a' thegither."

"'Deed, lad," quo' she, "your offer's fair,
I really think I'll tak' it;
Sae, gang awa', get out the mare,
We'll baith slip on the back o't;
For gin I wait my faither's time,
I'll wait till I be fifty;
But, na! I'll marry in my prime,
An' mak' a wife fu' thrifty."

Wow! Robin was an angry man
At tynin' o' his dochter;
Thro' a' the kintra-side he ran,
An' far an' near he socht her;

---

it was Hugh Macdonald. But, as a matter of fact, while describing the district of Campsie, in one of his "Rambles," this writer makes no mention of the subject. Nothing could be more damaging to the local claim; for if there had been anything in it, Macdonald could not possibly have missed a circumstance so interesting. He would have revelled in describing the connection, indeed. In the northern claim there does not appear to be much; at all events, much less than in the claim for Habbie's Howe. Supposing the song to be based on a popular tradition—a likely enough thing—it is more probable that it referred to the latter place than to the other, and for a very simple reason. Although Rodger spent almost the whole of his life, and wrote absolutely all his poetry in Glasgow, he was born and bred in Midlothian. It was, therefore, probable enough that the curious incident which the poet worked into his famous song became fixed in his youthful memory along with other traditions of his native place. It may be said, of course, that most clachans contain a smiddy, and many of them a burn. But it is not likely that of three clachans each had a widower blacksmith with one daughter whom he didn't want to part with to any ploughman chiel' who might be sent by his mother to the smiddy to get the mare shod, *etcetera;* and, until convincing evidence is produced to the contrary, Habbie's Howe may be regarded as the *locality* of "Robin Tamson's Smiddy."

Digitized by Google

But when he cam' to our fire-end,
An' fand us baith thegither,
Quo' I, "Gudeman, I've ta'en your bairn,
An' ye can tak' my mither."

Auld Robin girn'd an' shook his pow,
"Guid sooth," quo' he, "you're merry,
But I'll just tak' ye at your word
An' end this hurry-burry;"
So Robin an' our auld wife
Agreed to creep thegither;
Now I hae Robin Tamson's pet,
An' Robin has my mither.

BEHAVE YOURSEL' BEFORE FOLK.*

AIR—"*Good morrow for your night cap.*"

BEHAVE yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk,
And dinna be sae rude to me,
As kiss me sae before folk.

It wadna gie me meikle pain,
Gin we were seen and heard by nane,
To tak' a kiss, or grant you ane;
But, guidsake! no before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Whate'er you do, when out o' view,
Be cautious aye before folk.

---

* The origin of this song was so simple, it is interesting for the mere sake of its simplicity. The author and a friend were on a visit to Edinburgh, where, calling at the house of an uncle of the latter, Mr. Rodger's companion, at parting, took a smack from the lips of his fair cousin, who, mildly resisting, exclaimed, "Behave yoursel' before folk." And that was all. But the words afforded a hint by which the "simple smack" became immortal.

Digitized by Google

Consider, lad, how folk will crack,
And what a great affair they'll mak',
O' naething but a simple smack,
That's gi'en or ta'en before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
Nor gi'e the tongue o' auld or young
Occasion to come o'er folk.

It's no through hatred o' a kiss,
That I sae plainly tell you this;
But losh! I tak' it sair amiss
To be sae teazed before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
When we're our lane ye may tak' ane,
But fient a ane before folk.

I'm sure wi' you I've been as free
As ony modest lass should be;
But yet, it doesna do to see
Sic freedom used before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
I'll ne'er submit again to it—
So mind you that—before folk.

Ye tell me that my face is fair;
It may be sae—I dinna care—
But ne'er again gar't blush sae sair
As ye ha'e done before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
Nor heat my cheeks wi' your mad freaks,
But aye be douce before folk.

Ye tell me that my lips are sweet,
Sic tales, I doubt, are a' deceit;
At ony rate, it's hardly meet
To pree their sweets before folk.

Digitized by Google

Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
Gin that's the case, there's time and place,
But surely no before folk.

But, gin you really do insist
That I should suffer to be kiss'd,
Gae, get a license frae the priest,
And mak' me yours before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
And when we're ane, bluid, flesh and bane,
Ye may tak' ten—before folk.

THE ANSWER.

CAN I behave, can I behave,
Can I behave before folk,
When, wily elf, your sleeky self
Gars me gang gyte before folk?

In a' ye do, in a' ye say,
Ye've sic a pawkie, coaxing way,
That my poor wits ye lead astray,
An' ding me doilt before folk?
Can I behave, can I behave,
Can I behave before folk,
While ye ensnare, can I forbear
A-kissing, though before folk?

Can I behold that dimpling cheek,
Whar love 'mang sunny smiles might beek,
Yet, howlet-like, my e'e-lids steek,
An' shun sic light, before folk?
Can I behave, can I behave,
Can I behave before folk,
When ilka smile becomes a wile,
Enticing me—before folk?

Digitized by Google

That lip, like Eve's forbidden fruit,
Sweet, plump, an' ripe, sae tempts me to't,
That I maun pree't, though I should rue't,
  Ay, twenty times—before folk?
    Can I behave, can I behave,
    Can I behave before folk,
  When temptingly it offers me
    So rich a treat—before folk?

That gowden hair sae sunny bright;
That shapely neck o' snawy white;
That tongue, even when it tries to flyte,
  Provokes me till't before folk!
    Can I behave, can I behave,
    Can I behave before folk,
  When ilka charm, young, fresh, an' warm,
    Cries, "Kiss me now"—before folk?

An' oh! that pawkie, rowin' e'e,
Sae roguishly it blinks on me,
I canna, for my saul, let be,
  Frae kissing you before folk!
    Can I behave, can I behave,
    Can I behave before folk,
  When ilka glint conveys a hint
    To tak' a smack—before folk?

Ye own, that were we baith our lane,
Ye wadna grudge to grant me ane;
Weel, gin there be nae harm in't then,
  What harm is in't before folk?
    Can I behave, can I behave,
    Can I behave before folk?
  Sly hypocrite! an anchorite
    Could scarce desist before folk!

But after a' that has been said,
Since ye are willing to be wed,
We'll hae a "blythesome bridal" made,
  When ye'll be mine before folk!

Digitized by Google

Then I'll behave, then I'll behave,
Then I'll behave before folk,
For whereas then ye'll aft get "ten,"
It winna be before folk!

MARRY FOR LOVE AND WORK FOR SILLER.

WHEN I and my Jenny thegither were tied,
We had but sma' share o' the world between us;
Yet lo'ed ither weel, and had youth on our side,
And strength and guid health were abundantly gi'en us;
I warsled and toiled through the *fair* and the *foul*,
And she was right carefu' o' what I brought till her,
For aye we had mind o' the canny auld rule,
"Marry for love, and work for siller."

Our bairns they cam' thick—we were thankfu' for that,
For the *bit* and the *brattie* cam' aye alang wi' them;
Our *pan* we exchanged for a guid *muckle pat*,
And somehow or ither, we aye had to gi'e them.
Our laddies grew up, and they wrought wi' mysel',
Ilk ane gat as buirdly and stout as a miller,
Our lasses they keepit us trig aye, and hale,
And now we can count a bit trifle o' siller.

But I and my Jenny are baith wearin' down,
And our lads and our lasses hae a' gotten married;
Yet see, we can rank wi' the best i' the town,
Though our noddles we never too paughtily carried.
And mark me—I've now got a braw *cockit hat*,
And in our *civic building* am reckon'd a pillar;
Is na THAT a bit honour for ane to get at,
Wha married for love, and wha wrought for siller?

Digitized by Google

SHON M'NAB.

TUNE—"*For a' that an' a' that.*"

NAINSEL pe Maister Shon M'Nab,
Pe auld's ta Forty-five, man,
And mony troll affairs she's seen,
Since she was born alive, man;
She's seen the warl' turn upside down,
Ta shentleman turn poor man,
And him was ance ta beggar loon,
Get knocker 'pon him's door, man.

She's seen ta stane bow't owre ta purn,
And syne be ca'd ta prig, man;
She's seen ta Whig ta Tory turn,
Ta Tory turn ta Whig, man;
But a' ta troll things she pe seen,
Wad teuk twa days to tell, man,
So, gin you likes, she'll told your shust
Ta story 'bout hersel', man:—

Nainsel was first ta herd ta kyes,
'Pon Morven's ponnie praes, man,
Whar tousand pleasant days she'll spent,
Pe pu ta nits and slaes, man;
An' ten she'll be ta *herring-poat*,
An' syne she'll pe fish-cod, man,
Ta place tey'll call Newfoundhims-land,
Pe far peyont ta proad, man.

But, och-hon-ee! one misty night,
Nainsel will lost her way, man,
Her poat was trown'd, hersel' got fright,
She'll mind till dying day, man.
So fait! she'll pe fish-cod no more,
But back to Morven cam', man,
An' tere she turn ta whisky still,
Pe prew ta wee trap tram, man:

Digitized by Google

But foul pefa' ta gauger loon,
Pe put her in ta shail, man,
Whar she wad stood for mony a tay,
Shust 'cause she no got bail, man;
But out she'll got—nae matters hoo,
And came to Glasgow town, man,
Whar tousand wonders *mhor* she'll saw
As she went up and down, man.

Ta first thing she pe wonder at,
As she cam' down ta street, man,
Was man's pe traw ta cart himsel',
Shust 'pon him's nain twa feet, man.
Och on! och on! her nainsel thought,
As she wad stood and glower, man,
Puir man! if they mak' you ta *horse*—
Should gang 'pon a' your *four*, man.

And when she turned ta corner round,
Ta black man tere she see, man,
Pe grund ta music in ta kist,
And sell him for pawpee, man;
And aye she'll grund, and grund, and grund,
And turn her mill about, man,
Pe strange! she will put nothing in,
Yet aye teuk music out, man.

And when she'll saw ta peoples walk,
In crowds alang ta street, man,
She'll wonder whar tay a' got spoons
To sup teir pick o' meat, man;
For in ta place whar she was porn,
And tat right far awa', man,
Ta teil a spoon in a' ta house,
But only ane or twa, man.

She glower to see ta Mattams, too,
Wi' plack clout 'pon teir face, man,
Tey surely tid some graceless teed,
Pe in sic black disgrace, man;

Digitized by Google

Or else what for tey'll hing ta clout,
Owre prow, and cheek, and chin, man,
If no for shame to show teir face,
For some ungodly sin, man ?

Pe strange to see ta wee bit kirn,
Pe jaw the waters out, man,
And ne'er rin dry, though she wad rin
A' tay like mountain spout, man ;
Pe stranger far to see ta lamps,
Like spunkies in a raw, man ;
A' pruntin pright for want o' oil,
And teil a wick ava, man.

Ta Glasgow folk be unco folk,
Hae tealings wi' ta teil, man,—
Wi' fire tey grund ta tait o' woo,
Wi' fire tey card ta meal, man ;
Wi' fire tey spin, wi' fire tey weave,
Wi' fire do ilka turn, man,
Na, some o' tem will eat ta fire,
And no him's pelly purn, man.

Wi' fire tey mak' ta coach pe rin,
Upon ta railman's raw, man,
Nainsel will saw him teuk ta road,
An' teil a horse to traw, man ;
Anither coach to Paisley rin,
Tey'll call him Lauchie's motion,
But oich ! she was plawn a' to bits
By rascal rogue M'Splosion.

Wi' fire tey mak' ta vessels rin
Upon ta river Clyde, man,
She saw't hersel', as sure's a gun,
As she stood on ta side, man :
But gin you'll no pelieve her word,
Gang to ta Proomielaw, man,
You'll saw ta ship wi' twa mill-wheels,
Pe grund ta water sma', man.

Digitized by Google

Oich! sic a town as Glasgow town,
She never see pefore, man,
Ta houses tere pe mile and mair,
Wi' names 'poon ilka toor, man.
An' in teir muckle windows tere,
She'll saw't, sure's teath, for sale, man,
Praw shentlemans pe want ta head,
An' ledies want ta tail, man.

She wonders what ta peoples do,
Wi' a' ta' braw things tere, man,
Gie her ta prose, ta kilt, an' hose,
For tem she wadna care, man.
And aye gie her ta pickle sneesh,
And wee drap parley pree, man,
For a' ta praws in Glasgow town,
She no gie paw-prown-pee, man.

LO'E ME LITTLE AND LO'E ME LANG.

AWA' wi' your wheezing, your coaxing, and teasing,
Your hugging and squeezing I beg you'll let be;
Your praising sae fulsome, too sweet to be wholesome,
Can never gang down wi' a lassie like me:
Nae mair than a woman, nae higher than human,
To Sylphs and to Seraphs I dinna belang;
Then if ye wad gain me, the way to attain me,
Is "Lo'e me little, an' lo'e me lang."

Wi' some silly gawkie, your fleeching sae pawkie,
Like sweet dozing draughts, will glide cannily down;
Hence, seek some vain hizzie, and doze her till dizzie,
She'll quickly consent a' your wishes to crown;
But pester na me wi't, my heart canna 'gree wi't,
I'm sick o' your cuckoo's unvarying sang,
Cease, therefore, your canting, your rhyming and ranting,
But "Lo'e me little, and lo'e me lang."

Digitized by Google

The love that lowes strongest, say, lasts it the longest?
The fires that bleeze brightest burn soonest awa';
Then keep your flame steady—a moderate red aye,
Or else ye may yet hae a cauld coal tae blaw;
And quat your romantics, your airs, and your antics,
Tak' truth's honest track, and ye'll seldom gae wrang,
Then win me, and welcome, let weal or let ill come,
I'll "Lo'e you little, but lo'e you lang."

COLIN DULAP.*

WE'RE muckle obliged to you, Colin Dulap,
We're muckle obliged to you, Colin Dulap;
Ye're truly a worthy auld patriot chap,
To enlighten your country sae, Colin Dulap.

Ye patronize *lear*, and ye propagate *licht*,
To guide erring man in the way that is richt;
Ne'er under a bushel your candle you clap,
But let it lowe openly, Colin Dulap.

A *burning* and *shining* light close by the Clyde,
Illuming the country around, far and wide;
Ye bleeze like a beacon upon a hill tap—
A general benefit, Colin Dulap.

---

* None of Rodger's humorous pieces appeal more successfully to the denizens of the west of Scotland than the above *jue d'esprit*. The amiable and accomplished individual to whom it refers was the late Mr. Colin Dunlop, for many years the principal proprietor of Clyde Ironworks, near Glasgow, whose smelting furnaces send out, in particular states of the atmosphere, an immense volume of light. The verses are expressive of the gratitude of a supposed half-tipsy countryman, who, "trauchlin'" homewards from Glasgow market, finds the light in question act as a lamp to his feet and a guide to his path.

The effusion, I have been told, tickled the sensibilities of Mr. Dunlop so agreeably that he addressed a letter to the author complimenting him on his success. And he raised his praises above the suspicion of flattery by accompanying them with a bank cheque for a handsome sum of money.

Digitized by Google

Frank Jeffrey and Chalmers, and Brougham, and so forth,
Diffuse their cheap tracts to enlighten the earth;
Mony thanks to the chiels for this praiseworthy stap;
Many mae thanks to you, honest Colin Dulap.

Your licht unto me has been better than theirs—
For aye when in Glasgow at markets or fairs,
And daundering hame rather licht in the tap,
Ye're a licht to my feet, worthy Colin Dulap.

The burns and the bog-holes, the dubs and the dykes,
The howes and the humplocks, the sheughs and the sykes,
And ilk thing against whilk my head I micht rap,
Ye help me to shun them a', Colin Dulap.

Even Spunkie himsel' is nae bogle to me,
When out through the moss I march hameward wi' glee;
Wi' my cud in my nieve—in my noddle a drap,
Cheered onward by thee, my guide, Colin Dulap.

We pay for the sun and we pay for the moon,
We pay for ilk starnie that blinks frae aboon;
But your kindly licht never costs us a rap,
'Tis as free as the air to us, Colin Dulap.

The sun I like weel, gin the sun wad bide still,
But then ilka nicht he slides doon 'yont the hill,
Like a plump ruddy carle gaun to tak' his bit nap;
You never forsake us sae, Colin Dulap.

Na, waur!—ilk winter he's aff an' awa',
Like our fine bloods, to Italy, shunning the snaw,
Scarce deigning a blink o'er a hoary hill tap,
But you're ever wi' us, kind Colin Dulap.

The moon does fu' weel when the moon's in the lift,
But, oh! the loose limmer tak's mony a shift,
Whiles here and whiles there, and whiles under a hap,
But yours is the steady licht, Colin Dulap.

Digitized by Google

Na, mair! like true friendship, the mirker the nicht,
The mair you let out your vast volume of licht—
When sackcloth and sadness the heavens enwrap,
'Tis then you're maist kind to us, Colin Dulap

The day and the nicht unto you are the same,
For still ye spread out your braid sheet o' red flame;
When this weary world soundly tak's its bit nap,
You sleep not, you slumber not, Colin Dulap.

The folks about Glasgow may brag o' their gas,
That just, like a' glaring things, pleases the mass;
Gin they're pleased wi't themsel's, I'll ne'er snarl nor snap,
Quite contented wi' you, friendly Colin Dulap.

Aye, aften I'm muckle behadden to you,
While wauchlin' alang between sober an' fou,
Wi' a stoiter to this side, to that side a stap,
Ye shaw me the gate aye, guid Colin Dulap.

Gin neighbouring farmers felt gratefu' like me,
They'd club a' thegither a present to gi'e,
O' a massy punch-bowl, wi' a braw mounted *cap*,
To the man that befriends them aye, Colin Dulap.

I ken for mysel' that a gift I intend,
To ane that sae often has proved my gude friend—
O' a braw braid blue bonnet, wi' strawberry tap,
To be worn ay on New'rdays, by Colin Dulap.

I canna weel reckon how lang ye ha'e shin'd,
But I'm sure it's as lang as my mither has mind;
And in a' that lang while there has ne'er been a gap
In your body o' licht, canty Colin Dulap.

Oh! lang may ye shine to enlighten us here,
And when you depart for some new unknown sphere,
That to shine on more glorious may still be your hap,
Is the prayer o' your weelwisher, Colin Dulap.

Digitized by Google

SANCT MUNGO.*

SANCT MUNGO wals ane famous sanct,
And ane cantye carle wals hee,
He drank o' ye Molendinar Burne,
Quhan bettere hee culdna prie;
Zit quhan he culd gette strongere cheere,
He neuer wals wattere drye,
Butte dranke o' ye streame o' ye wimpland worme,
And loot ye burne rvnne bye.

Sanct Mungo wals ane merrye sanct,
And merrylye hee sang;
Quhaneuer hee liltit uppe hys sprynge,
Ye very Firre Parke rang;
Butte thoch hee weele culd lilt and synge,
And mak sweet melodye,
He chauntit aye ye bauldest straynes,
Quhan prymed wi' barley-bree.

Sanct Mungo wals ane godlye sanct,
Farre-famed for godlye deedis.
And grete delyte hee daylye took
Inn countynge owre hys beadis;
Zit I, Sanct Mungo's youngeste sonne,
Can count als welle als hee,
Butte ye beadis quilk I like best to count
Are ye beadis o' barlye-bree.

Sanct Mungo wals ane jolly sanct:—
Sa weele hee lykit gude zil,
Thatte quhyles hee staynede hys quhyte vesture,
Wi' dribblands o' ye still;
Butte I, hys maist unwordye sonne,
Haue gane als farre als hee,
For ance I tynde my garmente skirtis,
Throuch lufe o' barlye-bree.

---

* The Patron Saint of Glasgow Cathedral. The Molendinar burn, alluded to in the third line, is the Lethe, now enclosed, that separated the two great repositories of mortality—the church-yard of the Cathedral and the Necropolis.

Digitized by Google

O MITHER! ONY BODY.

AIR—"*Sir Alex. M'Donald's Reel.*"

"O MITHER, ony body!
"Ony body! ony body!
"O mither, ony body!
"But a creeshy weaver.
"A weaver's just as good as nane,
"A creature worn to skin and bane,
"I'd rather lie through life my lane,
"Than cuddle wi' a weaver."

The lassie thocht to catch a laird,
But fient a ane about her cared;
For nane his love had e'er declared,
Excepting, whiles—a weaver.
Yet ne'er a weaver wad she tak',
But a' that cam' she sent them back,
An' bann'd them for a useless pack,
To come nae mair an' deave her.

Their sowen crocks—their trantlum gear—
Their trash o' pirns she couldna bear;
An' aye the ither jibe and jeer,
She cuist at ilka weaver.
But sair she rued her pridefu' scorn,
Ere *thretty nicks* had marked her horn,
For down she hurkled a' forlorn,
In solitude to grieve her.

She gaed to kirk, she gaed to fair,
She spread her *lure*, she set her *snare*,
But ne'er a *nibble* gat she there,
Frae *leading apes*, to save her.
At last, unto the barn she gaed,
An' ilka e'ening duly pray'd,
That some ane might come to her aid,
An' frae her wants relieve her.

Digitized by Google

An' thus the lassie's prayer ran—
"O send thy servant some bit man,
"Before her cheeks grow bleach'd an' wan,
"An' a' her beauties leave her."
A weaver lad wha ance had woo'd,
But cam' nae speed, do a' he could,
Now thocht her pride might be subdued,
An' that he yet might have her.

He watch'd when to the barn she gaed,
An' while her bit request she made,
In solemn tone he slowly said—
"Lass—will ye tak' a weaver?"
"Thy will be done—I'm now content,
"Just ony body ere I want,
"I'll e'en be thankfu' gin you grant
"That I may get a weaver."

The weaver, he cam' yont neist day,
An' sought her hand—she ne'er said "nay,"
But thocht it time to mak' her hay,
So jumpit at the weaver.
Now, ye whase beauty's on the wane,
Just try the barn, at e'en yer lane,
Sma' fish are better far than nane,—
Ye'll maybe catch a weaver.

MY COUNTRY.

My Country, my Country!—O there is a charm
And spell in that sound, which must every heart warm;
Let us pant at the Line, let us freeze at the Pole,
Pronounce but my Country—it thrills through my soul.

And where lies the charm in that all-potent sound,
That is felt and acknowledged where'er man is found?
And why is our Country—the land of our birth—
The sweetest—the loveliest spot upon earth?

Digitized by Google

Say; is it in climate? in soil? or in sky?
In gay sunny landscapes that ravish the eye?
In rich golden harvests? in mines of bright ore?
It may be in these—but there's still something more:

The deeds of our fathers, in times that are gone;
Their virtues, their prowess, the fields they have won;
Their struggles for freedom; the toils they endured;
The rights and the blessings for us they procured:

Our music, our language, our laws, our great men,
Who have raised themselves high by the sword or the pen;
Our productions of genius, the fame of our arms,
Our youths' native courage, our maidens' soft charms:

The dreams of our childhood, the scenes of our youth,
When life's stainless current ran placidly smooth;
Our friends, homes, and altars; our substance, though small,
And one lovely object, the sweetener of all.

From these, and ten thousand endearments beside—
From these spring the charm that makes Country our pride;
And what wanting these would a paradise be?
A waste—a dark cell—a lone rock in the sea.

The adventurous emigrant, launched on the main,
Who goes to behold not his Country again,
What painful reflections must rush through his mind,
As he takes the last look of the shores left behind:—

The long cherished spot where to manhood he grew,
The friends whom he loved, the acquaintance he knew;
Parents, children, or wife, left behind broken-hearted,
The mutual sorrows that flowed when they parted;

A Country before him all strange and unknown,
Where no heart in unison beats with his own—

Digitized by Google

Such thoughts through his mind that sad moment will
rush,
While big swelling drops from his straining eyes gush.

But the merchant or warrior, absent afar
From his Country, engaged in her commerce or war,
Returning, at last, what a flood of delight
Fills his soul, when his Country first breaks on his
sight!

How cheering the hope, that he shortly will meet,
The warm grasp of friendship, or love still more sweet!
And while his heart bounds towards home's hallowed
spot,
Even *Watch*, the old house-dog, is then not forgot.

But, Oh! it is only the man who is free,
That can boast, "I've a Country that smiles upon me;"
The captive and slave who in wretchedness moan,
Alas! they can scarce call their Country their own.

The Laplander, coursing his deserts of snow,
Possessing his rein-deer, his sledge, and his bow;
On Lapland though warm summer suns rarely beam,
No Country on earth is like Lapland—to him.

Though scanty his fare, yet, content with his lot,
The terrors of slavery trouble him not;
He bounds free as air o'er his own native snows,
Secure in his poverty, fearing no foes.

But the ill-fated Negro, from home rudely torn,
And o'er the Atlantic a poor captive borne;
How frantic the grief of his untutored mind,
While sharp galling fetters his manly limbs bind:

Pent up in a dungeon, deprived of fresh air—
The victim of sorrow, disease, and despair—
Behold the poor negro-man, panting for breath,
And gasping, and struggling, and praying for death:

Digitized by Google

Now see him, poor wretch! to the slave-market brought,
Like the ox of the stall, to be sold—to be bought,
Condemned to hard toil, by the cruel whip flayed;
Oh, God! was't for this, that the negro was made?

A captive—a slave, on a far foreign coast,
Where now is his Country?—To him it is lost;
A sad recollection is all he has left
Of home's sweet endearments, from him wholly reft.

But the time may arrive yet, when HE, even HE!
Will burst his vile fetters, and rank with the free;
How glorious to see him then, treading the sod,
Erect—independent—the image of God.

O, Haytians! how noble a cause have you won;
You now have a Country, who lately had none;
The trammels that bound you, in shivers you've broke;
And scorned now alike, are the tyrant and yoke.

The children of Judah in warfare o'ercome,
And borne away captive afar from their home,
By Babylon's rivers how loud was their moan,
While they wept their lost Country, laid waste and o'erthrown.

Their Zion consumed, and their temple defiled,
Of all its rich ornaments robbed and despoiled;
Its vessels, for God's holy service ordained,
By lips, all unholy and impious, profaned.

No wonder, then, Judah's sad children deplored
The havoc and rage of the conqueror's sword;
For while, mocked and insulted, in bondage they lay,
What Temple—what Zion—what Country had they?

Not so, the brave Greeks, when obliged to retreat
From their Athens destroyed, and retire to their fleet,

Digitized by Google

Oh, say, when their city was one smoking heap,
Say, where was their Athens?—'Twas there on the deep.

Yes, they had a Country, for still they were free;
To no foreign conqueror bent they the knee;
Their fields might be wasted, their homes wrapt in flame,
Their fleet and their freedom were Country to them.

O, glorious example, by patriots of old—
Would to God that their sons were but now half so bold!
One gleam of the steel only waved by such hands,
Were sufficient to wither the whole Moslem bands.

Then freedom again would smile lovely on Greece,
And rapine, and murder, and tyranny cease;
And Athens and Sparta we yet might behold,
Out-rivalling Athens and Sparta of old.

And the Hellenists—lords of their own native soil—
Would reap unmolested the fruits of their toil;
And their Country, no longer by slavery debased,
Would present one vast Temple to Liberty raised!

Then since it is freedom, and freedom alone,
That halloweth Country and makes it our own;
May she march with the sun, like the sun may she blaze,
Till the whole earth be gilded and warmed by her rays.

Accurst be the villain, and shunned by mankind,
Who would fetter the body, or trammel the mind;
May his name be detested, himself from earth driven,
Who thus would rob man of the best gift of heaven!

But honoured and blest be the patriot chief,
Who fearlessly struggles for mankind's relief;
In his Country's affections, long, long may he bloom,
And his memory shed an eternal perfume!

Digitized by Google

And O, my dear Country ! wherever I be,
My first—my last prayer shall ascend still for thee,
That thou mayest flourish, as lasting as time,
UNBLIGHTED BY SLAVERY, UNSULLIED BY CRIME.

AH NO !—I CANNOT SAY.

AH no !—I cannot say "farewell,"
'Twould pierce my bosom through,
And to this heart 'twere death's dread knell
To hear thee sigh—"adieu."
Though soul and body both must part,
Yet ne'er from thee I'll sever,
For more to me than soul thou art,
And O ! I'll quit thee—never.

Whate'er through life may be thy fate
That fate with thee I'll share,
If prosperous—be moderate,
If adverse—meekly bear ;
This bosom shall thy pillow be
In every change whatever,
And tear for tear I'll shed with thee,
But O ! forsake thee—never.

One home—one hearth shall ours be still,
And one our daily fare ;
One altar, too, where we may kneel
And breathe our humble prayer ;
And one our praise that shall ascend
To one all-bounteous Giver,
And one our will, our aim, our end,
For O ! we'll sunder—never.

And when that solemn hour shall come
That sees thee breathe thy last,
That hour shall also fix my doom,
And seal my eyelids fast ;

Digitized by Google

One grave shall hold us, side by side,
  One shroud our clay shall cover—
And one then may we mount and glide
  Through realms of love—for ever.

THE DRYGATE BRIG.

LAST Monday night, at sax o'clock,
  To Mirran Gibb's I went, man,
To snuff, an' crack, an' toom the caup,
  It was my hale intent, man:
So down I sat an' pried the yill,
Syne luggit out my sneeshin' mill,
An' took a pinch wi' richt good will,
O' beggar's brown (the best in town),
Then sent it roun' about the room,
  To gie ilk ane a scent, man.

The sneeshin' mill, the caup gaed round,
  The joke, the crack an' a', man,
'Bout markets, trade, and daily news,
  To wear the time awa', man;
Ye never saw a blyther set
O' queer auld-fashion'd bodies met,
For feint a grain o' pride nor pet,
Nor eating care got footing there,
But friendship rare, aye found sincere,
  An' hearts without a flaw, man.

To cringing courtiers kings may blaw
  How rich they are and great, man,
But kings could match na us at a',
  Wi' a' their regal state, man;
For Mirren's swats, sae brisk an' fell,
An' Turner's snuff, sae sharp an' snell,
Made ilk ane quite forget himsel',

Digitized by Google

Made young the auld, inflamed the cauld,
An' fired the saul wi' projects bauld,
That daur'd the power o' fate, man.

But what are a' sic mighty schemes,
When ance the spell is broke, man,
A set o' maut-inspired whims,
That end in perfect smoke, man.
An' what like some disaster keen,
Can chase the glamour frae our een,
An' bring us to oursel's again ?
As was the fate o' my auld pate,
When that night late I took the gate,
As crouse as ony cock, man.

For, sad misluck ! without my hat,
I doiting cam' awa', man,
An' when I down the Drygate cam',
The win' began to blaw, man.
When I cam' to the Drygate Brig,
The win' blew aff my gude brown wig,
That whirled like ony whirligig,
As up it flew, out o' my view,
While I stood glow'ring, waefu' blue,
Wi' wide extended jaw, man.

When I began to grape for't syne,
Thrang poutrin' wi' my staff, man,
I coupit owre a meikle stane,
An' skailed my pickle snuff, man ;
My staff out o' my hand did jump.
An' hit my snout a dreadfu' thump,
Whilk raised a most confounded lump,
But whar it flew I never knew,
Yet sair I rue this mark sae blue,
It looks sae fleesome waff, man.

O had you seen my waefu' plight,
Your mirth had been but sma', man,
An' yet, a queerer antic sight,
I trow ye never saw, man.

Digitized by Google

I've lived thir fifty years an' mair,
But solemnly I here declare,
I ne'er before met loss sae sair;
My wig flew aff, I tint my staff,
I skail'd my snuff, I peel'd my loof,
An' brak my snout an' a', man.

Now, wad you profit by my loss?
Then tak' advice frae me, man,
An' ne'er let common sense tak' wing,
On fumes o' barley bree, man;
For drink can heeze a man sae high,
As mak' his head 'maist touch the sky,
But down he tumbles by-an'-by,
Wi' sic a thud, 'mang stanes an' mud,
That aft it's gude, if dirt an' bluid,
Be a' he has to dree, man.

WHETHER OR NO.*

MANG a' the braw lads that come hither to woo me,
There's only but ane I wad fain mak' my joe;
And though I seem shy, yet sae dear is he to me,
I scarce can forgie mysel' when I say "No."
My sister she sneers 'cause he hasna the penny,
An' cries, "ye maun reap, my lass, just as ye sow,"
My brither he bans, but it's a' ane to Jenny,
She'll just tak' the lad she likes—whether or no.

---

* A friend of Rodger's in Leith, a Mr. Tevendale, who was devoted to music, and was an excellent composer, had long urged the poet to give him words to set to a tune. Meeting him on one occasion with their mutual friend, Mr. Gardner of the *Glasgow Chronicle*, he insisted on that gentleman urging Rodger to write the long expected song. Mr. Gardner gave Tevendale his choice of a subject; but Mr. Tevendale could not hit upon one to please himself. Mr. Gardner at last, observing that Mr. Tevendale made frequent use of the words "whether or no," suggested that as the ground-work. It was at once assented to: this song was written by Rodger, and at the same time John Tait, a poet of no mean order, and George Donald, of *Whistle Binkie* fame, took up the same subject, and the three effusions appeared at once in the *Liberator*.

Digitized by Google

My father he cries, "tak' the laird o' Kinlogie,
For he has baith mailins and gowd to bestow:"
My mither cries neist, "tak' the heir o' Glenbogie,"
But can I please baith o' them?—weel I wat no!
And since 'tis mysel' maun be gainer or loser—
Maun drink o' life's bicker, be't weal or be't woe,
I deem it but fair I should be my ain chooser;—
To love will I lippen, then—whether or no.

Cauld Prudence may count on his gowd and his acres,
And think them the sum o' a' blessings below,
But tell me, can wealth bring content to its makers?
The care-wrinkled face o' the miser says "No!"
But, oh, when pure love meets a love corresponding,
Such bliss it imparts as the world cannot know;
It lightens life's load, keeps the heart from desponding,
Let Fate smile or scowl, it smiles—whether or no!

THE TINKLER'S SONG.

AIR—"*Allan-a-Dale.*"

O WHO are so hearty, so happy and free,
Or who for the proud care so little as we?
No tyrants control us, no slaves we command,
Like free passage-birds we traverse sea and land;
And still to the comfort of all we attend,
By singing out, "Caldrons or kettles to mend."

Each climate—each soil, is to us still the same,
No fix'd local spot for our country we claim;
Yon lordly domain, with its castles and towers,
We care not a pin for—the world it is ours;
Superiors we know not—on none we depend,
While our business is, caldrons or kettles to mend.

The law says we're vagrants—the law tells a lie,
The green earth's our dwelling, our roof the blue sky,

Digitized by Google

Then tho' through the earth, for employment we roam,
How can we be vagrants, who ne'er are from home?
Our neighbours are mankind, whom aft we befriend,
While trudging about, pots or kettles to mend.

No rent, tithes, nor taxes, we're called on to pay,
We take up our lodgings wherever we may,
If people are kind, we show kindness to them,
If people are churlish, why, we are the same;
But those who are friendly fare best in the end,
While their pots, bellows, caldrons or kettles we mend.

Not even the parson, the squire, nor my lord,
A daintier supper than we can afford,
For nature profusely each blessing doth grant,
Then why should her children be ever in want?—
Let them share with each other whate'er she may send,
Like us—while we've caldrons or kettles to mend.

Then fill to the stranger a cup of the best,
And when he is wearied conduct him to rest,
For the poor lonely wanderer, homeless and bare,
Should ever the wanderers' sympathy share;
Now we've one consolation—whate'er be our end,
While the world remains wicked—*we* daily do *mend.*

LAUCHIE FRASER'S PROMOTIONS.

AIR—"*Johnnie Cope.*"

NAINSEL' she was porn 'mang ta Hielan' hills,
'Mang ta goats, an' ta sheeps, an' ta whiskee stills,
An' ta brochan, an' brogues, an' ta snuishin' mills,
Oich! she was ta ponnie land she was porn in;
For a' ta lads there will be shentlemans porn,
An' will wear *skean-dhu* an' ta praw snuishin' horn,
An' ta fine tartan trews her braw houghs to adorn,
An' mak' her look fu' spruce in ta mornin'.

Digitized by Google

Noo, ta shentlemans will no like to be wroughtin' at a',
But she'll sit py ta *grieshach* her haffets to claw;
An' pe birsle her shanks till they're red as ta haw,
An' a' fu' o' measles ilka mornin'.
But her nainsel' at last to ta Lalans cam' doon,
An' will get her a place 'mang ta *mhor* Glaschow toon;
Whar she's noo *prush-ta-poot* an' pe *polish-ta-shoon*,
An' pe shentleman's *flunkie* in ta mornin'.

But at last she will turn very full o' ta *proud*,
An' she'll hold up her heads, an' she'll spoke very loud,
An' she'll look wi' disdains 'pon ta low tirty crowd,
Tat will hing 'pout ta doors ilka mornin'.
Noo, her nainsel' is go to have one merry ball,
Whar she'll dance *Killum Callum*, hoogh! ta best o' them all,
For ta ponniest dancer she'll pe in ta hall,
Ay, either 'mang ta evenin' or mornin'.

Ither lads will have lassies, hersel' will have *no*,
It pe far too expense wi' ta *lassie* to go;
So she'll shust dance hersel', her fine *preedings* to show,
Tat she learn 'mang ta place she was porn in.
Then ta lads will cry "Lauchie, where from did you'll cam',
Tat you'll not give ta lassie ta dance an' ta dram?"
But te're a' *trouster mosachs*, every one shust ta sam'
They wad spulzie all her sporran ere ta mornin'.

Noo, she's thochtin' she'll yet turn a praw *waiter's pell*,
When she wear ta fine pump an' pe dress very well;
An' py Sheorge! ere she'll stop, she'll pe maister hersel',
In spite o' a' their taunts an' their scornin'.
Syne wha like ta great Maister Fraser will pe,
Whan she'll hing up ta sign o' the "Golden Cross Key."
An' will sit in her parlour her orders to gie
To her waiters an' her boots in ta mornin'?

Digitized by Google

BAULDY BUCHANAN.*

O WHA hasna heard o' blythe Bauldy Buchanan?
A hale hearty carle o' some saxty years stan'in';
Gae search the hale kintra frae Lanark to Lunnon,
Ye'll scarce find the match o' blythe Bauldy Buchanan.
For Bauldy's sae cracky, an' Bauldy's sae canty—
A frame o' threescoro, wi' a spirit o' twenty—
Wi' his auld farrant tales, an' his jokin', an' funnin',
A rich an' rare treat is blythe Bauldy Buchanan.

Blythe Bauldy Buchanan's a wonderfu' drinker
O' knowledge—for he's a great reader an' thinker—
There's scarcely an author frae Bentham to Bunyan,
But has been run dry by blythe Bauldy Buchanan.
He kens a' the courses an' names o' the planets—
The secret manœuvres o' courts an' o' senates—
Can tell you what day Babel's tower was begun on;—
Sae deep read in beuks is blythe Bauldy Buchanan.

He can play on the bag-pipe, the flute, and the fiddle,
Explain ony text, or expound ony riddle;
At deep calculation, at drawin', an' plannin',
There's naebody equal to Bauldy Buchanan.
He kens how the negroes are black an' thick-lippit—
How leopards are spotted—how zebras are strippit—
How maidens in Turkey sae muckle are run on;—
Sae versed in sic matters is Bauldy Buchanan.

How the English like beer, an' the Scotch like their whisky—
How Frenchmen are temperate, lively, and frisky—
How the Turks are sae grave, and the Greeks are sae cunnin',
Can a' be explained by blythe Bauldy Buchanan.

---

* The author was often asked, "Who is Bauldy Buchanan?" His reply was, "Really, I cannot tell; he is purely a child of the imagination."

Digitized by Google

An' mair than a' that, he can trace out the cause
O' rain an' fair weather—o' frosts an' o' thaws—
An' what keeps the earth in its orbit still runnin';—
Sae wonderfu' learned is blythe Bauldy Buchanan.

When round his fireside neebours meet in the gloamin's,
An' hear him describe the auld Greeks an' the Romans—
How they battled an' fought without musket or cannon—
The folks glow'r wi' wonder at Bauldy Buchanan.
Or when he descends frae the grave to the witty,
An' tells some queer story or sings some droll ditty,
Wi' his poetry, pleasantry, puzzlin', an' punnin',
Their sides are made sair wi' blythe Bauldy Buchanan.

But o' a' the attractions that Bauldy possesses,
His greatest attractions are twa bonnie lasses;
'Mang a' the fine leddies frae Crail to Clackmannan,
There's nane can match Bella an' Betty Buchanan.
For O, they're sae clever, sae frank, an' sae furthy,
Sae bonnie, sae bloomin', sae wise, an' sae worthy,
They keep the hale lads in the parish a-runnin'
An' strivin' for Bella and Betty Buchanan.

DINNA FORGET.

AIR—"*When Adam at first was created.*"

COME, put on thy finger this ring, love,
And, when thou art far o'er the sea,
Perhaps to thy mind it will bring, love,
Some thought—some remembrance—of me.
Our moments of rapture and bliss, love,
The haunts where so oft we have met,
These tears, and this last parting kiss, love,
It tells thee—O "dinna forget!"

We might look on yonder fair moon, love,
Oft gazed on by us with delight,

Digitized by Google

And think of each other alone, love,
At one sacred hour every night;
But ah! ere she'd rise to thy view, love,
To me she long, long would be set;
Then look to this token more true, love,
On thy finger—and "dinna forget!"

Thou mayest meet faces more fair, love,
And charms more attractive than mine;
Be moved by a more winning air, love,
Or struck by a figure more fine:
But should'st thou a brighter eye see, love,
Or ringlets of more glossy jet,
Let this still thy talisman be, love,
Look on it, and "dinna forget!"

And, oh! when thou writest to me, love,
The sealing impress with this ring;
And that a sweet earnest will be, love,
To which with fond hope I will cling;
That thou to thy vows will be true, love;
That happiness waiteth us yet;
One parting embrace—now adieu, love—
This moment I'll never forget!

JAMIE M'NAB.*

GAE find me a match for blythe Jamie M'Nab;
Ay, find me a match for blythe Jamie M'Nab;
The best piece o' *stuff* cut frae Nature's ain *wab*,
Is that Prince o' guid fallows—blythe Jamie M'Nab.

In her kindliest mood Madam Nature had been
When first on this warld Jamie open'd his een,

---

* Connected with the *Glasgow Herald* newspaper, and well entitled to the high praise awarded to him by the Poet.

Digitized by Google

For he ne'er gied a whimper, nor utter'd a sab,
But hame he cam' laughin'—blythe Jamie M'Nab.

In process o' time Jamie grew up apace,
And still play'd the smile on his round honest face,
Except when a tear, like a pure hinny-blab,
Was shed o'er the wretched by Jamie M'Nab.

And Jamie is still just the best o' gude chiels—
Wi' the cheerfu' he laughs, wi' the waefu' he feels;
And the very last shilling that's left in his fab,
He'll share wi' the needfu'—blythe Jamie M'Nab.

Blythe Jamie M'Nab is sae furthy and free,
While he's cracking wi' you, while he's joking wi' me,
That I ne'er wad wish better than twa hour's confab
Owre a horn o' gude yill wi' blythe Jamie M'Nab.

Blythe Jamie M'Nab is nae thin airy ghaist,
For he measures an ell-and-twa-thirds round the waist;
Yet a wittier wag never trod on a slab,
Than that kind-hearted billie—blythe Jamie M'Nab.

Yes, Jamie has *bulk*, yet it damps not his glee,
But his flashes o' fancy come fervid and free;
As bright frae his brain, as if lively "Queen Mab"
Held nightly communings wi' Jamie M'Nab.

He tells sic queer stories, and rum funny jokes,
And mak's sic remarks upon a' public folks,
That Time rattles by like a beau in a cab,
When sitting and list'ning to Jamie M'Nab.

I carena for Tory—I carena for Whig—
I mindna your Radical raver a fig;
But gie me the man that is staunch as a stab
For the rights o' his CASTE, like blythe Jamie M'Nab.

Amang the saft sex, too, he shows a fine taste,
By admiring what's handsome, and lovely and chaste;

Digitized by Google

But the lewd tawdry trollop, the tawpie, and drab,
Can never find favour wi' Jamie M'Nab.

Some folks, when they meet you, are wonderfu' fair,
And wad hug you as keen as an auld Norway bear;
The next time they see you, they're sour as a crab—
That's never the gate wi' blythe Jamie M'Nab.

No!—Jamie is ever the same open wight,
Aye easy, aye pleasant, frae morning till night;
While ilk man, frae my Lord down to plain simple Hab,
Gets the same salutation frae Jamie M'Nab.

Had mankind at large but the tithe o' his worth,
We then might expect a pure heaven on earth;
Nae rogues then would fash us wi' *grip* an' wi' *grab*,
But a' wad be neebours—like Jamie M'Nab.

Lang, lang hae blythe Jamie and Samuel * the sage,
Together sped on to the ripeness of age;
But "*live by the way*"—(we must needs pick and dab)
Is the motto of Samuel and Jamie M'Nab.

And on may they speed as they've hitherto done,
And lang rin the course they have hitherto run;
Wi' a pound in their pouch and a watch in their fab,
Sage Samuel the soncy—blythe Jamie M'Nab.

Yes—lang may the SONCY GUDEMAN o' the *Herald*,
Wi' Jamie M'Nab, wauchle on through this warld;
And when, on life's e'ening, cauld death steeks his gab,
May he mount up on high—wi' blythe Jamie M'Nab.

---

* Samuel Hunter, Esq., then Editor of the *Glasgow Herald*.

Digitized by Google

THE HIGHLANDER'S WELCOME TO THE QUEEN.

AIR—"*Donald M'Donald.*"

COME Tuncan, what for you be snorin'?
Get up, man, an' on wi' your praw,
Your kilt, an' your hose, an' your sporran,
Your plaid an' your ponnet an' a';
Our Queen—pless her ladyship's clory,
Is coming to see us ev'n noo,
*Cresorst!** tere be Lauchie an' Rory,
An' a' ta lads waitin' 'pon you.

T'en hoogh for her ponnie young Queen!
An' heigh for her ponnie young Queen!
Go, sought all ta Heelan' an' Lawlan',
A prettier never was seen.

Our Queen, she pe Queen o' ta Heelan',
An' Queen o' ta Lawlan' peside,
T'en quha wad refuse her a shielin'
To shield her as lang as she'll pide.
Our faithers wad shelter Prince Sharlie,
Poor lad, quhan she had not a hame:
Nainsel' love her Queen so sincerely,
T'at for her she'll shust tid t'at same.

T'en hoogh for her ponny praw Queen!
An' heigh for her ponnie praw Queen!
Ta Heelan'man's ne'er pe tisloyal,
Though change o' ta race she has seen.

Our chiefs, how their clans they pe gather,
A' trest in their tartans sae praw,
To welcome our Queen to ta heather,
An' ponnie Prince Alpert an' a'.

---

* Make haste.

Digitized by Google

My sang! he's a fine tecent laddie,
As praw as Prince Sharlie himsel',
An' sets, too, him's ponnet an' plaidie
As weel as ta laird o' Dunkel'.

T'en hoogh for our ponnie young Queen!
An' heigh for our ponnie young Queen!
Let's gie her a grand Heelan' welcome,
Ta kindest t'at ever has peen.

Got pless you, our ponnie young leddy,
If you'll 'mang ta Heelan' remain,
Our hearts an' claymores will be ready,
Your honours and rights to maintain.
Ta Gael has a hand for him's friend aye,
An' likewise a hand for him's foe;
Ta Gael, your dear sel' she'll defend aye,
An' guard you wherever you go.

T'en welcome our ponnie young Queen!
Thrice welcome our ponnie young Queen!
Ta Gael may be rude in him's manner,
But quhar is ta warmer heart seen?

A MOTHER'S DAUTY.

AIR—"*My mither's aye glowrin' owre me.*"

My mither wad hae me weel married,
My mither wad hae me weel married;
Na, she tries a' she can
To get me a gudeman,
But as yet a' her plans hae miscarried.
To balls and to concert she hies me,
And meikle braw finery buys me;
But the men are sae shy,
They just glow'r and gang by,
There's nane has the sense yet to prize me.

Digitized by Google

To ilka tea-party she tak's me,
And the theme o' her table-talk mak's me;
But the folks leuk sae queer,
When she cries "Lizzy! dear,"
That their conduct most grievously racks me.
She haurls me aff to the coast there,
Expecting to mak' me the toast there;
But somehow or ither,
A lass wi' her mither
Discovers her time is but lost there.

At the kirk, too, I'm made to attend her,
Not wholly heart-homage to render,
But in rich "silken sheen,"
Just to see and be seen,
And to dazzle the gowks wi' my splendour;
But for a' my sweet smirks and my glances,
There's never a wooer advances
To oxter me hame,
Wi' my dainty auld dame;
Alas, now, how kittle my chance is!

I'm sure I'm as good as my cousin,
Wha reckons her joes by the dizen;
That besiege her in thrangs
Ilka gate that she gangs,
A' swarmin' like bumbees a-bizzin'.
And for beauty, pray, what's a' her share o't?
Like me she could thole a hue mair o't;
For it's granted by a',
Though she dresses right braw,
She has wonderfu' little to spare o't.

But I trow I maun try a new plan yet,
And depend on *mysel'* for a man yet;
For my cousin Kate vows,
That *some mithers are cowes*,
That wad scaur the best chiel 'at e'er ran yet.

Digitized by Google

An' gin I hae the luck to get married,
Gin I hae the luck to get married,
Wi' a husband to guide,
(Let Miss Kate then deride,)
I'll be proud that my point has been carried.

OUR AULD UNCLE JOHN.

AIR—"*When Autumn has laid her sickle by.*"

OUR auld Uncle John is an odd sort o' chiel',
As prim as the priest, an' as deep as the deil,
He's proud o' his person, his parts, and his pelf,
But sae closely encased in the mail-coat o' self,
That if saving frae skaith wad but cost a bawbee,
Even that for his mither he scarcely wad gi'e.

Though now near the fifty-third milestane o' life,
He ne'er could be tempted to think on a wife.
"They're fashious," quo' John, "and they're costly beside,
Wi' their muffs, ruffs, and ruffles, their pinks and their pride;
Na, na," quo' our uncle, "nae woman for me,
The clack o' her clapper I never could dree."

Our auld Uncle John keeps a house by himsel',
But few, very few, ever tinkle his bell,
Except some poor victim to borrow or pay,
And wae on the debtor wha keeps na his day.
"Ye'll mind, Sir," quo' John, "that the rule is wi' me,
When due, ye maun pay me down plack an' bawbee."

Yet auld Uncle's biggin' is cosie and bein,
Where a' things are polish'd like ony new preen,
In ilk scouring dish you may view your ain face,
Ilk stool and ilk chair keeps its ain proper place,
Gin the carpet be crumpled, or hearth-rug ajee,
The moment it's noticed it righted maun be.

Digitized by Google

Gin the least puff o' reek down the vent chance to come,
He's up wi' the besom an' bannin' the lum;
Should a flee just but light on his winnock or wa',
He's up wi' the dishclout to daud it awa,'—
"Get out o' my house, ye vile vermin," cries he,
"Though I've meat for mysel', I ha'e nane for the flee."

Nae poor beggar bodies e'er darken his door,
The print o' their bauchels would sully his floor;
The toon collies daurna snoke in as they pass,
E'en baudrons maun dight her saft feet on the bass.
"Ay, pussy! ye'll no quat your raking," quo' he,
"But just clean your feet ere you venture to me."

Our youngsters wad visit him last new-year's day,—
He ne'er bade them welcome, nor wish'd them to stay,
But dealt them a crust frae a hard penny brick,
Saying, "Now, weans, our cheese, ye see, winna cut thick;
Rin hame to yer mither, and tell her frae me,
I wantna your visits,—I've naething to gie."

Our auld Uncle John, when he sleeps his last sleep,
What friend will lament him—what kinsman will weep?
Poor pussy may miss him, but that will be a',
And her he just keeps to fricht mousie awa';
Weel—e'en lat him gang, never mair here to be,
A tear for his loss ne'er shall moisten an e'e.

HIGHLAND POLITICIANS.

COME, Tougall, tell me what you'll thocht
Apout this Bill Reform, man,
Tat's preeding sic a muckle steer,
An' like to raise ta storm, man;

Digitized by Google

For noo ta peoples meet in troves,
  On both sides o' ta Tweed, man,
An' spoket speechums loud an' lang,
  An' very pauld inteet, man.

'Teed, Tonald, lad, she'll no pe ken,
  For she's nae politish, man,
But for their speechums loud an' lang,
  She wadna gie ta sneesh, man;
For gin she'll thocht ta thing was richt,
  She wad her beetock traw, man,
An' feught like tamn—till ance ta Bill
  Was made coot Cospel law, man.

Hoot toot, man, Tougall! tat might do
  When SHORDIE TWA did ring, man,
An' her fore-faiters trew ta tirk,
  To mak' teir Shairlie king, man;
But tirks. an' pistols, an' claymores,
  Pe no for me nor you, man;
Tey'll a' pe out o' fashions gane
  Since pluity Waterloo, man.

Last nicht she'll went to pay her rent,
  Ta laird gie her ta tram, man,
An' tell her that this Bill Reform
  Was shust a nonsense tamn, man!
Pe no for honest mans, she'll say,
  Pe meddle 'ffairs o' State, man,
But leave those matter's to him's CRACE,
  Him's CLORY, an' ta great man.

She'll talk 'pout *Revolations*, too,
  Pe pad an' wicked thing, man,
Wad teuk awa' ta 'stinctions a',
  Frae peggar down to king, man;
Nae doubts, nae doubts, her nainsel' said,
  But yet tere's something worse, man,
To *Revolations* tat will teuk
  Ta puir man's cow nor horse, man.

Digitized by Google

An' ten she'll wish ta *Ministers*
Pe kicket frae teir place, man;
Och hon, och hon! her nainsel said,
Tat wad be wofu' case, man;
For gin ta *Ministers* pe fa',
Precentors neist maun gang, man—
Syne wha wad in ta Punker stood,
An' lilt ta godly sang, man?

Och! ten ta laird flee in a rage,
An' *sinfu'deil* * me ca', man—
Me tell him no pe understood
What him will spoke ava, man;
Ta sinfu'deil!—na, na, she'll say,
She'll no pelang tat clan, man,
Hersel's a true an' trusty *Grant*,
As goot as nitter man, man.

But, Tougall, lad! my 'pinion is
An' tat she'll freely gie, man,
Ta laird pe fear tat this reform
Will petter you an' me, man;
For like some ither lairds, she still
Wad ride upon our pack, man;
But fait! she'll maype saw ta day,
Pe tell him 'nitter crack, man.

For *Shames ta feeter* † say this Bill
Will mak' ta rents pe fa', man;
Pe mak' ta sneesh an' whisky cheap,
Ta gauger chase awa', man;
An' ne'er let lairds nor factors more
Pe do ta poor man's harm man,
Nor purn him's house apoon him's head,
An' trive him aff ta farm, man.

Weel, Tonald! gin I'll thochtit that,
Reformer I will turn, man,

---

* Infidel. † James the Weaver.

Digitized by Google

For wi' their 'pressions an' their scorns,
My very pluit will purn, man:
Och, shust ta hae ta tay apout,
Wi' some tat I will ken, man;
Tey'll prunt my house to *please ta laird*,
Cot! let them try't again, man!

SWEET BET OF ABERDEEN.

AIR—"*The Rose of Allandale.*"

How brightly beams the bonnie moon,
Frae out the azure sky;
While ilka little star aboon
Seems sparkling bright wi' joy.
How calm the eve! how blest the hour!
How soft the sylvan scene!
How fit to meet thee—lovely flower!
Sweet Bet of Aberdeen.

Now, let us wander through the broom,
And o'er the flowery lea;
While simmer wafts her rich perfume
Frae yonder hawthorn tree;
There on yon mossy bank we'll rest,
Where we've sae aften been,
Clasp'd to each other's throbbing breast,
Sweet Bet of Aberdeen!

How sweet to view that face so meek—
That dark expressive eye,—
To kiss that lovely blushing cheek,—
Those lips of coral dye!
But O! to hear thy Seraph strains,
Thy maiden sighs between,
Makes rapture thrill through all my veins—
Sweet Bet of Aberdeen!

Digitized by Google

O ! what to us is wealth or rank ?
Or what is pomp or power ?
More dear this velvet mossy bank,—
This blest ecstatic hour !
I'd covet not the Monarch's throne,
Nor diamond-studded Queen,
While blest wi' thee, and thee alone,
Sweet Bet of Aberdeen.

THE NAILER'S WIFE.

AIR—"*Willie Wastle.*"

THERE lives a Nailer wast the raw,
Wi' brain o' peat, an' skull o' putty ;
He has a wife—gude saff us a' !
A randy royt ca'd Barmy Betty !
O sic a scauld is Betty !
Och hey ! how bauld is Betty !
Xantippe's sel', wi' snash sae snell,
Was but a lamb compared wi' Betty.

An' O but she's a grousome quean,
Wi' face like ony big bass fiddle,
Twa flaming torches are her een,
Her teeth could snap in bits—a griddle.
O what a wicht is Betty !
O sic a fricht is Betty !
Wi' fiery een, an' furious mien,
The queen o' terrors sure is Betty !

Ye've seen upon a rainy night,
Upon the dark brown clouds refleckit
Clyde Airn Warks' grim an' sullen light—
Then, that's her brow when frowns bedeck it.
O what a brow has Betty !
O sic a cowe is Betty !
Her vera glow'r turns sweet to sour,
Sae baleful is the power o' Betty.

Digitized by Google

It had been good for you and me,
Had mither Eve been sic a beauty,
She soon wad garr'd *auld Saunders* flee
Back to his dungeon dark an' sooty.
O what a grin has Betty!
O how like Sin is Betty!
The auld "foul thief" wad seek relief,
In his maist darksome den frae Betty.

Whene'er ye see a furious storm,
Uprooting trees, an' lums down smashin',
Ye then may some idea form
Of what she's like when in a passion.
O what a Barmy Betty!
O sic a stormy Betty!
The wind an' rain may lash the plain,
But a' in vain they strive wi' Betty.

For then the weans she cuffs and kicks,
In fau't or no, it mak's nae matter;
While trenchers, bowls, and candlesticks,
Flee through the house wi' hailstane blatter.
O what a hag is Betty!
O sic a plague is Betty!
Dog, cat, an' mouse a' flee the house,
A-wondering what the deuce means Betty.

Her tongue—but to describe its power
Surpasses far baith speech an' writing;
The Carron blast could never roar
Like her when she begins a flyting.
O what a tongue has Betty!
O siccan lungs has Betty!
The blast may tire, the name expire,
But nought can tire the tongue o' Betty.

Digitized by Google

MY GUDEMAN.

AIR—"*Loch-Erroch Side.*"

My gudeman says aye to me,
Says aye to me, says aye to me;
My gudeman says aye to me,
Come, cuddle in my bosie!
Though wearin' auld, he's blyther still
Than mony a swankie youthfu' chiel,
An' a' his aim's to see me weel,
And keep me snug an' cozie.

For though my cheeks where roses grew,
Hae tint their lively glowing hue,
My Johnnie's just as kind an' true
As if I still were rosy.
Our weel-worn gear he never drank,
He never lived aboon his rank,
Yet wi' a neebour blythe and frank,
He could be as jocose aye.

We hae a hame, guid halesome cheer,
Contentment, peace, a conscience clear,
And rosy bairns, to us mair dear,
Than treasures o' Potosi;
Their minds are formed in virtue's school,
Their fauts are checked wi' temper cool,
For my gudeman mak's this his rule,
To keep frae hasty blows, aye.

It ne'er was siller gart us wed,
Youth, health, and love were a' we had,
Possessed o' these, we toiled fu' glad,
To shun want's bitter throes, aye;
We've had our cares, we've had our toils,
We've had our bits o' troubles whiles,
Yet, what o' that? my Johnny's smiles
Shed joy o'er a' our woes, aye.

Digitized by Google

Wi' mutual aid we've trudged through life,
A kind gudeman, a cheerfu' wife;
And on we'll jog, unvexed by strife,
Towards our journey's close, aye;
And when we're stretched upon our bier,
O may our souls, sae faithfu' here,
Together spring to yonder sphere,
Where love's pure river flows, aye.

THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERKIP.

O'ER Cowal hills the sinking sun
Was bidding Clutha's vale guid-day,
And, from his gorgeous golden throne,
Was shedding evening's mildest ray,
As round the Cloch I bent my way,
With buoyant heart and bounding skip,
To meet my lass at gloaming grey
Among the shaws of Inverkip.

We met—and what an eve of bliss!
A richer, sweeter, never flew,
With mutual vow, with melting kiss,
And ardent throb of bosoms true;
The bees, 'mid flowers of freshest hue,
Would cease their honeyed sweets to sip,
If they her soft sweet lips but knew—
The lovely lass of Inverkip.

Her ebon locks, her hazel eye,
Her placid brow, so fair and meek,
Her artless smile, her balmy sigh,
Her bonnie, blushing, modest cheek—
All these a stainless mind bespeak,
As pure as is the lily's tip;
Then, O, may sorrow's breath so bleak
Ne'er blight my Bud of Inverkip.

Digitized by Google

SIR BENJAMIN BUFFSTRAP.*

AIR,—"*Black Jock.*"

HAVE you heard of Sir Benjamin Buffstrap, the Broad,
That knight of the razor so outre and odd—
The barbarous barber of Barrowfield bar?
Sure a sharper short shaver has seldom been seen
With his buff-strap so black and his blades all so keen,
And his suds in his soap-box as white as the snow—
How closely the crop of the chin he can mow!
The barbarous barber at Barrowfield bar.

Though a barbarous barber Sir Benjamin be,
Yet, like his neighbour shaver, no Savage † is he,
The barbarous barber at Barrowfield bar.
For all his barbarities tend but to smooth
The wrinkles of age down to dimples of youth,
While the blood of his victims he studiously spares,
And only cuts off stiff rebellious hairs—
The barbarous barber of Barrowfield bar.

This barbarous barber's a wonderful wight,
For his breadth is exactly the length of his height!—
The barbarous barber of Barrowfield bar.
And his broad bluffy face is so pregnant with glee,
And his wild wit comes flashing so fearless and free,
That to see and to hear him, I'm certain would make
A whole congregation of Quakers' sides ache—
The barbarous barber at Barrowfield bar.

---

* This clever, little, facetious, bustling personage was a particular friend of the author; was considered a great accession to every social party—and was as ready at repartee as the celebrated Jemmy Wright. He resided at Barrowfield bar, Bridgeton—was barber, toll-man, spirit-dealer, farmer of ladle dues, draff and sand contractor, punster, and poet. The term "barbarous" has only an alliterative application; the worthy polisher of chins was as smooth and agreeable in his manners as the edge of one of his own blades.

† Savage was the name of a neighbour strap.

Digitized by Google

'Tis said, too, that he can disguise so the truth,
As to give to old age the resemblance of youth—
The barbarous barber at Barrowfield bar;
Can make the dark countenance lively and fair,
And give the bald pate an exub'rance of hair;
Nay, more—by the help of his combs and his curls,
Can transform mouldy maids into gay giddy girls—
The barbarous barber at Barrowfield bar.

Long may this sharp shaver successfully shave
The chin of the just man—the cheek of the knave—
The barbarous barber of Barrowfield bar;
But while light sweeps his hand o'er the honest man's chin,
Ne'er causing wry faces, nor scratching the skin,
May the cheek of the villain severely be stung
By the rough, rugged razor, or keen cutting tongue,
Of the barbarous barber at Barrowfield bar.

I HAD A HAT, I HAD NAE MAIR.

AIR,—"*I had a horse, I had nae mair.*"

I HAD a hat, I had nae mair,
I gat it frae the hatter;
My hat was smash'd, my skull laid bare,
Ae night when on the batter;
And sae I thocht me on a plan,
Whereby to end the matter—
Just turn at ance a sober man,
And tak' to drinking water.

My plan I quickly put in force,
Yea, stuck till't most sincerely,
And now I drive my gig and horse,
And hae an income yearly.

Digitized by Google

But, had I still kept boozing on,
'Twa'd been anither matter,
My credit, cash, and claes had gone,
In tatter after tatter.

My wife, perhaps, a worthless pest,
My weans half-starved and duddy;
And I, mysel', at very best,
Gaun wi' an auld coal cuddie;
Wi' scarce a stick in a' the house,
Or spoon, or bowl, or platter,
Or milk, or meal, to feed a mouse,
Or blanket save a tatter.

Now, Gude be praised, I've peace o' mind,
Clear head and health o' body,
A thrifty wifie, cosh and kind,
And bairnies plump and ruddy.
Hence, I'd advise ilk weirdless wight,
Wha likes the gill-stoup's clatter,
To try my plan this very night,
And tak' to drinking water.

O JEANIE, WHY THAT LOOK SAE CAULD?

"O JEANIE! why that look sae cauld
And withering to me now?
And wherefore scowls that cloud o' gloom
Upon thy bonnie brow?
What hae I said, what hae I done,
To draw sic looks frae thee?
Is this thy love—thy fond regard,
Sae lately pledged to me?

"O Jamie! spier na that at me,
But guess the cause yoursel',
Ye thocht, yestreen, ye werena seen
Alang wi' bonnie Bell?

Digitized by Google

Your arm enclaspit round her waist,
  Your cheek to her's was laid,
And mony a melting kiss she gat
  While row'd within your plaid."

"O lassie dear! why vex yoursel'
  Wi' jealous thochts and mean,
For I was twenty miles and mair
  Awa' frae hame yestreen?
I gaed to see my sister dear—
  A gift she sent to thee;
And see—thou maun this necklace wear
  That day thou'rt wed to me."

"And are you then still true to me?
  I'll ne'er forgi'e mysel';
O what could tempt me to believe
  You'd quit your Jean for Bell?
But there's my hand—I'll never mair
  Dream foolish thochts o' thee,
But love wi' a' a woman's love,
  Till light forsake mine e'e."

BAITH SIDES O' THE PICTURE.

AIR—"*Willie was a Wanton Wag.*"

GIN ye hae pence, ye will hae sense,
  Gin ye hae nocht, ye will hae nane,
When I had cash, I was thocht gash,
  And my advice by a' was ta'en;
The rich and poor then thrang'd my door,
  The very dog cam' for his bane,
My purse, my ha', were free to a',
  And I was roosed by ilka ane.

Digitized by Google

Guid freends, and true, I had enow,
Wha to oblige me aye were fain,
Gin I but said, "I want your aid,"
I didna need to say't again.
Whene'er I spak', and tauld my crack,
Loud plaudits I was sure to gain;
For ilka word, howe'er absurd,
Was for undoubted wisdom ta'en.

At catch or glee, I bore the gree,
For music's powers were a' my ain;
And when I sang the hale house rang
Wi' rapturous encores again.
At pun or jest I shone the best,
For nane had sic a fertile brain;
My jibes and jokes, my satire strokes,
Were—like my wine—a' kindly ta'en.

But when I brak', and gaed to wrack,
Ilk gowden prospect fairly gane,
My judgment wi' my wealth did flee,
And a' my sense was frae me ta'en:
Nor rich, nor poor, cam' near my door,
My freends a' vanished ane by ane;
Nor word, nor crack, was worth a plack,
For I was listened to by nane.

My jests and wit, they wadna hit,
My singing met wi' cauld disdain,
The distant look or dry rebuke
Was a' that e'er I could obtain.
But, thanks to Gude, I've fortitude,
Adversity's sour cup to drain,
An a'e true freen', as e'er was seen,
And that's the Dog that shares my bane.

Digitized by Google

IT'S NO THAT THOU'RT BONNIE.

It's no that thou'rt bonnie, it's no that thou'rt braw,
It's no that thy skin has the pureness o' snaw,
It's no that thy form is perfection itsel',
That mak's my heart feel what my tongue canna tell;
But oh! it's the soul beaming out frae thine e'e,
That mak's thee sae dear and sae lovely to me.

It's pleasant to look on that mild blushing face,
Sae sweetly adorn'd wi' ilk feminine grace,
It's joyous to gaze on these tresses sae bright,
O'ershading a forehead sae smooth and sae white;
But to dwell on the glances that dart frae thine e'e,
O Jeanie! it's evendown rapture to me.

That form may be wasted by lingering decay,
The bloom of that cheek may be wither'd away,
Those gay gowden ringlets that yield sic delight,
By the cauld breath o' time may be changed into white;
But the soul's fervid flashes that brighten thine e'e,
Are the offspring o' heaven, and never can dee.

Let me plough the rough ocean, nor e'er touch the shore,
Let me freeze on the coast of the bleak Labrador,
Let me pant 'neath the glare of a vertical sun,
Where no trees spread their branches, nor streams ever run;
Even there, my dear Jeanie, still happy I'd be,
If bless'd wi' the light o' thy heavenly e'e.

THE PEASANT'S FIRESIDE.

AIR,—"*For lack o' gowd.*"

How happy lives the peasant, by his ain fireside,
Wha weel employs the present, by his ain fireside,

Digitized by Google

Wi' his wifie, blythe and free, and his bairnie on her knee,
Smiling fu' o' sportive glee, by his ain fireside.
Nae cares o' state disturb him, by his ain fireside,
Nae foolish fashions curb him, by his ain fireside,
In his elbow chair reclined, he can freely speak his mind,
To his bosom-mate sae kind, by his ain fireside.

When his bonnie bairns increase, around his ain fireside,
That health, content, and peace surround his ain fireside,
A' day he gladly toils, and at night delighted smiles
At their harmless pranks and wiles, around his ain fireside
And while they grow apace, about his ain fireside,
In beauty, strength, and grace, about his ain fireside,
Wi' virtuous precepts kind, by a sage example join'd,
He informs ilk youthfu' mind about his ain fireside.

When the shivering orphan poor, draws near his ain fireside,
And seeks the friendly door that guards his ain fireside,
She's welcomed to a seat, bidden warm her little feet,
While she's kindly made to eat, by his ain fireside.
When youthfu' vigour fails him, by his ain fireside,
And hoary age assails him, by his ain fireside,
With joy he back surveys all his scenes of bygone days,
As he trod in wisdom's ways, by his ain fireside.

And when grim death draws near him, by his ain fireside,
What cause has he to fear him, by his ain fireside,
With a bosom-cheering hope, he takes heaven for his prop,
Then calmly down does drop, by his ain fireside.
O may that lot be ours, by our ain fireside,
Then glad will fly the hours, by our ain fireside,
May virtue guard our path, till we draw our latest breath,
Then we'll smile and welcome death, by our ain fireside.

Digitized by Google

HOUT AWA', JOHNNY, LAD!

HOUT awa', Johnny, lad! what mak's ye flatter me?
Why wi' your praises sae meikle bespatter me?
Why sae incessantly deave and be-clatter me,
Teasing me mair than a body can bide?
Can I believe, when ye "angel" and "goddess" me,
That ye're in earnest to mak' me your bride?
Say, can a woman o' sense or yet modesty,
Listen to talk frae the truth sae far wide?

Few are the flatterer's claims to sincerity,
Loud though he boast o' his honour and verity;
Truth frae his lips is a wonderfu' rarity,
Words by his actions are sadly belied!
Woman he deems but a toy to be sported wi',
Dawted or spurned at, as caprice may guide;
Blooming a while to be dallied and courted wi',
Then to be flung like auld lumber aside!

True love has seldom the gift o' loquacity,
Lips to express it, aft want the capacity;
Wha, then, can trust in a wooer's veracity,
Whase butter'd words o'er his lips saftly slide?
What are love's tell-tales, that give it sweet utterance,
Wherein the maiden may safely confide?
What—but the glances, the sighs and heart-flutterings,
Of the loved youth who takes truth for his guide?

Yet, though I've spoken wi' seeming severity,
Made observations wi' prudish asperity,
I'd be the last one to geck, or to sneer at ye,
Kenning how little is made by fause pride.
Could we but then understand ane anither, then
Soon wad my bosom the matter decide;
Leaving my worthy auld father and mither, then
Hey, Johnny, lad! I'd become your ain bride.

Digitized by Google

COME, BILLIES, LET'S STEER FOR OUR HAMMOCKS.

AIR—"*Rattlin' roarin' Willie.*"

COME, billies, let's steer for our hammocks,
Consider the night's growing late,
Fy rax us our plaids and our crummocks,
It's time we were takin' the gate;
Our dawties at hame will be weary,
Wi' waiting upon us sae lang,
Then why keep them lanely and eerie
While we are enjoying our sang?

It's guid to be social and canty,
It's cheering to coup aff our horn—
But makin' owre free wi' our *aunty**
Is sure to bring trouble the morn;
For *aunty's* a dangerous kimmer,
And no to be dallied wi' aye,
She'll turn to bleak winter our simmer,
And sprinkle our haffet's wi' grey.

Come now, we ha'e a' gotten ready,
Na, laird, no anither drap mair,
Weel, Johnny, ye're foremost—be steady,
And mind there's a turn in the stair.
Shoot out your best fit now before ye,
And cannily catch ilka step.
A'e stagger, my blade, and we're owre ye
Syne wha your fat carcase will kep?

Now, since we're a' landed on Terra,
Let ilk tak' his several road,
Enough we may manage to carry,
Owre meikle's a troublesome load.

---

* "Aunty,"—the bottle—a debauch. It is a common saying, when a person is seen in liquor—"He's been seeing his aunty."

Digitized by Google

Gude e'en—ilka man to his dearie,
As fast as he's able to gang—
To meet a wife smiling and cheerie,
Is ten times mair sweet than a sang.

HERE'S TO YOU AGAIN.

AIR—"*Toddlin' hame.*"

LET votaries o' Bacchus o' wine make their boast,
And drink till it mak's them as dead's a bed-post,
A drap o' maut broo I wad far rather pree,
And a rosy-faced landlord's the Bacchus for me.
Then I'll toddle butt, and I'll toddle ben,
And let them drink wine wha nae better do ken.

Your wine it may do for the bodies far south,
But a Scotsman likes something that bites i' the mouth,
And whisky's the thing that can do't to a Tee,
Then Scotsmen and whisky will ever agree;
For wi' toddlin' butt, an' wi' toddlin' ben,
Sae lang we've been nurst on't we hardly can spean.

It's now thretty years since I first took the drap,
To moisten my carcase, and keep it in sap,
An' tho' what I've drunk might hae slockened the sun,
I fin' I'm as dry as when first I begun;
For wi' toddlin' butt, an' wi' toddlin' ben,
I'm nae sooner slockened than drouthy again.

Your douse folk aft ca' me a tipplin' auld sot,
A worm to a still,—a sand bed,—and what not;
They cry that my hand wad ne'er bide frae my mouth,
But, oddsake! they never consider my drouth;
Yet I'll toddle butt, an' I'll toddle ben,
An' laugh at their nonsense—wha nae better ken.

Digitized by Google

Some hard grippin' mortals wha deem themsel's wise
A glass o' good whisky affect to despise,
Poor scurvy-souled wretches—they're no very blate,
Besides, let me tell them, they're foes to the State;
For wi' toddlin' butt, an' wi' toddlin' ben,
Gin folk wadna drink, how could Government fen'?

Yet wae on the tax that mak's whisky sae dear,
An' wae on the gauger sae strict and severe;
Had I but my will o't, I'd soon let you see,
That whisky, like water, to a' should be free;
For I'll toddle butt, an' I'll toddle ben,
An' I'd mak' it to rin like the burn after rain.

What signifies New'rday?—a mock at the best,
That tempts but poor bodies, and leaves them unblest,
For a ance-a-year fuddle I'd scarce gie a strae,
Unless that ilk year were as short as a day;
Then I'd toddle butt, an' I'd toddle ben,
Wi' the hearty het pint, an' the canty black hen.

I ne'er was inclined to lay by ony cash,
Weel kennin' it only wad breed me mair fash;
But aye when I had it, I let it gang free,
An' wad toss for a gill wi' my hindmost bawbee;
For wi' toddlin' butt, an' wi' toddlin' ben,
I ne'er kent the use o't, but only to spen'.

Had siller been made in the kist to lock by,
It ne'er wad been round, but as square as a die;
Whereas, by its shape, ilka body may see,
It aye was designed it should circulate free;
Then we'll toddle butt, an' we'll toddle ben,
An' aye whan we get it, we'll part wi't again.

I ance was persuaded to "put in the pin,"
But foul fa' the bit o't ava wad bide in,
For whisky's a thing so bewitchingly stout,
The first time I smelt it, the pin it lap out;
Then I toddled butt, an' I toddled ben,
And I vowed I wad ne'er be advised sae again.

Digitized by Google

O leeze me on whisky ! it gies us new life,
It mak's us aye cadgy to cuddle the wife ;
It kindles a spark in the breast o' the cauld,
And it mak's the rank coward courageously bauld ;
Then we'll toddle butt, an' we'll toddle ben,
An' we'll coup aff our glasses,—"Here's to you again!"

THE INDIAN COTTAGER'S SONG.

Founded upon St. Pierre's tale of "The Indian Cottage," and adapted to an Hindostan air. Arranged and hormonized by R. A. Smith.

THO' exiled afar from the gay scenes of Delhi,
Although my proud kindred no more shall I see,
I've found a sweet home in this thick-wooded valley,
Beneath the cool shades of the green banyan tree ;
'Tis here my loved Paria * and I dwell together,
Though shunned by the world, truly blest in each other,
And thou, lovely boy ! lisping "father" and "mother,"
Art more than the world to my Paria and me.

How dark seemed my fate, when we first met each other,
My own fatal pile ready waiting for me ;
While incense I burned on the grave of my mother,
And knew that myself † the next victim would be ;
'Twas then that my Paria, as one sent from heaven,
To whom a commission of mercy is given,
Shed peace through this bosom, with deep anguish riven,
To new life, to love, and to joy waking me.

---

* The most degraded among the Indian castes ; a Paria is one whom none belonging to other castes will deign to recognise.

† The person here is supposed to have been the widow of a young Hindoo, condemned by the barbarous laws of the Brahmins to be burned alive on the funeral pile of her husband.

Digitized by Google

He wooed me with flowers,* to express the affection
Which sympathy woke in his bosom for me;
My poor bleeding heart clung to him for protection;
I wept—while I vowed with my Paria to flee.
My mind, too, from darkness and ignorance freeing,
He taught to repose on that merciful Being,
The Author of Nature, all-wise and all-seeing,
Whose arm still protecteth my Paria and me.

Now safely we dwell in this cot of our rearing,
Contented, industrious, cheerful, and free;
To each other still more endeared and endearing,
While Heaven sheds its smiles on my Paria and me.
Our garden supplies us with fruits and with flowers,
The sun marks our time, and our birds sing the hours,
And thou, darling boy! shooting forth thy young powers,
Completest the bliss of my Paria and me.

JUNE AND JANUARY.

AIR—"*Willie was a Wanton Wag.*"

FROSTY-BEARDED warlock body,
Wife to you I'll never be;
Rather wad I wed the wuddie,
Or a runkled maiden dee;
Gang your wa's, an' seek some ither—
Ane that's weary o' her life,
For ye're liker Death's half-brither,
Than a man that wants a wife.

What care I for a' your grandeur,
Gear an' lands, and houses braw?
Sapless rung! the witch o' Endor
Scarce wad taen you wi' them a'!

---

* The mode of courtship in many eastern countries, especially among the Hindoos.

Digitized by Google

Troth, ye might hae hain'd your siller
That ye've spent on fripperies vain;
Dotard fool! to think a tailor
E'er could mak' you young again!

When you gat your dandy stays on,
Was't to mak' you trig an' sma';
Or for fear that ye might gyzen,
And in staves asunder fa'?
Ye wad tak' me to your bosom!
Buy me braws an' ilk thing nice!
Gude preserve's! I'd soon be frozen,
Clasp'd by sic a sherd o' ice!

Hoot! haud aff—ye're quite ridic'lous
Wi' your pow as white as snaw,
An' your drumstick-shanks sae feckless,
Aping youth o' twenty-twa;
Wha could thole your senseless boasting,
Squeaking voice, an' ghaistlike grin?
Doited driveller! cease your hoasting,
Else gie ower your fulsome din.

Wha could sit an' hear a story
'Bout a bosom's burning pains,
Frae an auld "*Memento mori*,"
Sand-glass, skull, an' twa cross banes?
But for fear my scorn should cool ye,
Hark! I'll tell you what I'll do,
When December's wed to July,
There's my *fit*, I'll then tak' you.

THE PEERLESS ROSE OF KENT.

WHEN beauty, youth, and innocence,
In one fair form are blent,
And that fair form our vestal Queen,
The peerless ROSE of KENT,

Digitized by Google

Say, where's the Briton's heart so cold—
The Briton's soul so dead,
As not to pour out ardent prayers
For blessings on her head?

This is the day,—the joyous day,—
That sees our lady crown'd,
Hence, may not one disloyal heart,
In Albion's Isles be found;
But may she find in every breast
An undisputed throne,
And o'er a gallant people reign,
Whose hearts are all her own.

For ne'er did woman's hand more fair
The regal sceptre hold,
And ne'er did brow more spotless wear
The coronal of gold;
And ne'er beneath the purple robe
Did purer bosom beat;
So ne'er may truer lieges kneel
A lovelier Queen to greet.

May every blessing from above,
On Kent's fair Rose descend,
While wisdom, dignity, and grace,
On all her steps attend.
Still may she wear fair Virtue's bloom,
Throughout a happy reign,
And long be hail'd the "Queen of Isles"—
Fair Mistress of the Main!

THE ROYAL UNION.

THERE'S joy in the Lowlands and Highlands,
There's joy in the hut and the ha';
The pride o' auld Britain's fair islands,
Is woo'd and wedded an' a':

Digitized by Google

She's got the dear lad o' her choosing—
A lad that's baith gallant and braw;
And lang may the knot be a-loosing
That firmly has buckled the twa.

Woo'd an' wedded an' a',
Buckled an' bedded an' a',
The loveliest lassie in Britain
Is woo'd an' wedded an' a'.

May heaven's all-bountiful Giver
Shower down his best gifts on the twa;
May love round their couch ever hover,
Their hearts close and closer to draw.
May never misfortune o'ertake them,
Nor blast o' adversity blaw;
But every new morning awake them
To pleasures unsullied as snaw.

Woo'd an' wedded an' a', etc.

Then here's to our Queen an' her Marrow,
May happiness aye be their fa',
May discord and sickness and sorrow
Be banished for ever their ha'.
So, fy let us coup aff our bicker,
And toast meikle joy to the twa,
And may they, till life's latest flicker,
Together in harmony draw.

Woo'd an' wedded an' a', etc.

THE QUEEN'S ANTHEM.

God bless our lovely Queen,
With cloudless days serene;—
God save our Queen.
From perils, pangs and woes,

Digitized by Google

Secret and open foes,
Till her last evening close,
God save our Queen.

From flattery's poisoned streams ;—
From faction's fiendish schemes,
God shield our Queen ;—
With men her throne surround,
Firm, active, zealous, sound,
Just, righteous, sage, profound ;—
God save our Queen.

Long may she live to prove
Her faithful subject's love ;—
God bless our Queen.
Grant her an Alfred's zeal,
Still for the Commonweal,
Her people's wounds to heal ;—
God save our Queen.

Watch o'er her steps in youth :—
In the straight paths of truth
Lead our young Queen ;
And as years onward glide,
Succour, protect and guide
Albion's hope—Albion's pride ;—
God save our Queen.

Free from war's sanguine stain,
Bright be Victoria's reign ;—
God guard our Queen.
Safe from the traitor's wiles,
Long may the Queen of Isles,
Cheer millions with her smiles ;—
God save our Queen.

Digitized by Google

O PETER M'KAY.

Ane sober advice to ane drucken Soutar in Perth.

AIR—"*Come under my Plaidie.*"

O PETER M'KAY! O Peter M'Kay!
Gin ye'd do like the brutes, only drink when ye're dry,
Ye might gather cash yet, grow gawcy and gash yet,
And carry your noddle Perth-Provost-pow-high;
But poor drucken deevil, ye're wed to the evil
Sae closely, that naething can sever the tie;
Wi' boring, and boosing, and snoring, and snoozing,
Ye emulate *him* that inhabits—the stye.

O Peter M'Kay! O Peter M'Kay!
I'm tauld that ye drink ilka browster wife dry;—
When down ye get sitting, ye ne'er think o' flitting,
While cogie or caup can a dribble supply;—
That, waur than a jaw-box, your monstrous maw soaks
Whate'er is poured in till't, while "give" is the cry;
And when a' is drunk up, ye bundle your trunk up,
And bid, like the sloth, the bare timmer good-bye.

O Peter M'Kay! O Peter M'Kay!
Gang hame to your awls, and your lingels apply,
Ca' in self-respect, man, to keep you correct, man—
The task may be irksome—at ony rate try;
But gin ye keep drinking, and dozing, and blinking,
Be-clouding your reason, God's light from on high,
Then Peter, depend on't, ye'll soon make an end on't,
And close your career 'neath a cauld wint'ry sky.

O MEET ME, LOVE, BY MOONLIGHT.

AIR,—"*This is no mine ain hoose.*"

O MEET me, love, by moonlight,
By moonlight, by moonlight,
And down the glen by moonlight,
How fondly will I welcome thee!

Digitized by Google

And there, within our beechen bower,
Far from ambition's giddy tower,
O what a heart-enthrilling hour,
My Mary dear, I'll spend with thee!
Then meet me, love, etc.

Reclining on our mossy seat,
The rivulet rippling at our feet,
Enrapt in mutual transport sweet,
O who on earth so blest as we?
Then meet me, love, etc,

Our hopes and loves each sigh will speak,
With lip to lip, or cheek to cheek,
O who more heartfelt joys would seek,
Than such, at eve, alone with thee?
Then meet me, love, etc.

To clasp thy lovely yielding waist;
To press thy lips so pure and chaste;
An' be in turn by thee embraced,
O that were bliss supreme to me!
Then meet me, love, etc.

Not worldling's wealth, nor lordling's show,
Such solid joys can e'er bestow,
As those which faithful lovers know
When heart to heart beats fervently.
Then meet me, love, etc.

I ANCE WAS IN LOVE.

I ANCE was in love—maybe no lang ago—
And I lo'ed a'e sweet lassie most dearly;
I sought her wee hand, but her daddy growled "no!"
Which stung my young heart most severely.
For he, wealthy wight, was an auld crabbit carl,
Wha held fast the grip he had got o' the warl';
So the poor plackless laddie got nought but a snarl
For lo'eing the lassie sincerely.

Digitized by Google

But love wadna hide, and the lassie lo'ed me,
And oh! her black een tauld it clearly,
That she'd tak' and wed me without a bawbee,
Although she had twa hundred yearly.
So ae winter night, when her dad was asleep,
And the wind made the doors a' to rattle and cheep,
Frae out the back window she made a bit leap,
And my arms kepp't the prize I lo'ed dearly.

Auld GRIPSICCAR wasna to haud nor to bin',
He tint a' his wee judgment nearly;
He stormed, he rampaged, he ran out, he ran in,
And he vowed we should smart for it dearly;
But time wrought a change when he saw his first *oe*,
Nae langer was heard then the growl and the "no!"
Our house now is Gripsiccar, Goodson & Co.,
While our labours are prospering yearly.

COME TO THE BANKS OF CLYDE.*

AIR—"*March to the battlefield.*"

COME to the Banks of Clyde,
Where health and joy invite us;
Spring, now, in virgin pride,
There waiteth to delight us:
Enrobed in green, she smiles serene—
Each eye enraptured views her;
A brighter dye o'erspreads her sky,
And every creature woos her.

---

* This, and the two succeeding songs, were written for, and sung by the author at the various concerts got up to aid the funds of the Committee for securing the liberty of the banks of the Clyde, when the public were likely to be deprived of that privilege by the rapacity of "Tam Harvie" (see introduction).

The last song was sung at the meeting for presentation of the gold medals to the Committee, when, says the editor of *Stray Leaves*, Mr. Rodger's services were most unfairly forgotten.

Digitized by Google

Come to the Banks of Clyde,
Where health and joy invite us;
Spring, now, in virgin pride,
There waiteth to delight us.

Mark! how the verdant lea,
With daisies she is strewing;
Hark! now, on every tree,
The birds their mates are wooing:
Love wakes the notes that swell their throats,
Love makes their plumage brighter;
Old Father Clyde, in all his pride,
Ne'er witness'd bosoms lighter;
Mark! how the verdant lea,
With daisies she is strewing;
Hark! how, on every tree,
The birds their mates are wooing.

ROLL, FAIR CLUTHA.

AIR,—"*Rule Britannia.*"

WHEN Nature first, with mighty hand,
Traced Clyde's fair windings to the main,
'Twas then the Genii of the land,
Assembled round, and sung this strain:

Roll, fair Clutha, fair Clutha to the sea,
And be thy banks for ever free.

For on thy banks in future times,
A brave and virtuous race shall rise,
Strangers to those unmanly crimes,
That taint the tribes of warmer skies.

Roll, etc.

Digitized by Google

And stately towns and cities fair,
Thy lovely shores shall decorate ;
With seats of science, to prepare
Thy sons for all that's good and great.

Roll, etc.

And on thy pure translucent breast,
Shall numerous fleets majestic ride ;
Destined to south, north, east, and west,
To waft thy treasures far and wide.

Roll, etc.

And up thy gently sloping sides,
Shall woods o'er woods in grandeur tower ;
Meet haunts for lovers and their brides,
To woo in many a sylvan bower.

Roll, etc.

And early on each summer morn,
Thy youth shall bathe their limbs in thee ;
Thence to their various toils return
With increased vigour, health, and glee.

Roll, etc.

And still on summer evenings fair,
Shall groups of happy pairs be seen,
With hearts as light as birds of air,
A-straying o'er thy margin green.

Roll, etc.

And oft the Bard by thee will stray,
When Luna's lamp illumes the sky,
Musing on some heart-melting lay,
Which fond hope tells him ne'er shall die.

Roll, fair Clutha, fair Clutha to the sea,
And be thy banks for ever free.

Digitized by Google

COME, FILL A BUMPER.

AIR—"*Cam' ye by Athol.*"

COME, fill a bumper, dear friends and good neighbours now,
Drink to the *right* we hae struggled for sairly ;—
We shall enjoy the rewards of our labours now :
Clyde's bonny banks are made free to us fairly.
Pledge me then, honest men, now since we've got our ain,
Dearly let's prize what we've purchased so dearly ;
Now may we tread with glee Clyde's lovely margin free,
High as the dyke was—'tis tumbled right rarely.

Late, the abode of seclusion and dreariness,
Still as the vale of death's shadow—or nearly,
Clyde's bonny banks are a' life, now, and cheeriness,
Throng'd with each class that loves liberty dearly ;
Age, with his silver hairs, youth, too, in loving pairs,
Gladly pursuing their course, late and early,
Childhood that scarce can run, boyhood, with noisy fun ;
Joyous that matters are now settled squarely.

Here's to the brave honest hearts of our Committee !
Lang hae they battled and striven for't sairly ;
Wha now dare challenge, or yet cast a gloom at ye,
While on your banks ye can go late or early ?
Come, then, our Committee, "*nine times nine,*" let it be,
They in the front stood, and fought it out rarely ;
Wha wad hae done like them, tyranny's tide to stem ?
Then let us honour them—ever sincerely.

O COME WI' ME.

O COME wi' me, O come wi' me
O come wi' me, my Mary,
And I'll mak' thee the brawest bride
In bonny Inveraray.

Digitized by Google

A silken gown o' purple hue,
A bonnet o' the azure blue,
And best o' a', a heart that's true,
I'll gie to thee, my Mary.
Then come wi' me, O come wi' me,
Then come wi' me, my Mary,
And shine, the loveliest o' the fair,
In bonny Inveraray.

Nae mair thou'll need to tend the sheep
Upon the mountain's side sae steep,
But in these faithfu' arms thou'lt sleep,
And dream o' love, my Mary.
Now come wi' me, O come wi' me,
Now come wi' me, my Mary,
And thou shalt be the happiest wife
In bonny Inveraray.

How mony lads will tell a tale,
That o'er soft woman may prevail,
And leave her lorn at last, to wail
Their want o' faith, my Mary,
But come wi' me, O come wi' me,
But come wi' me, my Mary.
An' prove the warmest, truest love
In bonny Inveraray.

The great Argyll, wi' a' his land,
His lineage, rank, and titles grand,
Mair wealth than we can ne'er command,
The wealth o' love, my Mary.
Then come wi' me, O come wi' me,
Then come wi' me, my Mary,
And live a life o' love and bliss
In bonny Inveraray.

Digitized by Google

HONEST MEN AND BONNIE LASSES.

AIR—"*Roy's Wife.*"

HONEST men and bonnie lasses,
Honest men and bonnie lasses,
Creation's pride, through Nature wide,
Are honest men and bonnie lasses.

Amid life's dreary wastes o' care,
The cheerless gloom wad quite depress us,
Did not such flow'rets blossom there
As honest men and bonnie lasses.
Honest men and bonnie lasses,
Honest men and bonnie lasses,
The balm o' grief, the life o' life,
Are honest men and bonnie lasses.

The Midas-hearted wretch may starve,
While he his yellow heaps amasses,
Be mine the joys that thrill each nerve,
'Mang honest men and bonnie lasses:
Honest men and bonnie lasses,
Honest men and bonnie lasses,
What joys below poor mortals owe
To honest men and bonnie lasses.

An honest man's a gem so rare,
His price could ne'er be paid by Cæsar,
But what's a lovely lassie fair?
A sparkling mine of richest treasure.
Honest men and bonnie lasses.
Honest men and bonnie lasses,
What wealth on earth can boast the worth
Of honest men and bonnie lasses?

Now, comrades, would you wish a toast?
Then haste and seize your sparkling glasses,
I'll gie ye Scotland's stay and boast—
Her honest men and bonnie lasses.
Honest men and bonnie lasses,
Honest men and bonnie lasses;
Her stay and boast from coast to coast,
Her honest men and bonnie lasses.

Digitized by Google

SINCE FATE HAS DECREED IT.

AIR—"*A' body's like to get married but me.*"

SINCE Fate has decreed it—then e'en let her gang,
I'll comfort mysel' wi' a canty bit sang:
Yes; I'll sing like a lintie an' laugh at it a',
Though the auld donnart dotard has wiled her awa'.
O wae worth that siller! what mischief it breeds,
Dame Fortune's pet weans, how it pampers and feeds;
It has made them baith ane whom auld Nature meant twa,
And has torn frae my arms my dear lassie awa'.

The neighbours will clatter about the affair,
But e'en let them talk—that's the least o' my care,
For the sough will blaw by in a fortnight or twa,
But ne'er can restore to me her that's awa'.
Come cheer up, my heart!—yet, what need'st thou be wae,
There are thousands behint her, sae e'en let her gae;
Yes; thousands as bonnie, as good, and as braw—
Then why should'st thou grieve for her now she's awa'?

But ah! hapless lassie, my heart's wae for thee,
To think what a comfortless life thou maun dree;
How cheerless to sit in a rich splendid ha'
'Midst desolate grandeur, when love is awa'.
And thou, her auld mither, ah, what wilt thou say,
When thou seest thy poor lassie heart-broken and wae;
Ah what will avail then, her cleeding sae braw,
When it covers a bosom that's riven in twa.

'TWAS MORN.

AIR—"*Within a mile of Edinburgh Town.*"

'TWAS morn—and the lambs on the green hillocks played,
The laverock sang sweetly on high,
The dew-draps bespangled ilk green spiky blade,
And the woods rang wi' music and joy;

Digitized by Google

When young Patie down the vale
Met fair Kitty wi' her pail,
He clasp'd her hand and blythely speired,
"Dear lassie, where to now?"
"A wee bit down the glen," quo' she,
"To milk our bruckit cow."

"O Kitty! I've lo'ed you this towmond an' mair,
And wha lo'es na you canna see,
There's nane on our plains half so lovely and fair,
No;—nane half so lovely to me:
Will you come, dear lass, at e'en,
Up the burnie's bank sae green?
And there beneath the beechen shade,
You'll meet a lover true."
"Na, na," she cried, "I canna come
At e'en to meet wi' you."

"My mither will flyte and my father will ban,
Gin here meikle langer I stay,
Come cease wi' your wheezin', an' let gae my han',
It's daft like at this time o' day."
"Dearest lassie ere ye gang,
Tell me shall we meet ere lang?
Come, say't an' seal't wi' ae sweet smack
O' that enticing mou';"
"Haud aff," she cried, "nor think that I
Was made for sport to you."

"Then, fareweel, proud lassie, for since ye're sae shy,
Nae langer I'll press you to bide;
E'en show aff your airs, toss your head and look high,
Your beauty demands a' your pride;
I may find some ither where,
Ane mair kind, although less fair."
He turned to gang—she laughing cried,
"Stop, lad, I've ta'en the rue,
Come back and set the tryst wi' me,
And I will meet wi' you."

Digitized by Google

PITY ME! WHAT I DREE.

Written for a St. Kilda air, or "Haud awa' frae me, Donald."

PITY me! what I dree!
This poor aching heart is breaking,
Here I lie, moan and sigh,
Lanely and forsaken.

Lately I was blythe aud cheery,
As the merry maukin;
Now I'm dowie, dull, and dreary,
Baith asleep and waukin'.

Pity me! etc.

On the primrose bank nae mair
I'll flowery chaplets weave me,
Nor deck wi' silken snood my hair,
For ane wha'd sae deceive me.

Pity me! etc.

A' my thochts are thochts o' sorrow,
A' my dreams are sadness;
Not a hope to light the morrow
Wi' a gleam o' gladness.

Pity me! etc.

O! that I had never met him—
Never loved sae fondly,
O! that I could now forget him
Whom I lived for only.

Pity me! etc.

A' my joys are fled for ever,
A' my peace is broken;
Bear, O bear to my fause lover
This unhonoured token.

Pity me! etc.

Digitized by Google

Tell him o' a tender blossom,
Trampled down and faded,
Tell him o' a stainless bosom,
Now, alas! degraded.

Pity me! etc.

Yet amid this wreck and ruin—
Not a starlet gleamin',
She he wrong'd for peace is suing
To her faithless leman.

Pity me! what I dree!
This poor aching heart is breaking,
Here I lie, moan and sigh,
Lanely and forsaken.

AS AE DOOR STEEKS ANITHER CLOSES.

OR THE PROVERB REVERSED.

METHINKS some auld Scotch proverb says
"As ae door steeks anither opens;"
Though this may sometimes be the case,
Its sad reverse much oftener happens.
Let's therefore try the thing anew,
(Though it should be as old as Moses),
And prove this axiom just and true,
"As ae door steeks anither closes."

The man whose trade moves to his mind,
Is always sure of friends to help him,
And ne'er is at a loss to find
An open door—a hearty welcome;
But he whose fortune's on the wane,
Who tries—and tries—and tries, but loses,
Soon finds just reason to complain,
"As ae door steeks anither closes."

Digitized by Google

The haughty minister of state,
  Who proudly basks in royal sunshine,
While numbers daily on him wait,
  To catch a glimpse of borrowed *moonshine;*
Poor man! for all his pomp and power,
  He sleeps not on a bed of roses,
For should his lord but shut the door,
  Then every door against him closes.

The artizan whose dauntless mind
  Revolts against his proud oppressor,
Turned off—can no employment find,
  For being such a bold transgressor;
His suit is met in every place
  With jibes and jeers, and turned-up noses;
Thus feels he this sad truth, alas!
  "As ae door steeks anither closes."

The spendthrift wild, who wastes his wealth
  In rioting and dissipation,
Ne'er dreams, poor fool! of injured health,
  Pale want, or blasted reputation.
Disease and poverty come on,
  His credit everywhere he loses,
Even self-respect at last is gone,
  Door after door against him closes.

The poor neglected virtuous man,
  Who long the storms of life has braved,
Sinks down, at last, exhausted—wan—
  Of every earthly stay bereaved;
Yet still has he one prop that's sure,
  On which his harrassed soul reposes,
Though spurned from every earthly door,
  The door of Heaven never closes.

Digitized by Google

COME THEN, ELIZA DEAR.

DEAREST Eliza, say, wilt thou resign
All thy companions gay, and become mine?
Wilt thou through woe and weal,
Be my loved partner still,
Share with me every ill,
Nor e'er repine?

Wilt thou, O lovely fair! when I'm distress'd,
All my afflictions share, soothe them to rest?
Wilt thou, when comforts fail,
When woe and want assail,
With sympathizing wail,
Cling to this breast?

Yes, yes, O dearest youth! here I resign,
All else I prize on earth, thy fate to join;
Gladly I'll share thy woes,
Soothe thee to calm repose,
While heaven on me bestows
Such love as thine.

Come then, Eliza dear, come to this breast,
Thou alone reignest here, kindest and best;
If wealth and rural peace,
If love that ne'er shall cease,
Can give thee ought like bliss,
Thou shalt be bless'd.

I'LL AWA' HAME TO MY MITHER, I WILL.

ANE TAWPIE BALLAD, COMPOSIT BE MISS TIBBIE TOSHMYTAP, HEIRESS O' THAT ILK, IN THE PARISH O' DRUMLIESYKE.

AIR,—"*Laird o' Cockpen.*"

O! I'LL awa' hame to my mither, I will,
An' I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will;
Gin I tarry wi' you I may meet wi' some ill,
Then I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will.

Digitized by Google

It's wearin' to gloamin', an' soon will be late,
An' the thing micht befa' me that happen'd to Kate,
When she ga'ed to the tryste wi' Will Watt o' the mill;
Sae I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will,
Sae I'll awa' hame to my mither I will,
Sae I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will;
A mither's fireside is the safest place still;
Then I'll awa' hame to my mother, I will.

My mither aft gies me a mither's advice,
About modesty, virtue, an' ilka thing nice;
An' warn's me to shun ilk appearance o' ill;
Then I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will.
O! I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will,
Aye! I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will;
She says, as I brew, I maun e'en drink sic yill;
Weel—I'll awa hame to my mither, I will.

She bids me beware o' the ways o' young men,
As the hauf o' their tricks silly maids dinna ken,
For they 'lure to betray—as the spider to kill—
Hech! I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will.
O! I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will,
Yes! I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will;
I'm young yet, an' simple, an' hae little skill;
Sae I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will.

In this lanely place I've my fears an' my doubts,
For nane but oursel's can I see hereabouts,
An' the ill-deedy deil in your head may put ill—
Faigs! I'll awa hame to my mither, I will.
Yes, I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will,
Troth, I'll awa hame to my mither, I will:
What! here wi' a man at the back o' a hill?
Na!—I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will.

I'm tauld that the godly King Solomon said,
That he kenn'd na the ways o' a man wi' a maid.
Strange ways!—that could baffle a man o' sic skill;
Saff's, I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will.

Digitized by Google

Hout! I'll awa' hame to my mither I will,
Na—I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will:
Sma' ferlie that lasses their wits aften spill;
Come! I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will.

Ye flatter an' fraise me, an' leuk unco fain,
Pretending ye wish my affection to gain;
But I fear your ain ends ye jist want to fulfil;
Losh! I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will:
'Deed! I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will,
Sure! I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will:
Some tongues try the tricks o' the old serpent still;
Och! I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will:

Ye've heard o' my tocher in gear an' good brass,
An' ye ken that ilk pound gies a charm to a lass;
But if pounds be my beauties, your love's unco chill;
Lad! I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will.
Troth! I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will,
Yes! I'll awa' hame to my mither I will:
For I'll ne'er let it gang by the scart o' a quill,
But I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will.

But gin I were sure that ye liket mysel',
Where a blister might light it were easy to tell,
Sae, I'll meet ye neist Friday at Mungo's maut kill;
Now, I'll awa' hame to my mither I will.
Yes, I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will,
Now, I'll awa' hame to my mither, I will:
Be discreet, be sincere, an' ye're welcome back still,
An' I'll yet be your ain a'thegither, I will.

JESSY M'LEAN.

Oh hark! an' I'll tell you o' Jessy M'Lean,
She promis'd shortsyne she would soon be my ain,
So mind ye'll be ready to come on neist Friday,
An' see me get buckled to Jessy M'Lean.

Digitized by Google

Lang, lang ha'e I lo'ed her, and faithfully woo'd her,
Yet ne'er has she treated my suit wi' disdain,
For sense an' good nature enliven ilk feature,
And guileless the heart is o' Jessy M'Lean.

Tho' nane o' your butterflee beauties sae vain,
That flutter about aye, new lovers to gain;
Yet she has attractions to catch the affections,
And prudence, the heart that she wins, to retain.
Her mild look so touching, her smile so bewitching,
Her rich melting tones sweet as seraphim's strain,
Rush through my heart thrilling, and wake every feeling
Of tender attachment for Jessy M'Lean.

When sitting beside her, my heart is aye fain
To think what a treasure will soon be my ain;
Nae fause gaudy glitter, to cheat, then embitter
But pure solid worth, without hollow or stain.
And should a bit callan', e'er bless our snug dwallin',
Or ae bonnie lassie (as heaven may ordain),
The sweet smiling creature, its mither ilk feature,
Will knit me still closer to Jessy M'Lean.

THE HAPPY MEETING.

AIR—"*Guardian angels.*"

HAVE you hail'd the glowing morning,
When the sun first gilds the plain?
Or the genial spring returning,
After winter's dreary reign?
Then conceive, to me how dear
When my Anna—faithful, fair,
After years of lonely pain,
Bless'd my fond eyes—my arms again.

Digitized by Google

Every charm more finely heighten'd,
  Fix'd my raptured, wondering eyes!
Every grace divinely brighten'd,
  Held my soul in sweet surprise;
  O! I could have gazed my last,
  On her bosom heaving fast—
  Met her eyes benignly bright,
With ever-growing new delight.

Who'd not bear a separation
  Thus again to fondly meet,
And to find no alteration,
  Save the heart's more ardent beat;
  Thus, the same soft hand to grasp,
  Thus the same fair form to clasp,
  Thus the same warm lips to kiss—
O, say, can Heaven give more than this?

MAGNIFICENT TOM.*

THERE are "rum chaps" in London, and "droll billies" here;
Pollokshaws is proverbial for "folks unco queer;"
But of all the "odd fellows" abroad or at home,
There none of them equals Magnificent Tom;
For Tom, like a comet, eccentric and strange,
'Mongst the dull orbs of earth takes so devious a range,
That there is not his match underneath heaven's dome,
So erratic and rare is Magnificent Tom.

Magnificent Tom, when the bee's in his head,
Will sing, tell queer stories, or "tip off his bead;"
Preach, "tumble the wulcat," enquire where you're from,
Shake hands and swear friendship—Magnificent Tom.

---

* The celebrated Thomas L. Hart, well-known in and around Glasgow for his versatile acting and reciting, his peculiarities and eccentricities.

Digitized by Google

Or, changing the scene, he'll the actor assume,
Play the part of a hero—the part of a groom,
From the "Bailie" he'll jump to old Cato of Rome,
Keep you laughing or crying—Magnificent Tom.

Magnificent Tom has a temper so warm
That, but touch him, his passion works over like barm;
And then, what a volley of sound, froth and foam,
Is discharged from the mouth of Magnificent Tom.
He cares not for friends then—he cares not for foes,
Nor yet for himself when his wrath overflows;
But his words come as fiery as shells from a bomb,
Dealing "doom" to all round him—Magnificent Tom.

Magnificent Tom is so careless of pelf,
That he lets every day just provide for itself;
"Why, the world's but a cookshop, through which, while we roam,
There's a cook feeds us all," quoth Magnificent Tom.
"There's a drink for us, too, in this shop to be had,
Then let us, while here, take the good with the bad,
For while bright glasses sparkle, or full tankards foam,
We'll come in for our share," says Magnificent Tom.

Magnificent Tom has his faults, like us all,
Yet he's never rejoiced at a neighbour's downfall:
"Poor fellow, alas! what a height he's come from;
Let us lift him again," cries Magnificent Tom.
Nor yet is he envious nor grieved when he sees
A neighbour's sails filled with prosperity's breeze:
"Get forward, my boy, I am glad you've o'ercome
The perils of life," quoth Magnificent Tom.

Magnificent Tom, though his cash be but scant,
Will halve his last *bob* with a chum that's in want,
Nay, share with the vagrant his supper and home:
"We should ne'er be unkind," says Magnificent Tom.
Magnificent Tom, although reckless and rough,
Has a heart where it should be, and made of right stuff;
Then let those who deride (while their sleek hair they comb),
Take a lesson, sometimes, from Magnificent Tom.

Digitized by Google

THE FORSAKEN.

O GIVE me back that blissful time
When I so fondly gazed on thee,
And loved—nor deemed my love a crime,
Till now, too late, my fault I see.
O give me back my innocence!
Alas! that may not—cannot be,
Too deep, too dark is my offence,
For purity to dwell with me.

Hast thou forgot the solemn vows,
So oft exchanged by thee and me,
While seated underneath the boughs,
Of yonder venerable tree?
Those vows, indeed, may be forgot,
Or only laughed at, now, by thee,
But to thy mind they'll yet be brought,
When cold below the sod I'll be.

How could'st thou treat a maiden so,
Who would have gladly died for thee?
Think, think what I must undergo,
Think of my load of infamy;
O could repentance wash my stain,
What peaceful days I yet might see,
But no;—I ever must remain
A victim of my love for thee.

MARY BEATON.

BONNIE blooming Mary Beaton!
Bonnie blooming Mary Beaton!
Could I but gain her for my ain,
I'd be the blythest man in Britain.

Digitized by Google

I've woo'd and sued this mony a day,
Ilk tender vow o' love repeatin',
But still she smiles, and answers "*nay*,"
While I, puir wight! am near the greetin'.

Bonnie blooming Mary Beaton!
Bonnie blooming Mary Beaton!
If smiles frae her can wound sae sair,
How sair were frowns frae Mary Beaton!

The lee-lang night I sech and grane,
An' toss an' tumble till I'm sweatin',
For wink o' sleep can I get nane,
For thinkin' still on Mary Beaton.

Bonnie blooming Mary Beaton!
Bonnie blooming Mary Beaton!
Poor troubled ghaist! I get nae rest,
And what's my trouble? Mary Beaton.

When ither youngsters blythe an' gay,
Set aff to join some merry meetin',
By some dyke-side I lanely stray,
A-musing still on Mary Beaton.

Bonnie blooming Mary Beaton!
Bonnie blooming Mary Beaton!
A' mirth an' fun, I hate an' shun,
An' a' for sake o' Mary Beaton.

I ance could laugh an' sing wi' glee,
And grudg'd the hours sae short an' fleetin',
But now ilk day's a moon to me,
Sae sair I lang for Mary Beaton.

Bonnie blooming Mary Beaton!
Bonnie blooming Mary Beaton!
Till ance she's mine, I'll waste an' pine,
For now I'm past baith sleep an' eatin'.

Digitized by Google

Her fairy form, sae light an' fair,
Her gracefu' manner, sae invitin',
Alas! will kill me wi' despair,
Unless I soon get Mary Beaton.

Bonnie blooming Mary Beaton!
Bonnie blooming Mary Beaton!
Wad she but bless me wi' a YES,
Oh, how that *yes* my lot wad sweeten!

LOVELY MAIDEN.

LOVELY maiden, art thou sleeping?
Wake, and fly with me, my love,
While the moon is proudly sweeping
Through the ether fields above;
While her mellow'd light is streaming
Full on mountain, moor, and lake!
Dearest maiden, art thou dreaming?
'Tis thy true love calls—awake!

All is hush'd around thy dwelling,
Even the watch-dog's lull'd asleep;
Hark! the clock the hour is knelling,
Wilt thou then thy promise keep?
Yes, I hear her softly coming,
Now her window's gently rais'd,
There she stands, an angel blooming—
Come, my Mary! haste thee, haste!

Fear not, love! thy rigid father
Soundly sleeps, bedrench'd with wine;
'Tis thy true love holds the ladder—
To his care thyself resign!
Now my arms enfold a treasure,
Which for worlds I'd not forego;
Now our bosoms feel that pleasure
Faithful bosoms only know.

Digitized by Google

Long have our true loves been thwarted
By the stern decrees of pride,
Which would doom us to be parted,
And make thee another's bride;
But, behold! my steeds are ready,
Soon they'll post us far away;
Thou wilt be Glen Alva's Lady
Long before the dawn of day!

O NANCY.

O NANCY! dear Nancy, my young lovely blossom,
Sweet essence of beauty and virtue combined,
What bliss thus to clasp thee to this beating bosom,
And meet thy sweet glances so lovingly kind.
Those dark ebon tresses that shade thy white forehead,
That black beaming eye so expressively bright,
That innocent blush on thy soft cheek so pure red,—
These fill my fond bosom with sweetest delight.

O come let us wander, my dear lovely treasure,
Down by yon green planting of tall waving pines,
While yonder bright star in the pure cloudless azure,
Like thee sheds its lustre, and peerlessly shines;
The eve's mild and gentle, the dew's saftly fa'ing,
The fragrance comes sweet frae yon full-blossom'd thorn,
And hark! from afar, how the bugle is blawing,
While woods, rocks, and valleys their echoes return.

How meet, my dear Nancy, is this gentle season,
For two love-knit beings with souls void of art,
To breathe out their feelings so tenderly pleasing,
And taste the sweet raptures true love can impart:
And now, dearest maid, since our hearts are united
In love—purest blessing by mortals enjoyed,
Its ties let us cherish, through life undivided,
Unaltered by changes, by time undestroyed.

Digitized by Google

WHEN GLOAMIN' SPREADS HER MANTLE GREY.

AIR—"*Langsyne beside yon Woodland Burn.*"

WHEN gloamin' spreads her mantle grey,
O'er ilka hill and valley,
And little lambs nae langer play,
Upon the lea sae gaily.
Then through the wood aboon the mill,
Wi' willing steps I aften steal,
Wi' my dear lad I lo'e sae weel,
My constant, loving Willie.

While wandering through our shaded walks,
What dear delight I feel aye,
To hear him as he fondly talks,
Avow his love sae freely;
Or when our arms we fondly link,
And stray by Kelvin's grassy brink,
What pure delicious joys I drink,
Pour'd frae the lips o' Willie.

How sweet the mavis sings at e'en,
When a' is hush'd sae stilly;
How sweet his melting, mellow strain
Comes echoing down the valley;
How sweet to breathe the scented gale,
That lightly skiffs yon clover vale,
But sweeter far the melting tale,
And balmy breath o' Willie.

The rose blooms on his cheek sae smooth,
Upon his brow the lily,
His bosom is the seat of truth,
Which love and honour fill aye.
His manly look and gracefu' form
Might ony lassie's bosom warm;
But native worth, O! that's the charm
That binds me to my Willie.

Digitized by Google

Our squire, to lure me, tries ilk art,
Wi' a' his airs sae silly,
But never will he move the heart,
That beats alone for Willie;
For ere to-morrow's sun decline,
The priest our willing hands will join,
And mak' the dear, dear laddie mine,
My life, my joy, my Willie.

ALANG KELVIN'S BANKS.

AIR,—"*Wounded Hussar.*"

ALANG Kelvin's banks on a dark wintry gloaming,
When thick heavy clouds had enshrouded the sky,
Young Mary went wandering, her sad fate bemoaning,
While heav'd her fair bosom wi' many a deep sigh;
The tears trickled down o'er her once-blooming cheek,
Loud whistled the winds through her loose streaming hair,
And aft she burst out, wi' a heart like to break,
Alas! my dear Allan, I'll ne'er see thee mair.

Nae mair, ye lov'd banks, can I tread you wi' gladness,
Nor gaze wi' delight on the stream gliding by,
For nought now is mine but a bosom of sadness,
A woe-washen cheek and a tear-streaming eye.
Ye dark, heavy clouds, moving slow thro' the air,
More welcome your gloom than the canopy's glow;
For o'er my sad soul hangs the veil of despair,
And my heart is surcharged wi' a deluge of woe.

Ye scenes of past joy, ah! how much now ye grieve me,
Recalling those once happy hours to my mind;
O death! wilt thou not shortly come and relieve me,
And grant me that rest which the weary do find!
My sight is grown dim wi' the tears that I shed,
The sun's cheering beams yield nae comfort to me;
Even hope, the last stay of the sufferer, is fled,
And fled every joy, my dear Allan, with thee.

Digitized by Google

By glory's fause glare, lured awa' frae my bosom,
To meet a brave foe, to the conflict he flew;
'Twas then some dark spirit presaged I should lose him,
And ah! I soon found its sad bodings too true;
For Allan soon fell with the brave, gallant Moore,
Where died many Britons, ill-fated, though brave;
And now, a lone widow, his death I'll deplore,
Till worn out with weeping I sink in my grave.

O KITTY, WHEN THAT FORM AND FACE.

AIR—"*Ye Banks and Braes.*"

O KITTY, when that form and face,
In Nature's fairest mould were cast,
To deck thee with each winning grace,
She rifled all her treasures vast;
Whate'er was lovely, mild, or fair,
Whate'er could move or melt the heart,
Through sea or sky, through earth or air,
To thee, sweet maid, she gave a part.

But lest her fairest, favour'd work,
By Time's rude hand should e'er be press'd,
She caught a bright celestial spark,
Pure from a flaming seraph's breast;
Of that, she formed a spotless mind,
To animate a frame as fair,
Then sent thee, loveliest of thy kind!
To soothe us in this vale of care.

ISABELL.

AIR—"*Miss Graham of Inchbrecky.*"

WHEN lads and lasses a' convene,
To daff awa' an hour at e'en,
I tak' my way across the green,
To meet my Isabell.

Digitized by Google

I meet her at our trysting place,
Where midst our mutual fond embrace,
The blushes on her bonnie face,
Her bosom-secrets tell;
And O how swift the moments pass,
When seated on the verdant grass,
I snatch a kiss frae my dear lass,
My blooming Isabell.

How sweet—on such an hour at e'en,
Beneath the silver moon serene,
Whose mellow tints give each lov'd scene
A soft bewitching spell—
How sweet to meet my lassie dear,
Down by yon burnie, wimpling clear,
Where sweetly bloom the scented brier,
The violet and blue bell;
And there to clasp her to my breast,
And hear my love for her confest,
O then! what youth is half so blest,
As I wi' Isabell?

The city belle, the reigning toast,
A fairer face, perhaps, may boast,
But what is beauty's date at most?
Let age or sickness tell;
A transient rainbow in the sky;
A tender flower that blooms to die;
A feeble noon-day butterfly,
Cut off in evening snell:
But Isabella's beauties rare,
That hidden frae the vulgar stare,
Will ever blossom rich and fair,
As lasting as hersel'.

Thou Power! who rul'st this earth below,
And met'st our shares o' joy and woe,
The richest boon thou canst bestow
On me—is Isabell;
The warlike chief may fight for fame,
The wily priest a mitre claim,

Digitized by Google

The groveling grub for gear may scheme,
To suit his sordid sel';
Sic things are far beneath my care,
For them I'll ne'er prefer a prayer;
But O! gie me my lassie fair—
My lovely Isabell.

WHEN YOUTHFU' LOVE'S DELIGHTFU' TIES.

AIR—"*The Waefu' Heart.*"

WHEN youthfu' love's delightfu' ties,
By perfidy are broke,
Or when we lose whom most we prize,
By fate's determined stroke;
When ills on ills thick round us press,
And friends our cause desert,
What then remains for us? alas!
A lanely waefu' heart.

How desolate that hapless wight
On whom such evils fall,
To him, a starless, cheerless night
Enshrouds and saddens all;
Yet, should he then that comfort seek
Heaven can alone impart,
Who knows what light benign may break
Upon his waefu' heart?

THE GREEK CHIEF TO HIS COUNTRYMEN.

ATHENIAN AIR.

The mild evening blushes afar in the west,
Among the green bushes each bird finds its nest,
Unlike troubled mortals,
The love-mated turtles,
Among their green myrtles,
Sink calmly to rest.

Digitized by Google

But where shall the wanderer his weary head lay,
When wide roams the plunderer insatiate on prey,
Our sweet homes devouring,
Our life's blood out-pouring,
And red ruin showering
On all in his way ?

O rouse from your torpor ! my countrymen all ;
Too long the usurper has held us in thrall—
Our fire-levell'd dwellings,
Our children's loud wailings,
Our wives' injured feelings,
Most powerfully call.

Too long has the Crescent triumphantly shone,
While we, all quiescent, have tamely looked on ;
'Twas not so of old, when
Our sires brave and bold then,
Their foemen laid cold then,
At famed Marathon.

O, for the three hundred free Spartans so brave,
Would they, too, be plundered by slaves of a slave ?
No ! rather than bear it,
With tame servile spirit,
The Turk should inherit
The Persian's grave !

Then rouse, ye degraded ! and onward with me ;
Your laurels are faded, what worse can you be ?
The chains that enthral you,
No more let them gall you,
But burst them. Then shall you
Be happy and free.

THE EMERALD ISLE.

O LAND of the Shamrock and Harp ! lovely Erin,
Where warm hospitality still wears a smile ;
May suns more benign, and may prospects more cheering
Arise soon to bless thee—sweet Emerald Isle ;

Digitized by Google

Thou gem of the West, worth and beauty combining,
Though dimmed be thy lustre—thy glory declining,
Thou yet wilt astonish the world with thy shining,
And make thyself loved and respected the while.

Though sad sounds thy Harp, though thy Shamrock be drooping,
The bravest—the best of thy sons in exile;
Though thousands beneath heavy burdens be stooping,
And full-pampered insolence triumphs the while;
Thy harp shall awake yet to strains bold and cheering,
Thy shamrock be seen yet its lowly head rearing—
And comfort and joy make their homes yet endearing,
To thy injured sons—lovely Emerald Isle.

Like thine own Patron Saint, may a Patriot arise soon,
To banish the vile yellow snake from thy soil,
From clouds of black locusts to clear thy horizon,
Which eat up the fruits of thy children's hard toil;
May freedom descending in all her mild glory,
Her bright angel wings spread benignantly o'er thee,
Thy ancient renown—thy lost rights to restore thee,
And give thee new splendour—sweet Emerald Isle.

MY BONNIE WEE WIFIE.

My bonnie wee wifie and I hae been wed
For thretty lang years—yet our time has sae sped,
That she still is as kind, couthy, canty, and fain,
As on that happy day when I made her my ain;
And a braw "fruitfu' vine" my wee wifie has been,
While around her our tendrils entwining are seen,
And though some be nipt aff, yet she still smiles on me,
Wi' the sweet blythesome blink o' her bonnie black e'e.

My bonnie wee wifie to cheer me at e'en,
Has a canty bit ingle, a hearth white and clean—
A weel redd-up housie, a snug elbow chair,
And a lichtsome bit supper o' clean halesome fare;

Digitized by Google

Around our fireside, sit the bairns wi' their beuks,
On whom wi' a mither's affection she leuks—
Then turns frae them smiling, to smile upon me,
Wi' the kind blythesome blink o' her bonnie black e'e.

My bonnie wee wifie, when ills on us press,
Sits patiently smiling amidst our distress;
Then wha that is blest wi' sae virtuous a mate,
Should ever repine at the frownings o' fate?
Let the tide o' my fortune advance or recede,
I'll thankfully tak' what is wisely decreed,
While my wifie is spared still to smile upon me
Wi' the mild blythesome blink o' her bonnie black e'e.

PETITION TO MANAGERS OF BARROWFIELD DYE-WORKS.

HUMBLY SHEWETH,

That,
Tired of the Town, of the Saltmarket sick;
With pledging plagued and pestered to the quick;
And driven distracted by a desperate squad,
Whose clamorous clack would clatter meek men mad:—
Your humble suppliant, supplicating low,
Ventures to vent, in wailings wild, his woe;
Trusting you'll listen to his groaning grief,
And stretch a helping hand to his relief.

O dark and dreary be that doleful day,
When to this sink of sin seduced away,
He turned on blythesome Barrowfield his back:—
May that day in the Heavens be ever black,
When he exchanged the haunts of hearty men,
For a dark, dismal, dingy, dusty den;
Condemned to draw in draughts of putrid air,
And pine amidst anxiety and care,
While turning over Mammon's meanest coin,
Bronzed o'er with blubber, herring scales and brine:
Obliged each day and hour to undergo

Digitized by Google

The pain of hearing tales of want and woe,
So finely framed, with so much feeling told,
As would make misers give, nor grudge, their gold:
Compelled to handle every dirty rag,
Stript from the hide of every hateful hag,
And doomed each finer feeling to degrade,
By bullying every blackguard trull and jade,
Who hither comes her tawdry trash to pop,
That she may drink it at the next dram-shop.

That your said suppliant sadly suffers sore,
From these said ills on ills, and many more,
Which, but to name, or even to think of, must
Make man's flesh creep with loathing and disgust.

Now, may it therefore please you, Sirs, to list
To your Petitioner's sincere request,
And take his case into consideration,
To save him from this every day's damnation;
And into your employment take him back,
And he'll take any job however black,
Rather than stay in this detested place,
Cut off from all communion with his race,
(Or if it be the human race he sees,
Good God, it must be, sure, the very lees.)
He'll fire your furnaces, or weigh your coals,
Wheel barrows, riddle ashes, mend up holes,
Beat cloth, strip shades; in short, do any thing,
And your Petitioner will ever—sing.

A—— R——.

17th November, 1832.

VERSES SUNG AT THE GLASGOW TYPOGRAPHICAL FESTIVAL.

AIR—"*Weel may the Boatie row.*"

O, WEEL may the Press be plied,
And bravely may it speed,
And merry may the Press move on,
That gie's us means to read.

Digitized by Google

The Press! the Press! the glorious Press!
Of mild celestial ray;
Soon may it shed o'er a' the earth
One universal day.

For countless ages man was doomed
To grope in mental night;
At last this Sun of Knowledge rose—
"God said let there be light."
The Press! the Press! the giant Press!
Tho' faint at first its ray,
It yet shall shed o'er a' the earth
One universal day.

At first a speck like prophet's hand
The infant Press appeared;
But soon it overspread the land,
While darkling man it cheered;
The Press! the Press! the brilliant Press!
Now lights him on his way,
And soon will shed o'er a' the earth
One grand and glorious day.

Though legal fogs its beams obscure,
These yet dispersed shall be;
Then men shall breathe an air more pure,—
Walk more erect and free;
The Press! the Press! the glorious Press!
Of mild effulgent ray,
Shall grow, until it shed on earth
One universal day.

Then let us toast our splendid Press—
The Press that gives us bread;
A bumper for the powerful Press,
The tyrant's woe and dread;
The Press! the Press! the Samson Press!
Extended be its sway,
Till o'er the earth it sheds at last
One everlasting day.

Digitized by Google

STANZAS WRITTEN ON MR. JAMES PAGAN,

A FEW DAYS BEFORE HIS MARRIAGE.

"O KEN ye the man wi' the Heathenish name?—
For Pagan and Heathen are nearly the same;"
Come, truce wi' your joking, though Pagan he be,
He's as true a Christian as mony ye'll see.
He's open, he's honest, mild-tempered and warm,
Inclined to do good, but averse to work harm:
For his motto is this—as ilk ane's ought to be—
"Let me do unto others as they should to me."

He spins a good story, he weaves a good tale,
He lilts a good sang owre a tankard o' ale,
He cracks a good joke, too, wi' humorsome glee;
But nane lashes vice mair severely than he.
And ilk body likes him wherever he gangs,
Sae fond o' his stories—his jokes and his sangs;
But the thing he's maist prized for by meikle and wee,
Is the generous heart, ever open and free.

He never can hear o' a poor mortal's woes,
But his hand's in his pouch, while his heart overflows;
For when the heart wills it, the hand's sure to gi'e,
And blest are the heart and the hand thus so free.
But Pagan has fauts, like the rest o' guid chiel's;
He likes to keep *oiling* Humanity's wheels;
But he *oils* them sae gently, when creaking awee,
That he keeps the machine aye in good working key.

He likes his bit lass too, as ilka man should;
And, O! that sweet lass is so fair and so good,
And returns so his love, that in twa weeks or three,
She *may* be prevailed on—a Pagan to be.
A health, then, to Pagan—a health to his lass;
May bright days of happiness still o'er them pass,
And a braw fruitfu' vine may the bonnie lass be,
Till clusters o' *Pagan-grapes* cling round her knee.

Digitized by Google

MY BONNIE SCOTCH LASSIE.

Let them boast of their maids on Italia's gay strand,
Or the green "Isles of Greece," once so free,
O dearer by far, in my own native land,
Is my bonnie Scotch lassie to me.

Though England may vaunt of her daughters so fair,
Though bland Erin's beauties may be,
Give me the soft blush, and the heart-winning air,
That won me, dear Jessie, to thee.

Let them boast of their maids, etc.

In bright sunny climes many beauties I've seen,
Of high and of humble degree;
Yet in form or in featnre, in mind or in mien,
I've ne'er met with maiden like thee.
Let them boast of their maids, etc.

Though the mild blushing red from thy soft cheek had fled,
Though grief had bedimmed thy bright e'e;
Yet thy heart and thy mind, by each virtue refined,
Would endear thee more fondly to me.

Let them boast of their maids in Italia's gay glades,
Or the green "Isles of Greece," once so free;
Yet no more will I roam after beauty from home,
But remain, my dear Jessie, with thee.

THE SPINNING O'T.

AIR—"*The Rock and the wee pickle Tow.*"

WHEN Adam first delved in his bonnie kailyaird,
And Eve tried her hand at the spinning o't,
They never were troubled by factor nor laird—
Their gear was their ain for the winning o't;
Nae tax-grabber crossed their bien hallan ava,
Their goods were na poinded by limbs o' the law,
And though their *first busking* was *scrimpitly* braw,
They had a bit cozie beginning o't.

Digitized by Google

They pu'd their ain fruit, and they stoo'd their ain kail,
The grund was a' their's to the gleaning o't;
They made their ain maut, and they brewed their ain ale,
For *gauger*, they kent na the meaning o't;
The beasts o' the field were a' at their command;
The hawk and the eagle wad pick frae their hand;
The wild ass's colt at their bidding wad stand:
Creation confessed their dominion o't.

But times took a turn, and the pair gat a fa',—
Foul fa the AULD THIEF for that sinning o't!
His fause loopy tongue maistly ruined us a',
O had it been scaumed to the skinning o't;
For man, ever since, has been doomed by hard toil,
To scrape a scant meal frae a niggardly soil,
'Mid sweat and anxiety, grief and turmoil,
Through life, frae his very beginning o't.

And still must he labour 'mid hardship and care,
At delving, at ploughing, or spinning o't,
Wi' belly aft pinched, and wi' back nearly bare,
For comfort, there's now a sad thinning o't;
His substance is seized on for taxes or rent,
The priest comes and *tythes* him, then preaches content,
Wi' sickness and sorrow his frame's sairly bent;
Pale want on his face shows the grinning o't.

The farmer should fend by the fruits o' the soil,
The wabster be warmed by the spinning o't;
The honey-bee sip the reward o' his toil,
The drone suit his wame to his winning o't.
The gluttonous cormorant, sluggard, and sot,
Say, should they be whippit, or hangit, or shot?
No; hence wi' them aff to some bleak barren spot,
There, set them, gin-horse like, a-ginning o't.

But here's to the shuttle, the spade, and the plough,
And here's to the wheel, and the spinning o't,
May ilk ane wha lives by the sweat o' his brow,
Hae plenty o' wealth for the winning o't;

Digitized by Google

May want, discontent, and fell turbulence cease,—
May nation with nation exchange its increase;
And nature still yield a rich crop, and a fleece,
To encourage the ploughing and spinning o't.

OPENING OF THE GLASGOW AND GREENOCK RAILWAY.

WHILE Bards of renown sing their heroes of yore,
Who marched on to fame—to the knees up in gore,
Whose chief entertainment was dyeing the sod,
And marring and mangling the image of God,
We'll choose a more homely, though happier theme,—
The genius of Watt, and the triumphs of Steam.

Had some gifted spirit arisen of old,
And to our great-grandfathers fearlessly told
The power and the virtues which *vapour* contains,
They had deemed him a madman and fool for his pains;
The plain, honest, simple folks never could dream
Of the powers and the virtues inherent in Steam.

But forth came our Watt, in the strength of his mind,
Too powerful and vast for *old fetters* to bind—
He saw what was wanting, he planned what was right,
Then rose giant Steam in his fulness of might,
All vigorous and fresh as the sun's primal beam,
And Darkness soon fled from the presence of Steam.

O Steam! what great wonders thou lately hast wrought,
For Time's but thy plaything, and Distance is nought;
Outstripping in fleetness the wings of the wind,
And leaving the storm-driven clouds far behind,
Thou link'st distant lands, thou o'ercomest rock and stream,
Thou greatest of all Revolutionists—Steam.

Digitized by Google

The gentle and simple by thee both are fed,
Thou grindest their grain, thou preparest their bread,
Thou guidest the saw, and thou turnest the screw,
And things the most obdurate thou can'st subdue;
Thy cylinder, piston, and ponderous beam,
Are the creatures of thine own creation—O Steam!

The prince and the peasant by thee, too, are drest,
The jenny and loom thy minuteness attest,
The forge and the furnace proclaim thy great power,
Fresh wonders on wonders arise every hour,
And wonders on wonders for ages may teem,
So various and vast are the workings of Steam.

What mighty achievements thou yet hast in store,
No heart may conceive, and no eye yet explore,—
The desert Sahara may yet own thy sway,
And the huge Polar icebergs before thee give way;
The Atlantic into the Pacific may stream,
And the whirl of the Maelstrom may yet yield to Steam.

Then fill up a bumper—yea, fill to the brim,
And drain to the bottom in memory of him
Who, wisely directing the Steam's latent powers
Has given a new face to this planet of ours—
May his name float along upon Time's mighty stream,
Till sun, moon, and stars, be enveloped in Steam.

STANZAS.

SUGGESTED ON PLANTING FLOWERS ON THE GRAVE OF JOHN TAIT, 31ST JULY, 1837.

We pulled the wild weeds off thy grave,
And planted flowerets there,
Whose balmy blossoms bright might wave,
To scent the summer air.
Let no rude thoughtless hand presume
To pull these flowerets from thy tomb.

Digitized by Google

On every flower we placed in earth
We let a tear-drop fall—
A crystal tribute to thy worth—
'Twas friendship's holy call.
We dropt a tear—we heaved a sigh
O'er thee we saw too early die;
Thou died'st amid the blaze of fame
And hope of victory;
Thou died'st!—but no: thy dear-loved name
Can never, never die;
Kings, conquerors, heroes' names may rot—
JOHN TAIT'S shall never be forgot!

The violet here shall yearly bloom,
And here the primrose too,
And plants of odorous perfume,
And of the loveliest hue.
For why should beauty be denied
To deck the grave of SIMEON CLYDE?
Then let affection's flowerets wave
For ever o'er thy honoured grave!

DANIEL O'CONNELL'S WELCOME TO SCOTLAND.

HAIL to thee! high-minded chieftain of Erin,
Happy and blest be thy native "Green Isle;"
Heaven give thee strength to march onward careering,
Curbing misrule and oppression the while;
Here to the "land of cakes;"—
Land of pure streams and lakes,
Blue bonnets hail thee with hearty hurrah:
This be our watchward then,
Echoed from hill and glen,
"Freedom! O'Connell! and Erin go bragh!"

Digitized by Google

Hail to thee! Erin's renowned Liberator,
Welcome to Scotland, the land of the brave;
Tyrants who fear thee may howl "agitator,"
Still thou art dear to the heart-broken slave;—
Lordlings may rant and rave,
Joined by each canting knave—
Each rabid cur ope his venomous jaw,
Ours be the watchword still,
Echoed from glen and hill,
"Freedom, O'Connell, and Erin go bragh."

Ours is no hireling—no bought adulation,
Offered to titles, to rank, or to birth,
No:—'tis the heart-felt applause of a nation,
Paid to pre-eminent talent and worth,
Lords may be pretty things,
Talk very witty things,
Simper and smile, while they *pillage by law*,
Let them their minions fee,
Our grateful theme shall be,
"Freedom, O'Connell, and Erin go bragh."

Hail to thee, who, whilst o'er Erin's woes weeping,
Feel'st for the wrongs of the rest of mankind:—
Hail to thee, who, at thy post ever keeping,
Sleep'st not till freedom a resting-place find;
Still may'st thou grow in strength,
Till crowned with joy at length,
Freedom's last foe from his stronghold thou draw;—
Then shall the welkin ring,
While future ages sing,
"Freedom, O'Connell, and Erin go bragh."

Digitized by Google

ODE WRITTEN FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF ROBERT TANNAHILL.

WHILE certain parties in the State
Meet yearly, to commemorate
The birth of their great "heaven-born" head,
Wha lang did Britain's councils lead;
And in the face of downright facts,
Launch forth in praise of certain acts,
As deeds of first-rate magnitude,
Performed a' for the public good,
By this rare pink o' politicians,
This matchless Prince o' State Physicians;
Whase greatest skill in *bleeding* lay,
Bleeding the State into decay:
For—studying the great *Sangrado*,—
There's little doubt, but he got haud o'
The secret o' that great man's art,
At which he soon grew maist expert;
As his prescriptions, like his master's,
Still ran on lancets mair than plasters:—
A proper mode, nae doubt, when nations,
Like men, are fashed wi' inflammations;
But somewhat dangerous when the patient,
From being rather scrimply rationed,
Has little blood to spare—and when
(With all respect for learned men)
He has much less desire to look
To the Physician, than the Cook.
While thus they meet, and yearly dine,
And o'er their flowing cups o' wine,
By studied speech, or weel-timed toast,
Declare it is their greatest boast,
That they were friends o' that great Pilot
Who braved the storm by his rare skill o't,
And brought the vessel fairly through,
Though mutinous were half the crew.
But then, these Pitt-adoring fellows
"Remember to forget" to tell us
That, running foul o' some rude rock,

Digitized by Google

He gied the vessel such a shock,
As shattered a' her stately hull;
So that her owner, Mr. Bull,
So terrible a loss sustaining,
Has ever since been sair complaining:—
In fact, this once brave, stout, plump fellow,
With face, now of a sickly yellow,
A constitution, sadly shattered,
A frame wi' toil and sickness battered,
Wearing away by constant wasting,
Down to the grave seems fast a-hasting.
But yet, he vows, if he be spared,
He'll have her thoroughly repaired,
Nor weary out his gallant crew
By toiling mair than men can do;
For now it tak's them ceaseless pumping,
To keep the crazy hulk from swamping:
Na, troth, they tell us nought like that,
They're no sae candid, weel I wat.
But, getting a' quite pack thegither,
They bandy compliments at ither
Sae thick and fast, that mutual flatteries
Are playing off like bomb-shell batteries;
Or rather, to come lower down,
For that's a simile too high flown,
It's somewhat like a boyish yoking,
At battledoor and shuttlecocking;
For, soon as this ane gies his crack,
The next ane's ready to pay back
His fulsome compliments galore;
And thus is blarney's battledoor
Applied to flattery's shuttlecock,
Till ilk ane round gets stroke for stroke,
Or, just as honest Scotch folk do,
It's "ye'll claw me and I'll claw you."

A different task is ours indeed;
We meet to pay the grateful meed;—
The meed of just esteem sincere,
To ane, whase memory we hold dear;

Digitized by Google

To ane, whase name demands respect,
Although wi' nae court titles decked;
To ane, wha never learned the gate,
Of fawning meanly on the great;
To ane wha never turned his coat,
To mak' a sinfu' penny o't;
To ane, wha never speeled to favour,
By turning mankind's chief enslaver;
To ane wha never did aspire
To set and keep the warld on fire;
To ane wha ne'er by mischief brewing
Raised himsel' on his country's ruin;
But humbly glided on through life,
Remote from party jars and strife,
A quiet, inoffensive man,
As ever life's short race-course ran;
A simple, honest child of nature still,
In short, our ain dear minstrel—Tannahill.

O Tannahill! thou bard revered,
Thy name shall ever be endeared
To Scotia, thy loved land of song,
While her pure rivers glide along;
While her bleak rugged mountains high,
Point their rude summits to the sky;
While yellow harvests on her plains
Reward her children's toils and pains;
And while her sons and daughters leal
The inborn glow of freedom feel,
Her woods, her rocks, her hills and glens,
Shall echo thy delightful strains.
While "Jura's cliffs" are capt with snows;
While the "dark winding Carron flows;"
While high "Ben Lomond" rears his head,
To catch the sun's last radiance shed;
While sweet "Gleniffer's dewy dell"
Blooms wi' "the craw-flower's early bell;"
While smiles "Glenkilloch's sunny brae,"
Made classic by thy tender lay;
While waves the "wood of Craigielea,"

Digitized by Google

Where "Mary's heart was won by thee,"
Thy name—thy artless minstrelsy,
Sweet bard of nature, ne'er shall die;
But thou wilt be remembered still,
Meek, unassuming Tannahill.
What, though with Burns thou could'st not vie,
In diving deep or soaring high;
What though thy genius did not blaze
Like his, to draw the public gaze;
Yet, thy sweet numbers, free from art,
Like his, can touch—can melt the heart.

The lav'rock may soar, till he's lost in the sky,
Yet the modest wee lintie that sings frae the tree,
Although he aspire not to regions so high,
His song is as sweet as the lav'rock's to me;
And O thy wild warblings are sweet, Tannahill,
Whatever thy theme be,—love, grief, or despair,
The tones of thy lyre move our feelings at will,
For nature, all powerful, predominates there.

But, while the bard we eulogize,
Shall we the man neglect to prize?
No! perish every virtue first,
And every vice usurp its place;
With every ill let man be curst,
Ere we do aught so mean and base.
Shall bloody warriors fill the rolls of fame,
And niches in her lofty temple claim?—
Shall the unfeeling scourgers of mankind,
To mercy deaf, to their own interests blind;
Shall the depopulators of the earth,
Without one particle of real worth—
Whose lives are one compounded mass of crime,
Be handed down by fame to latest time,
The admiration of each future age?
They! whose vile names are blots on every page?
And shall the child of virtue * be forgot,

* It is well authenticated that the rash act, which terminated the career of the unfortunate Tannahill, was committed in a fit of mental

Digitized by Google

Because the inmate of a humble cot?
Shall he whose heart was open, warm, sincere,
Who gave to want his mite—to woe his tear;
Whose friendship still, was steady, warm and sure,
Whose love was tender, constant, ardent, pure;
Whose fine-toned feelings, generous and humane,
Were hurt to give the meanest reptile pain;
Whose filial love for her who gave him birth,
Has seldom found a parallel on earth;
Shall he, forgotten, in oblivion lie?
Forbid it, every sacred Power on high;
Forbid it, every virtue here below.
Shall such a precious gem lie buried? No:
Historians may neglect him, if they will,
But age will tell to age, the worth of Tannahill.
When mighty conquerors shall be forgot;
When, like themselves, their very names shall rot;
When even the story of their deeds is lost,
Or only heard with horror and disgust;
When happy man, from tyranny set free,
Shall wonder if such things could really be;
And bless his stars that he was not on earth
When such destructive monsters* were brought forth.
When the whole human family shall be one,
In every clime below the circling sun,
And every man shall live secure and free,
Beneath his vine, beneath his own fig-tree;
No savage hordes his dwelling to invade,
Nor plunderer daring to make him afraid;

---

distraction, arising from a circumstance, which the peculiar sensibility of his mind could not brook. The many amiable qualities of his disposition, which we have here endeavoured to depict, have ever been confirmed by his intimates, as well as by all who were in the least degree acquainted with him, so as justly to entitle him to the epithet "child of virtue."—Author's Note.

*This may seem to many, perhaps, too harsh a term to apply to human beings; but when we consider the atrocities and butcheries committed or sanctioned by such characters as Nero, Caligula, and others, in what terms can we more properly designate such individuals, than "destructive monsters?"—Author's Note.

Digitized by Google

When things are prized, not by their showy dress,
But by the solid worth which they possess;
Even then, our loved, our much lamented bard,
Those times shall venerate with deep regard;
His songs will charm, his virtues be revered,
And to his name shall monuments be reared.

"COME HAME TO YOUR LINGELS." *

AIR—"*Whistle an I'll come to you, my lad.*"

"COME hame to your lingels, ye ne'er-do-weel loon,
"You're the king o' the dyvours, the talk o' the town,
"Sae soon as the Munonday morning comes in
"Your wearifu' daidling again maun begin.
"Gudewife, ye're a skillet, your tongue's just a bell,
"To the peace o' guid fallows it rings the death-knell;
"But clack, till ye deafen auld Barnaby's mill,
"The souter shall aye hae his Munonday's yill."

Come hame to your lap-stane, come hame to your last,
It's a bonnie affair that your family maun fast,
While you and your crew here a guzzling maun sit,
Ye daised drunken guid-for-nocht heir o' the pit;
Just leuk how I'm gaun without stocking or shoe,
Your bairns a' in tatters, an' *fotherless* too,
An' yet, quite content, like a sot ye'll sit still
Till your kyte's like to crack wi' your Munonday's yill.

---

* The first stanza of this, and of the five succeeding songs, are Fragments which were left by the much-lamented Robert Tannahill, and published in the *Harp of Renfrewshire*. Thinking it a pity that even a "fragment" of so celebrated a song-writer should be lost, for want of something like a proper finish, Rodger set to himself the task of adding bodies and limbs to the already well-shaped heads. How deftly he seized and carried out the spirit of the original, the songs as here presented bear eloquent testimony. The lines marked by inverted commas are by Tannahill.

Digitized by Google

I tell ye, gudewife, gin ye haudna your clack,
I'll lend you a reestle wi' this owre your back;
Maun we be abused an' affronted by you,
Wi' siccan foul names as "loon," "dyvour," an' "crew?"
Come hame to your lingels, this instant come hame,
Or I'll redden your face, gin ye've yet ony shame;
For I'll bring a' the bairns, an' we'll just hae our fill,
As weel as yoursel', o' your Munonday's yill.

Gin that be the gate o't, sirs, come let us stir,
What need we sit here to be pestered by her?
For she'll plague an' affront us as far as she can—
Did ever a woman sae bother a man?
Frae yill-house to yill-house she'll after us rin,
An' raise the hale town wi' her yelpin' an' din;
Come, ca' the gudewife, bid her bring in her bill,
I see I maun quat takin' Munonday's yill.

"MEG O' THE GLEN."

AIR—"*When she cam' ben she bobbit.*"

"MEG o' the glen set aff to the fair,
"Wi' ruffles an' ribbons, an' meikle prepare,
"Her heart it was heavy, her head it was licht,
"For a' the lang way for a wooer she sicht;
"She spak to the lads, but the lads slippit by;
"She spak to the lasses, the lasses were shy;
"She thocht she micht do, but she didna weel ken,
"For nane seem'd to care for poor Meg o' the glen."

But wat ye what was't made the lads a' gae by?
An' wat ye what was't made the lasses sae shy?
Poor Meg o' the glen had nae tocher ava,
And therefore could neither be bonnie nor braw.
But an uncle, wha lang in the Indies had been,
Forseeing death coming to close his auld een,
Made his will, left her heiress o' thousand punds ten;
Now wha is mair thocht o' than Meg o' the glen?

Digitized by Google

"THE LASSIE O' MERRY EIGHTEEN."

"My faither wad hae me to marry the miller;
"My mither wad hae me to marry the laird;
"But brawly I ken it's the love o' the siller
"That brightens their fancy to ony regard:
"The miller is crookit, the miller is crabbit,
"The laird, though he's wealthy, he's lyart and lean,
"He's auld, an' he's cauld, an' he's blin', an' he's bald,
"An' he's no for a lassie o' merry eighteen."

But O there's a laddie wha tells me he loes me,
An' him I loe dearly, ay, dearly as life,
Tho' father an' mither should scold an' abuse me,
Nae ither shall ever get me for a wife;
Although he can boast na o' land nor yet siller,
He's worthy to match wi' a duchess or queen;
For his heart is sae warm, an' sae stately his form,
An' then, like mysel', he's just merry eighteen.

"THE LASSES A' LEUGH."

AIR—"*Kiss'd yestreen.*"

"THE lasses a' leugh, and the carlin flate,
"But Maggie was sitting fu' ourie and blate,
"The auld silly gawkie, she couldna contain,
"How brawly she was kissed yestreen;
"Kissed yestreen, kissed yestreen,
"How brawly she was kissed yestreen;
"She blethered it round to her fae an' her freen',
"How brawly she was kissed yestreen."

She loosed the white napkin frae 'bout her dun neck,
An' cried the big sorrow tak' lang Geordie Fleck,
D'ye see what a scart I gat frae a preen,
By his towsling an' kissing at me yestreen;
At me yestreen, at me yestreen,
By his towsling and kissing at me yestreen;
I canna conceive what the fellow could mean,
By kissing sae meikle at me yestreen.

Digitized by Google

Then she pu'd up her sleeve an' shawed a blae mark,
Quo' she, I gat that frae young Davy our clark,
But the creature had surely forgat himsel' clean,
When he nipt me sae hard for a kiss yestreen;
For a kiss yestreen, for a kiss yestreen,
When he nipt me sae hard for a kiss yestreen;
I wonder what keepit my nails frae his een,
When he nipt me sae hard for a kiss yestreen.

Then she held up her cheek, an' cried, foul fa' the laird,
Just leuk what I gat wi' his black birsie beard,
The vile filthy body! was e'er the like seen?
To rub me sae sair for a kiss yestreen:
For a kiss yestreen, for a kiss yestreen,
To rub me sae sair for a kiss yestreen;
I'm sure that nae woman o' judgment need green
To be rubbit, like me, for a kiss yestreen.

Syne she tauld what grand offers she aften had had,
But wad she tak' a man?—na, she wasna sae mad;
For the hale o' the sex she cared na a preen,
An' she hated the way she was kissed yestreen;
Kissed yestreen, kissed yestreen,
She hated the way she was kissed yestreen;
'Twas a mercy that naething mair serious had been,
For it's dangerous whiles to be kissed at e'en.

"BRAVE LEWIE ROY."

An old Gaelic Air.

"BRAVE Lewie Roy was the flower of our Highlandmen,
"Tall as the oak on the lofty Benvoirlich,
"Fleet as the light-bounding tenants of Fillin-glen,
"Dearer than life to his lovely *nighean choidheach.**

---

* Pronounced *neen voiuch*—beautiful maid.

Digitized by Google

"Lone was his biding, the cave of his hiding,
"When forced to retire with our gallant Prince Charlie,
"Though manly and fearless, his bold heart was cheerless,
"Away from the lady he aye loved so dearly."

But woe on the blood-thirsty mandates of Cumberland!
Woe on the blood-thirsty gang that fulfilled them!
Poor Caledonia! bleeding and plundered land,
Where shall thy children now shelter and shield them?
Keen prowl the cravens, like merciless ravens,
Their prey—the devoted adherents of Charlie;
Brave Lewie Roy is ta'en, cowardly hacked and slain—
Ah! his *nighean choidheach* will mourn for him sairly.

"O HOW CAN YOU GANG, LASSIE?"

AIR—"*The bonniest lass in a' the world.*"

"O HOW can you gang, lassie, how can you gang,
"O how can ye gang sae to grieve me?
"Wi' your beauty, and your art, ye hae broken my heart,
"For I never, never dreamt ye could leave me."
Ah! wha wad hae thought that sae bonnie a face
Could e'er wear a smile to deceive me?
Or that guile in that fair bosom could e'er find a place,
And that you wad break your vows thus, and leave me?

O have you not mind, when our names you entwined,
In a wreath round the purse you did weave me?
Or have you now forgot the once-dear trysting spot
Where so oft you pledged your faith ne'er to leave me?

Digitized by Google

But, changing as wind is your light fickle mind;
Your smiles, tokens, vows, all deceive me;
No more, then, I'll trust to such frail painted dust,
But bewail my fate till kind death relieve me.

Then gang, fickle fair, to your new-fangled jo,
Yes, gang, and in wretchedness leave me;
But, alas! should you be doomed to a wedlock of woe,
Ah, how would your unhappiness grieve me!
For, Mary! all faithless and false as thou art,
Thy spell-binding glances, believe me,
So closely are entwined round this fond foolish heart,
That the grave alone of them can bereave me.

THE TWA WEAVERS.*

WRITTEN 1819.

WHEN War and Taxation had fleec'd us right sair,
And made us, like scaur-craws, a' ragged an' bare,
Twa poor weaver bodies a'e day chanc'd to meet,
Wi' scarcely a shoe on their stockingless feet:
Their lank ribs were seen through their cleeding to shine,
And their beards might hae pass'd for a hermit's langsyne.

"Weel, Robin," quo' Tammas, "what way do ye fend,
And do ye aye live yet, out-by, at Woodend?"
"Live!—live! I *live* naewhere; I *starve* at Tollcross:
Gude troth, I'm owre like you, and that is our loss;
For a' things around us against us combine,
Which mak' us look back wi' regret on langsyne.

---

* At the time this piece was written, the condition of the handloom weavers was sufficiently deplorable; but it was nothing compared to what their sufferings have been since that period. Year after year have they been wending the downward way to misery; and if at any time a glimpse of sunshine did appear, it was so transient as only to render the darkness of their condition more visible. In fact, the tale of the "Twa Weavers" may be looked on more as a prophetic enunciation of "things to be," than of things that then actually "were." —Author's Note.

Digitized by Google

"These three weeks a' rinnin', I've risen at *three*,
An' wrought just as lang as a body could see;
An' a' that I've made o't, in that time, I trow,
Wad scarce get *potatoes* an' *draff* for a sow:
What then?—we are counted a parcel o' swine,
An' laugh'd at whene'er we look back to langsyne.

"But what need we speak o' our ain private case,
When famine and want are portray'd on ilk face;
When thousands, whose prospects in life once were fair,
Now pine in starvation, and sigh in despair;
When toil, and disease, and chill penury join,
To blast every comfort the poor had langsyne?

"But what is the cause, man, o' a' this distress?
And is there nae method to get it made less?"
"The cause!—tak' my word, there are causes enow,
And causes that lang may gar poor Britain rue,
Unless she return (as I humbly opine),
To the guid hamely fashions, in days o' langsyne.

"That lang, bloody *war*, enter'd into by *Pitt*,
Has burdened her sae that to move she's scarce fit;—
Has cramp'd a' her energies—dried up her sap—
And driven her poor bairns frae her fostering lap;
And under that burden she ever must pine,
Unless she just *do*,—as she *whiles did* langsyne.

"And that *Paper swindle*—O curse their Bank notes!
O that they were cramm'd down the bankers' ain throats,
For had it not been for their auld rotten rags,
John Bull might have still had some *wind* in his bags;
But now he's bereft o' his good yellow *coin*,
That clinket sae sweetly in days o' langsyne.

"But volumes on volumes could scarce tell the skaith
Which that paper bubble—that engine o' death—
Has wrought to the world, by its fause gilded show,
While a' has been hollow, and rotten below;—
Soon, soon, may it burst! like a powder-sprung mine,
And then we may hope for good days, like langsyne.

Digitized by Google

"And see—we submit, like a parcel o' slaves,
To be tax'd and oppress'd by a junto o' knaves,
Wha buy themselves seats in our HOUSE, *up the gate*,
There laugh at our sufferings, and ca' that debate,
Whilst at our expense, their ain pouches they line;
L—d send them a Cromwell! like Cromwell langsyne.

"And mark! a vile, profligate, sinecure band,
Devouring by wholesale the fat o' the land,
Which from our industry is wrung every day,
To feed and to fatten such reptiles as they;
Whilst they, on their sofas, supinely recline,
Unlike our AULD BARONS—the pride o' langsyne.

"But look nearer hame, and ye'll see how we're crush'd,
How toss'd about, trampled on, driven, and push'd,
And see how the working man's substance is shar'd,
Amongst the Monopolist, Taxer, and Laird,
Who, by screwing, and squeezing, and pinching, combine,
To *ghostify* him who was *substance* langsyne.

"And look at machinery, the bane o' our trade,
What thousands by it hae been reft o' their bread,
Yet where is the man who would wish it destroy'd,
Were it for the good o' the public employ'd,
Instead of supporting establishments fine,
O' chiels wha were scarcely worth twopence langsyne?

"And some o' our Priesthood (Gude bless the hale pack!)
How glibly, ilk Sunday, they lay aff their crack,
And tell their gull'd hearers, that these trying times
Are solely brought on by the poor people's crimes;
And then, wi' their sanctified cant, how they whine
About passive obedience, like hirelings langsyne.

"But, true to their Order, their interest, and coat,
Wi' their *triple-taed fork*, in the *Kirk-and-State pot*,

Digitized by Google

They wale for themsel's the best bit o' the *beast*,
On which they mak' sure aye to guttle and feast,
Whilst we and our families on tears aften dine,
And silently sigh for the days o' langsyne.

"Now, these are a few o' the ills which, I think,
Have driven auld Britain to misery's brink,
And made her *free sons*, once intrepid and brave,
To envy the lot o' the African *slave;*
Poor Britain! how sadly thy glories decline,
How quench'd thy proud spirit—thy fire o' langsyne."

"Hech, man!—if what ye now hae stated be fact,
Our prospects, indeed, are most gloomy and black;
But do ye not think they may yet brighten up?"
"Indeed, to be candid, I have nae siccan hope,
Unless the BLACK BOOK to the flames we consign,
And begin a new *score*, like our *Fathers* langsyne!"

A CONGRATULATORY ADDRESS,

TO A CERTAIN FLOCK ON THEIR GETTING A WORTHY PASTOR.

YE dowie flock wha've gotten sic a scatter,
Wha starve for lack o' halesome gospel grass—
Wha pant an' gape for waughts o' caller water—
As through this weary wilderness ye pass.

Lang hae ye wanted a guid herd to lead ye,
An' keep ye frae that wily thief, the *Tod*,
On halesome caller pasture aye to feed ye,
And keep ye frae gaun down the *braid stey road.*

Lang hae ye wander'd through the wilds sae dreary,
And strayed afar 'mang grassless barren tracks;
And aft when seeking shades to screen and cheer ye,
The thorns hae torn the woo' frae aff your backs.

Digitized by Google

Lang hae ye suffered sair by strifes and troubles,
Bred by some headstrong brutes amang yoursel's,
Wha took a pride in vile, contentious squabbles,
And a' about the bearing o' the *bells.*

But cock your lugs, puir things, and quat your sadness,
Nae mair ye'll hunger, thirst, nor gang astray;
Yea, *mae* aloud, and frisk, and loup for gladness!
Ye'll hae a herd, a trusty herd this day;

A herd wha eidently will tent and feed ye,
And ca' ye aye to caller shades at noon—
By bonnie, wimpling, crystal burns he'll lead ye,
And ward ye faithfully baith late and soon.

Your weak and sickly things he'll kindly foster,
And gently lead your ewies grit wi' lamb;
Your lammies young he'll carry in his oxter,
But tightly creesh ilk ramp unruly ram.

Nae mair through grassless barren muirs ye'll wander,
Nor scattered be on dark and cloudy days—
Nae mair ye'll quake at Sinai's awfu' thunder,
But snugly feed on Zion's bonnie braes.

There ye may frisk and loup at will securely,
Nae gully formed against ye e'er shall thrive,
Nor barbarous butcher, wi' his curs sae surly,
Unto the slaughter your young lammies drive.

The clegs and wasps, indeed, may whiles annoy ye,
But wha can keep aff that mischievous brood?
Na, troth, they're aiblins sent to prove and try ye,
And sic like ills can only work your good.

But mind now, sheep, when ance ye're a' thegither,
And feeding 'neath your shepherd's tenty e'e,
O strive nae mair, nor box wi' ane anither,
But like a chosen, precious flock, agree.

Digitized by Google

Prove what ye are by lo'eing ane anither—
By bearing ane anither's toils and cares—
By keeping in the right road aye thegither—
A-back frae sly Tod Lowrie's wiles and snares.

O never gie that sleekit thief occasion
To triumph owre ye, either night or day,
But aye keep back frae ilka sweet temptation,
Ilk' cunning trap that he sets in your way.

So shall ye thrive, and wax baith fair and lusty,
Your herd wi' pleasure will your thriving view;
And as his just reward for being sae trusty,
Will only fleece ye o' your *tait o' woo'*.

A LIKENESS TAKEN FROM REAL LIFE.

KNOW ye the man who is empty and proud?
Know ye the man who is noisy and loud?
Know ye the man whose stentorian lungs
Could give motion and force to four dozen of tongues?
Know ye the man to whom Nature, still kind,
To make up for the want of a heart and a mind,
Has given a visage of fifty-cheek power,
To help him to sputter out froth by the hour,
And talk till his audience no longer can sit,
Quite sick of the *trash* which he passes for wit?
Know ye the man who, to gain his own ends,
Can wheedle, and diddle, and cozen his friends,
And, after obtaining the favour he wants,
Can turn round and pay them with jeers and with taunts?
Know ye the man who, to gain him a *rib*
Possessing the *needful*, could coin a neat fib,
Pretending to be what he really was not,
Till the *trusting one's* cash in his clutches he got—

Digitized by Google

And, now that he reckons his fortune half made,
Can laugh at the innocent dupe he betrayed—
Who fondles to fleece her—then treats her with scorn,
And who yet will leave her to languish forlorn?
Know ye the man fraught with bombast and foam,
Who, courting applause, through the country can roam,
Displaying the learning which others have shown,
To make it go down, when he can, as his own;
Who into good company gets himself bored,
Still making a fuss that he may be adored;
But if to engross the whole talk he should fail,
Whose plan is to bully, browbeat, or turn tail?
Know ye the man——But I need not say more
Than This: if you e'er meet a *terrible bore*,
A *bore* who will pester your soul to the quick,
And dose you with dogmas until you're quite sick,
An ignorant dabbler in logic and law,
A discarded fiscal, who hunts for *eclat*,
A pompous practiser of fudge and clap-trap,
A fopling, a fibber—then, that is the chap.

O DEAR IS OUR HAME.

O DEAR is our hame by yon bonnie burn-side,
Where the blue-bells and primroses blaw,
Where the sweet scented hawthorn, in maidenly pride,
Spreads a robe that outrivals the snaw;
And the wide-spreading tree, where my Edwin met me,
Sae aft in the gloamin' wi' love-lighted e'e;
While I sighing confest, as I leaned on his breast,
That I lo'ed him the dearest of a'.

O dear is our hame by yon bonnie burn-side,
Where the blue-bells and primroses blaw,
Where the sweet scented hawthorn, in maidenly pride,
Spreads a robe that outrivals the snaw.

Digitized by Google

How dear yet to me are those scenes of our youth,
  Where the moments so joyously flew;
When my Edwin was constancy, faithfulness, truth,
  As still he is faithful and true.

How blest is our lot, in that calm happy spot,
With our bonnie wee lammies around our snug cot,
Full of innocent glee, running careless and free,
  From pastime to pastime still new.
How dear yet to me are those scenes of our youth,
  Where the moments so joyously flew;
When my Edwin was constancy, faithfulness, truth,
  As still he is faithful and true.

HIGHLAN' SOBRIETY.

AIR—"*The Braes o' Glenorchy.*"

My praw ponnie lads! I will shust tell't you what,
Whene'er you will down by ta stoup whiskee sat,
In hearty coot freenships your whistles be wat,
  Shust teuk ta coot trams, but no fill yoursel's fou.
For, oich! she pe shamefu', pe sinfu' an' a',
Pe mak' yoursel's trunk as pe haud py ta wa',
Or down in ta tirty hole-gutter be fa',
  An' wallow ta mire, like ta muckle *muhk dhu.**

Me sure, gin you shust teuk ta troubles pe leuk,
(Ta place I'm forgot) in ta coot Pible Peuk,
She tell you, tat you ta wee trappies moucht teuk,
  For coot o' ta pody, but no pe got fou;
You moucht teukit a'e glass, you moucht teukit twa,
You moucht teukit sax for pe help him awa',
But oich! dinna teuk him, pe gar yoursel's fa',
  For tat wad play t—mn an' hellnations wi' you.

---

* Black Sow.

Digitized by Google

Ta whiskees pe coot when ta belly be sore,
Pe coot, when Shon Highlan'man traws her claymore,
For ten she'll perform ta crate wonders galiore,
  Sae lang's her coot *beetock* * or *skean* † stood true:
Pe coot for ta peoples in a' kind o' station,
When tey will be use her in tue modderation,
But when tey pe 'puse her wi' toxification,
  Far petters pe feucht wi' ta *Deoul mhor dhu.* ‡

Ta whiskees preed shoy, and ta whiskees preed woe,
Ta whiskees pe freen', an' ta whiskees pe foe,
For as you pe treat him, he shust use you so,
  Hims coots and hims neevils must 'pend a' 'pon you:
So now, my praw lads, 'tis coot 'vice I will gie,
Whene'er tat you'll met wi' ta Shon Parley-pree,
Trunk aff your coot glasses—ay—ane, twa, nor tree,
  But oich! teukit care, no pe piper pitch fou.

YE WHO MOURN DEAR FRIENDS DEPARTED.

WRITTEN FOR AND SUNG AT A CONCERT GIVEN IN AID OF THE BRIDGETON GRAVE PROTECTING SOCIETY.—1824.

AIR—"*Scenes of woe, and scenes of pleasure.*"

YE who mourn dear friends departed,
  By the hand of death laid low;
Ye who, lone and broken-hearted,
  Secretly indulge your woe:
'Mid your plaintive sighs and wailings,
  One sad comfort, now, you have,
Shock'd no more shall be your feelings,
  O'er a plundered, empty grave.

---

* Dirk. † Knife. ‡ Great Black Devil.

Digitized by Google

Midnight prowlers bent on robbing,
Shall no more your dead molest;
Now, "the wicked cease from troubling,"
Now, "the weary are at rest:"
Soundly sleeps your sire or mother,
Faithful husband, virtuous wife,
Son or daughter, sister, brother,
Safe from the dissector's knife.

O'er the hallowed green turf kneeling,
Shedding fond affection's tear,
Soothed will be your every feeling,
With, "Thy dear-loved dust lies here;
Here, too, shalt thou long repose thee,
In the calm and peaceful tomb,
Till the Archangel's trump shall rouse thee,
Radiant with immortal bloom."

LOVELY WOMAN.

WHEN proud man, for thirst of fame,
Madly wades through blood and slaughter,
What his savage heart can tame?—
Woman!—Nature's fairest daughter.
In this thorny vale of grief
Where shall weary man repose him?
Where obtain such blest relief
As on lovely woman's bosom?

When the infant is distrest,
What is then its sweetest soother?—
'Tis the soft—the tender breast,
Of its anxious, fondling mother.
Where's the only heaven on earth,
Where those buds celestial blossom—
Truth, love, feeling, meekness, worth?
Where?—in virtuous woman's bosom.

Digitized by Google

What impels the patriot band
On to actions more than human,
To redeem their dear-loved land?
What but sweet, endearing woman?
Yes, her meek imploring tear
With supernal fire endues them:
Freedom! then, how doubly dear,
Breathed upon her panting bosom!

BOLIVAR.

[The following verses were written on reading in the *Glasgow Chronicle*, September, 1816, a Proclamation of General Bolivar, by which all the slaves in the Carracas, Venezuela, and Cumana, were declared free citizens, on condition of their taking up arms in defence of the Republic. The number thus emancipated was estimated at SEVENTY THOUSAND.]

WHO can read without emotion,
Such a piece of glorious news?
Who that feels the least devotion
Can a tear of joy refuse?

Hail! thou friend of man—thou saviour
Of the much-wronged sable race,
BOLIVAR!—thy name for ever,
History's brightest page shall grace.

Forward, while thy Country's pressing
Towards Liberty complete,
Thou diffusest wide the blessing,
Making all partake of it.

Seventy Thousand fellow creatures,
Differing only in their hue,
Freed from slavery's galling fetters;—
What a God-like deed to do!

Digitized by Google

Every badge of slavery broken,
  Banished now all hopeless grief,
See a band of freemen flocking
  Round the standard of their chief.

See!—no more, the *slave*, the *coward*,
  But the MAN, undaunted—bold,
Striving, panting, pressing forward
  'Mong the brave to be enrolled.

Who'd not envy thee thy feelings,
  Whilst thou viewest them thronging nigh;
All their former bitter wailings,
  Changed to shouts of frantic joy?

Every eye with gladness beaming,
  Every act their bliss bespeaks,
Tears of joy profusely streaming
  Down their honest sable cheeks.

Fiends, confounded at the action,
  Shrink within themselves aghast;
Despots raving with distraction,
  View their power declining fast.

Good men hail it as a prelude
  Of that blissful happy time,
When fair Freedom, so much valued,
  Shall extend from clime to clime;

Angels, while they view the measure,
  Give their harps a livelier tone;
God himself looks down with pleasure
  On a deed so like His own!

Spirits of immortal WALLACE,
  BRUCE, TELL, DORIA, WASHINGTON,
And ye noble SIX of CALAIS,
  Sterling patriots every one;

Digitized by Google

HAMPDEN, SYDNEY, PALMER, GERALD,
SKIRVING, MARGAROT, and MUIR,
Names dear to a groaning world,
Honoured martyrs—patriots pure.

Doth that sacred flame of freedom,
Fire your breast immortal still,
Which, while mortal, struggling—bleeding,
You so potently did feel?

Doth it give an augmentation
To your bliss supreme, to see
An enslaved, insulted nation,
Bravely struggling to be free?

Then descend, and kindly hover
Round your kindred spirit here,
Cheer him, prompt him to recover
All that mankind hold most dear;

On his peaceful couch while lying,
With a calm untroubled breast,
All the sweets of sleep enjoying,
Sweets, that tyrants never taste;

Paint, in every glowing colour,
On his fancy warm and bright,
All your deeds of virtuous valour,
All the patriot to excite.

Following every bright example,
You have set so gloriously,
May he cease not, till he trample
Under foot, fell Tyranny.

Fired already with your story,
Brave disinterested few,
Lo! he treads a path of glory,
Mad ambition never knew.

Digitized by Google

Persevere, thou Friend of Freedom!
In the cause thou hast begun,
Freemen hail thee *now* to lead them,
Till the glorious prize be won.

Till the servile cringing homage
Paid to rank be vanished quite;
Till the great Creator's image
Shall enjoy his every right.

W——, thine actions glorious
Now may hide them in the grave;
True indeed, thou wert victorious,
But victorious—to enslave.

Here's one action far surpassing
All the victories thou hast won:
What has been their end?—replacing
Dotard Bourbon on a throne.

While the system thou defendest
Down shall crumble into dust,
And the despots thou befriendest
Shall be execrated—curst!

Bolivar's shall stand unshaken,
Solid, permanent, sublime,
Grateful feelings to awaken,
Till the latest knell of time.

Yes! thou spoiler of oppression,
Thine shall yield thee deathless fame,
While the butchers of creation
Shall but reap eternal shame.

When those empty glittering baubles,
Crowns and sceptres shine no more,
And when kingly childish squabbles
Cease to drench the earth with gore—

Digitized by Google

Then, with all its charms unfolded,
Will appear thy glorious plan,
Formed by truth—by Justice moulded,
Then, indeed, shall man—be man.

BE A COMFORT TO YOUR MITHER.

COME here, my laddie, come awa'!
And try your first new breekies on ye;
Weel, weel I like to see you braw,
My ain wee sonsy smiling Johnnie!
Strip aff, strip aff! your bairnish claes,
And be a laddie like your brither,
And gin you're blest wi' health and days,
Ye'll be a pleasure to your mither.

Now rin and look ye in the glass!
And see how braw you're now, and bonnie;
Wha e'er wad think a change o' claes
Could mak' sic change on my wee Johnnie?
You're just your daddy's picture now!
As like as a'e bean's like anither!
And gin ye do like him, I trow,
Ye'll be an honour to your mither.

But upward as ye grow apace,
By truth and right keep ever steady;
And gin life's storms ye whiles maun face,
Aye meet them firmly like your daddy.
If steep and rugged be your way,
Ne'er look behind nor stand and swither!
But set a stout heart to the brae.
And be a comfort to your mither.

Digitized by Google

GI'E AS YE WAD TAK'.

My bairnies dear, when ye gang out,
Wi' ither bairns to play,
Tak' tent o' every thing ye do,
O' every word ye say;
Frae tricky wee mischievous loons
Keep back, my dears, keep back:
And aye to a' such usage gi'e
As ye would like to tak'.

To thraw the mouth, or ca' ill names,
Is surely very bad;
Then, a' such doings still avoid,
They'd mak' your mither sad.
To shield the feckless frae the strong
Be neither slow nor slack;
And aye to a' such usage gi'e
As ye would like to tak'.

Ne'er beat the poor dumb harmless tribe,
Wi' either whip or stick;
The mildest beast, if harshly used,
May gi'e a bite or kick.
On silly Sam, or crooked Tam,
The heartless joke ne'er crack;
But aye to a' such usage gi'e
As ye would like to tak'.

A kindly look, a soothing word,
To ilka creature gi'e;
We're a' One Maker's handiwork,
Whatever our degree.
We're a' the children o' His care,
Nae matter white or black;
Then still to a' such usage gi'e
As ye would like to tak'.

Digitized by Google

NURSERY SCARECROWS.

GAE wa' ye silly, senseless quean!
Nor frighten sae my wean
Wi' tales o' bogles, ghaists, and elves,
That he'll no sleep his lane.
Come! say your prayers, my bonnie bairn,
And saftly slip to bed—
Your guardian angel's waiting there,
To shield your lovely head.

O, never mind the foolish things
That clavering Jenny says—
They're just the idle silly tales,
The dreams o' darker days;
Our grannies, and our gran'dads too,
They might believe them a',
And keep themsel's in constant dread
O' things they never saw.

Lie still, lie still, my ain wee man!
Sic stories are na true,
There's naething in the dark can harm
My bonnie harmless doo;
The WATCHFU' E'E that never sleeps,
That never knows decay,
Will tent frae skaith my bonnie bairn,
By night as weel's by day.

O LEESE ME ON THEE, BONNIE BAIRN.

O LEESE me on thee, bonnie bairn!
Sae sweet, sae wise, sae apt to learn.
And true as loadstone to the airn,
Thou dearly, dearly, lo'es me.

Digitized by Google

Thou'rt just thy daddy's wee-er sel',
Fresh—blooming as the heather bell;
While, blythe as lammie on the fell,
  Thy frisking shows thou lo'es me.

Thy comely brow, thy ee's deep blue,
Thy cheek of health's clear rosy hue;
And O! thy little laughing mou',
  A' tell me how thou lo'es me.
Reclining softly on this breast,
O how thou mak'st my bosom blest,
To see thee smiling, 'mid thy rest,
  And ken how much thou lo'es me.

Wi' mother's e'e I fondly trace
In thee thy daddy's form and face,
Possess'd of every manly grace,
  And mair—a heart that lo'es me.
Lang be thou spared, sweet bud, to be
A blessing to thy dad and me;
While some fond mate shall sing to thee,
  "Dear laddie, how thou lo'es me."

THE FAMILY CONTRAST.

O SIRS! was e'er sic difference seen
  As 'twixt wee Will and Tam?
The ane's a perfect ettercap,
  The ither's just a lamb;
Will greets and girns the lee-lang day,
  And carps at a' he gets—
Wi' ither bairns he winna play,
  But sits alane and frets.

He flings his piece into the fire,
  He yaumers at his brose,
And wae betide the luckless flee
  That lights upon his nose!

Digitized by Google

He kicks the collie, cuffs the cat,
The hens and birds he stanes—
Na, little brat! he tak's a preen
And jags the very weans.

Wi' spite he tumbles aff his stool,
And there he sprawling lies,
And at his mither thraws his gab,
Gin she but bid him rise.
Is there in a' the world beside
Sae wild a wight as he?
Weel! gin the creature grow a man
I wonder what he'll be!

But Tammy's just as sweet a bairn
As ane could wish to see,
The smile aye plays around his lips,
While blythely blinks his e'e;
He never whimpers, greets, nor girns,
Even for a broken tae,
But rins and gets it buckled up,
Syne out again to play.

He claps the collie, dauts the cat,
Flings moolins to the doos,
To Bess and Bruckie rins for grass,
To cool their honest mou's;
He's kind to ilka living thing,
He winna hurt a flee,
And, gin he meet a beggar bairn,
His piece he'll freely gi'e.

He tries to please wee crabbit Will,
When in his cankriest mood,
He gi'es him a' his taps and bools,
And tells him to be good.
Sae good a wean as oor wee Tam
It cheers the heart to see—
O! gin his brither were like him,
How happy might we be!

Digitized by Google

THE WASHING.

BAULD wee birkie, what's the matter,
That ye're raising sic a din?
Weel ye ken it's caller water
Gi'es ye sic a bonnie skin;
Cease your spurring, tak' your washing,
Syne ye'll get your milk and bread;
Gin you dinna quit your splashing,
I may douk ye ower the head.

Now it's ower, my bonnie dearie,
There's a skin like driven snaw,
Lively, louping, plump wee peerie,
See how soon I'll busk you braw;
Let me kame your pretty pow now,
Let me shed your shining hair—
To your gambles! romp and row now,
Whisk and whid round daddy's chair.

Now, ye funny frisking fairy!
See how snod ye're now and sleek!
Water mak's you brisk and airy,
Lights your e'e and dyes your cheek;
O there's nought like being cleanly!
Cleanliness is mair than wealth;
Let us cleed however meanly,
Cleanliness gi'es joy and health.

YOUR DADDY'S FAR AT SEA.

YOUR daddy's far at sea, bonnie bairn! bonnie bairn!
Your daddy's far at sea, bonnie bairn!
Your daddy's far at sea! winning gold for you and me,
And how happy yet we'll be! bonnie bairn, bonnie bairn!
And how happy yet we'll be, bonnie bairn!

Digitized by Google

Your daddy's leal and true, bonnie bairn, bonnie bairn!
Your daddy's leal and true, bonnie bairn!
Your daddy's leal and true, to your minnie and to you,
And beloved by all the crew, bonnie bairn, bonnie bairn!
And beloved by all the crew, bonnie bairn!

Then we'll pray for daddy's weal, bonnie bairn, bonnie bairn,
Then we'll pray for daddy's weal, bonnie bairn;
We'll pray for daddy's weal, that distress he ne'er may feel,
While he guides the sheet or wheel, bonnie bairn, bonnie bairn!
While he guides the sheet or wheel, bonnie bairn!

Should hurricanes arise, bonnie bairn, bonnie bairn,
Should hurricanes arise, bonnie bairn,
Should hurricanes arise, lashing seas up to the skies,
May his guide be the ALL-WISE, bonnie bairn, bonnie bairn!
May his guide be the ALL-WISE, bonnie bairn!

'Mid the tempest's gloomy path, bonnie bairn, bonnie bairn,
'Mid the tempest's gloomy path, bonnie bairn;
'Mid the tempest's gloomy path, may he brave its wildest wrath,
While it strews the deep with death, bonnie bairn, bonnie bairn!
While it strews the deep with death, bonnie bairn!

And on the wings of mercy borne, bonnie bairn, bonnie bairn,
And on the wings of mercy borne, bonnie bairn;
On wings of mercy borne, may he soon and safe return,
To make glad the hearts that mourn, bonnie bairn, bonnie bairn!
To make glad the hearts that mourn, bonnie bairn!

Digitized by Google

A FULL-LENGTH PORTRAIT

Of a Thing to be seen daily in the Trongate and Argyle Street, Glasgow.

WRITTEN IN 1831.

QUOTH Nature to Art, "My dear handmaid, come, view
This thing I've sketched out to be finished by you;
But how you're to do it, I really know not,
For being too hurried, I've some things forgot.

"What a pity that I should be ever in haste,
As some wants may occur, or some parts be misplaced!
For in this very picture 'tis palpably plain,
That even myself may make some things in vain;
And but for your help, I am sorry to say,
This is one of these things I would fain throw away.
It can't be a woman—it can't be a man,
But take it, and make it whatever you can:—
It has form, it has limbs, and a passable face,
But the heart, you'll perceive, is put in the wrong place;
And the brain, O the brain! I have wholly omitted,
While the tongue and the teeth are entirely misfitted;
For the tongue is a magpie's, the teeth are a monkey's,
And the ears, bless my stars! half resemble a donkey's;
Nay, start not, affrighted—but just take a view,
And you'll see what I tell you is perfectly true.

"Observe how the creature does chatter and grin,
As it views in its glass its most beautiful skin;
Observe what grimaces—what gestures are there—
What a foolish parade—what a laughable air—
And with what self-complacency this stupid elf
Surveys, round and round, its self-deified self.
I vow I'm ashamed of my handiwork here,
Yet mend it I cannot, I very much fear;
Sure a more stupid picture was never designed;
But just take and colour it up to your mind;
And when your whole pains on the thing you bestow,
If it can't be of use it may do for a show."

Digitized by Google

Quoth Art, "I'll endeavour to give it a touch,
But I fear at the best it will prove but a botch,
For what is defectively made at the first,
In patching it up is sure to be curst.
However, I'll study, while lending my aid,
To gloss o'er the blunders you've hastily made;
But I beg that in future you'll take better care,
As too many patchings now fall to my share."

Then Art took the creature, and got it incased
In a jerkin of whalebone to tighten its waist;
To make it look spruce, then her hand she employed
In decking the outside of *that* which was void,
While into the vacuum loosely she tumbled
A head of mixed matter, together all jumbled—
Set phrases, trite sentiments, common-place news,
Some newly-coined oaths, fancy slang most profuse,
Small scraps of stage ballads, a French word or two,
With a deal of "'pon honours," and "ma'ams, how dy'e do."
All these mixed together, with nonsense great store,
Now filled up the place that was empty before.

To finish the rest of it, what does Art do?
She dresses the thing in a smart cut surtout,
With vest and drill trousers of exquisite make,
And makes it resemble half puppy, half rake;
Upon its slim legs, and its tender feet, puts
A pair of silk stockings, and nonpareil boots—
Gives it frills, a high collar, and stiffened cravat,
And overtops all with a sugar loaf hat—
Puts into its delicate hand a small cane—
Makes it sport a fine quizzing-glass hung from a chain—
Instructs it to scrape, bow, and turn out its toes—
Claps a pair of green spectacles on its sharp nose—
Inserts in its muzzle a lighted cigar,
To give it the air of a swaggering tar—
Makes it study the gracefullest way to take snuff—
Gives its phiz a horn-sheathing to make it blush-proof—
Bestows on it whiskers of African's hair,

Digitized by Google

And sets it a strutting *a la militaire :*
Thus she goes on re-touching, from bottom to top,
Till the thing's wholly finished—an *exquisite Fop.*

PETER CORNCLIPS.

A TALE.

'TWAS New'rday, aughteen twenty-four,
I think about the breakfast hour,—
At least, 'twas early in the day,—
That PETER CORNCLIPS took his way
Frae auld St. Mungo's town sae smeeky,
To venerable gude Auld Reekie,
To view the ferlies, and so forth,
O' that famed Mistress o' the North ;
Which self-conceited Christian heathens
Hae lately baptized Modern Athens.
Her castle gray, her ancient palace,
Her biggin's high, on hills—in valleys,
Her spacious streets, her Mound, and Bridges,
Where citizens, as thick as midges,
A varied, motley, countless thrang,
Mix, move, and bustle still alang.
Her venerable auld St. Giles,
The pride o' ancient Gothic piles,
Surmounted by the imperial crown,
Which mony a stormy blast has seen,
And yet has ne'er been tumbled down,
As some imperial crowns hae been ;
For not a few hae kiss'd the ground
Since honest auld St. Giles was crowned.
But stop—sic thoughts are out o' season,
Besides, they strongly smell o' treason,
And that, ye ken, will never do,
While royal Reekie's in our view,
That seat o' ancient Scottish glory,
Ere there was either *Whig* or *Tory.*—

Digitized by Google

But, leaving politics to those
Wha gulp down kingdoms at a dose,
We'll just proceed, as heretofore,
Auld Reekie's beauties to run o'er,—
Her Arthur's Seat and Calton Hill,
Where the charmed eye may rove at will,
Alang the varied scenes around,
As far as the horizon's bound.
Her Heriot's Wark * and stately College,
Famed seats o' solid useful knowledge,
Whence many a genius has come forth,
And shone the day-star o' the north.
And her braw daughter, the New Town,
Sae stately, straight and strapping grown,
Wi' her fine crescents, streets and squares,
And ither modern modish airs,
That, search a' Europe through and through,
Her equal you will hardly view.

Reader, perhaps, ye'll think it queer,
That, at this season o' the year,
A man should tak' a pleasure tramp,
When roads are just a perfect swamp;
When days are short, nights lang and dreary,
And Nature hangs her head fu' eerie,
Mourning the absence o' the sun,
Which far to southern climes has run.
Leaving her here to mak' her mane,
To sigh, shed tears, and pine alane;
Mourning her summer bloom decayed,
Like some auld solitary maid,
Lamenting o'er her furrowed brow,
Torn up by time's relentless plough,
And wailing o'er her roses fled,
Her single state and lanely bed.—
Reader, I say, ye'll think it queer,
That ane should tak' a pleasure tramp

* Heriot's Hospital.

Digitized by Google

At this dull season o' the year,
Sae bleak, sae cheerless, cauld, and damp;
But stop your strictures on my story,
Till ance I've laid it a' before ye,
Then ye may criticise your fill,
I dinna care this half-worn quill.

But these digressions I rin into,
I fear, are rather near akin to
Friend TRISTRAM SHANDY'S turns and jinks,
His outs and ins, his whirls and links,
That mak' our memories tine the thread
O' what we had begun to read:
Weel, to resume, as truth's imperative,
Here goeth Peter Cornclips' narrative:—

It wasna pleasure a'thegether,
But partly business sent him thither;
For be it ken'd he there had frien's,
Possessed o' very decent means;
Of course, could boast some influence
Wi' folks o' rank and consequence,
Wha whiles hae places in their grant,
To gie for something else they want;
Maybe some lowly, cringing service,
Voting, or *******—Gude preserve us!
Now Peter took it in his head,
That he might earn a bit o' bread,
Much easier than he yet had done,
If he could but prevail upon
His frien's to mak' some intercession
For him, wi' folks o' lofty station:
Just to be plain, which aye is best,
And set the matter quite at rest,
Peter a snug bit berth did want,
And hence the reason o' his jaunt.

As forward on his way he set,
He wi' an auld acquaintance met

Digitized by Google

About Tollcross,* and, as 'twas New'rday,
Forby a very cauld and dour day,
The twa agreed that naething less
Should part them than a hearty glass;
For aft had they thegither drank,
Ere trade made difference in their rank;
But mony a day had o'er them pass'd,
Since they had drank thegither last.
For, in this land o' trade and stir,
A thousand things ilk' day occur,
To mak' near neighbours change their stations,
Their habits, hames and occupations,
And move in new and separate spheres,
So that they'll scarcely meet for years.
Not that they quite forget ilk' other,
But just, they chance not to forgether,
As some new object, or pursuit,
A different path to each chalks out.
While some, devoid of means or aim,
Plod on from year to year the same,
And, like a tree fix'd to the spot,
Just grow up, wither, die, and rot;
And aft, while striving to mak' rich,
Some *wade*, some *jump* hard fortune's ditch,
And some, while jumping, tumble in,
And out again can never win,
But deep and deeper still they sink,
The mair they strive to reach the brink,
Till, fairly in the mud stuck fast,
They struggle till they breathe their last.
Thus, Commerce, frae her lottery box,
Draws different lots to different folks—
To some gives *gall*, feeds some wi' *honey*—
The case wi' Peter and his cronie,
For trade had his condition mended;
While Peter, poor man, daily bended
Beneath hard toil's unpleasant burden,
Yet ne'er could save a single fardin'.

* A village three miles east of Glasgow, on the Edinburgh road.

Digitized by Google

A proof, that if you *strip* your coat,
Ye'll never mak' a fortune o't;
But, get it ance *kept on your back*,
'Tis very like you'll something mak'.
But, though the chiel' had risen thus,
He didna mak' an unco fuss
About his elevated state,
Like thousands o' our *mushroom great*,
Wha, when they meet an auld acquaintance,
Forget the face they brawly kent ance,
And consequentially strut past,
Wi' head ajee, and een up-cast:—
No; though this be the case wi' some,
It ne'er was sae wi' Peter's chum—
For, wheresoe'er auld frien's he met,
He ne'er "remember'd to forget,"
But friendly-like, aye kept in min'
Their social joys o' auld langsyne.

Weel, they into the BLACK BULL stappit,
And for the best half-mutchkin rappit—
'Twas brought; and then, their gabs to please,
The wife set down her bread and cheese,
And, wi' a kind and takin' smile,
Addressed them in her ain frank style,—
"Come, sirs, fa' to, and no be blate;
Sic cheese ye'll no fin' ilka gate,
It's saxteen month since it was caft,
And that's its neebour in the laft,
Baith gude *Du'lap*,—come, eat your fill;
It's a bit dainty kebbock still.
What think ye o' our aitmeal cakes?
Thae's aye the kind our Kirsty bakes,—
As smart a kimmer as ye'll see,
Although she were nae kin to me.—
But troth, I'll lose her soon I fear,
Sae mony chiels come wooing here:
Yet, wha she's for, or wha she'll get,
She's keepin' that a secret yet;—
It mak's nae odds—I'll find it out

Digitized by Google

Ere this day twalmonth comes about,
Hout! mak' nae ceremonies here,
New'rday comes round but ance a-year."

Weel pleased, the cronies heard her crack,
(For she had aye an unco knack—
At pleasing customers)—and then,
'Twas "Come, gudewife, fill *this* again."—
Nae sooner said than it was done;
And then her gaucy curran'-bun
Was neist produced, wi'—"Come, sirs, see,
Here's something yet for you to pree:
It's braw and rich—Hout, tak' a slice o't,
Ne'er fash your heads about the price o't.
I gat it free * just as you see't;
And as I gat it sae I gie't.
What are ye feared for?—tak' a whang:
Ye'll maybe hae a bit to gang."
Peter, whase heart wi' joy did loup,
Cried, "Lucky! fill again that stoup;
For siccan kindness, I declare,
I never witnessed onywhere."
Thus, did they crack, and eat, and drink,
Till ance they baith began to wink;
The gudewife trottin' butt and ben,
Filled up the stoup aye now and then,
Drank baith their healths, and cracked her joke,
While loud they laughed, and took their smoke.

At last, as frae a dream awaking,
Peter, his drumly twinklers raking,
Gat up and cried, "I'm waur than wud!
I should been half-way on my road.
Come, rise, for I maun tak' the gate;
And troth it will be braw and late
Ere I get to my journey's end:—
Was e'er sic stupid nonsense ken'd!

* In the West of Scotland, a currant-bun is usually a New-Year's gift from the baker to his principal customers.

Digitized by Google

For Whitburn * I should reach ere night;
And I hae tint three hours o' light.
Deil tak' that drink! as I should ban!
It mak's an idiot o' a man."
"Weel, just a'e glass then," quo' his cronie;
"And here's my tap-coat, put it on ye,
'Twill keep you cozie, dry, and warm,
Amidst this cauld and biting storm."
Peter got on the meikle coat,
Shook hands, and took the road like shot,
But, had ye seen the body in't,
Ye'd fairly thought he wad been tint;
The size o't very nearly drowned him,
It wad hae buttoned three times round him;
For, made to fit its owner's carcase,
Which, being a better *meat* than *wark case*,
Had grown till nearly hogshead thick:
Peter's, a perfect walking stick;
A chanter, wanting bag and drones;
A moving "vision of dry bones."
Nae wonder, then, ye'd thought him tint,
For ye could scarce hae seen him in't.
Deil cares! he trudged through thick and thin,
Nor e'er took time to look behin',
But kept a quick, half-running pace;
Whiles moralizing on his case,
Whiles grumbling at the heavy road,
And hapless feet, but poorly shod;
Whiles cursing that infernal whisky,
Fell cause o' mony a luckless plisky;
Whiles thinking, if he wad succeed,
He'd be a happy man indeed;
But doubting whiles, his mean condition
Might baulk him in his present mission:
For great folks maistly shower their gifts
On them wha are nae favours needing,
And leave the poor man to his shifts,
As something scarcely worth the heeding.

* Half-way between Glasgow and Edinburgh.

Digitized by Google

Peter kent this, but yet he thought
A *place* was aye worth being sought;
Thus trudged he on, 'tween doubt and hope,
And scarcely ever made a stop,
Except, when to an inn he cam',
He *had to halt* to tak' a dram,
To keep his sinking spirits up,
And help him forward on his trip.

But waesucks! night cam' on at last,
And fiercely raged the furious blast;
And, what made waur his piteous case,
The storm blew keenly in his face;
By turns, the rain, the sleet, the hail,
Did Peter's feeble frame assail;
Clouds gathered round him, black as ink,
He couldna see a single blink
Of moon, or star, or candle light;—
Oh, but it was an awfu' night,
For ony houseless, wandering wight!
He floundered on, he kent nae whaur,
Knee-deep amang the mud and glaur;
Whiles owre some big whin-stane he stumbled,
Whiles into some deep ditch he tumbled,
Whiles like a goat owre hillocks leaping,
Whiles like a crab on all-fours creeping,
Whiles driven forward by the blast,
And whiles knocked back again as fast.
The covering o' his "*judgment-seat*"
Got so bedrenched wi' rain and sleet,
That the slouched rim o't, tempest-battered,
Against his chafts incessant blattered,
The big tap-coat a cumbrance grew,
For it got soaked wi' water through;
While Peter 'neath it graned and growled,
Cursing the storm that heedless howled;
The half-worn shoon upon his feet
Grew saft as dishclouts wi' the weet,
And scarcely wad they bide thegither,
Sae wide the steeks—sae frail the leather.

Digitized by Google

Bewildered, and half-dead wi' fear,
Nae kindly house for shelter near,
Nae gleam to light him on his way,
Peter at length began to pray.
But, oh, the prayer he then did mutter
Was such as raving madmen utter,
A mixture of ejaculations,
Blessings and horrid imprecations!
What else could he have uttered then?—
The drink still bizzing in his brain,
That a' the ills he had come through
Had not been able to subdue.
Now, with a desperate courage flushed,
Wi' a' his might he forward rushed,
Through dub and mire *sublimely* dashing,
Resembling just a steam-boat plashing;
Nor stopped he in his frantic rage,
Till, souse, he pitched into a hedge;
And there he struggled like a fish
Caught in the net's entangling mesh.

How he got free 'twere hard to tell,—
But on the ither side he fell;
His hand let go his trusty staff,
And, waur than a', his hat flew aff,
Leaving his poor bewildered pate
In a most lamentable state,
Exposed to a' the furious blast
That mercilessly on him lashed.
Lang, lang he sought, but sought in vain,
Nor staff nor hat could he regain,
Which truly was a sad affair—
For, wha e'er liked, wi' noddle bare,
To bide the battering o' a shower,
Such as did then on Peter pour?
Except, indeed, the great Sam Johnson,
Wha let a shower fa' his bare sconce on,
For a'e lang hour, by way of penance
For some bad action he had done ance.—
His crime, if I can recollect,

Digitized by Google

Was some gross piece of disrespect,
Or stubborn disobedience rather,
Which he, when young, had shown his father:
A very serious crime, nae doubt,
Which youngsters tak' sma' thought about,
But, when they ance come up to years,
How vastly different it appears.
'Twas thus Sam Johnson viewed his crime,
After a distant lapse o' time;
And hence his standing for an hour
Bare-powed beneath a heavy shower:—
A stupid piece o' superstition,
Or waur, a mockery o' contrition,
As if a heavy shower o' rain,
Washing the thatch-wark o' the brain,
Could cleanse or cure the gangrened part,
That festered foully at the heart.

But Peter felt nae sic compunction,
While smarting 'neath this *heavenly unction*,
Which fell in such a bitter torrent,
As made it to his skull abhorrent;
But viewed his case in similar light
As those who suffer for the right:
Whether it was, his heart was hardened,
Or that he deemed his sins were pardoned,
I know not; but, without remorse,
At Fate he threw out mony a curse,
For playing him so vile a plisky,—
When really 'twas not Fate, but whisky,
That had involved him in the scrape,
From which he kentna how to 'scape:—
Ergo, himsel' had a' the faut,
By laying in owre meikle maut.

Now, Peter's conduct in this case
Was just what every day tak's place;
At least, we very often see
That ither folks, as well as he,
When, through imprudence, or neglect

Digitized by Google

Of being somewhat circumspect,
Some dire mischance upon them fa's,
Ascribe it to some other cause,
Trying, such is their sense of shame,
To shift from off themselves the blame.

Poor Peter, wi' his droukit pow,
Was so completely wildered now,
That in this dismal swampy place
He kentna whaur to turn his face,
But groped about, now here, now there,
In darkness, terror, and despair,
Like some dumfoundered, wandering ghaist.
Lost 'mid the howling Stygian waste;
Or, if this simile winna do,
As some may doubt o't being true,
Like some great sumph, whase father's gains
Are clearer than his ain dull brains;
Wha to the college straight is sent,
And for some learned profession meant,
Gropes, wades, and flounders through the classics,
Dreaming the while o' gowns and cassocks,
O' tithes or stipends, briefs or fees,
D.D.'s, and ither learned degrees;
Tries Law—finds Law will never do;
Tries Physic next—sticks Physic too;
Then, pertinaciously grown stupit,
Attempts to mount into a pu'pit,
But finding the *ascent* too steep,
The *stance* too high for him to keep;—
His balance lost, he staggers—reels,
And backward, fairly coups the creels,
Greets wi' a soss his mother earth,
From which he ne'er should hae come forth.

But where is Peter all this while?
Cry some, with a sarcastic smile.
Troth, it were hard for me to tell,
When Peter didna ken himsel';
However, if you wait, I'll try

Digitized by Google

To find him for you bye and bye:
I think I left him in a bog,
Quartered, of course, on Monsieur Frog,
But nae mair relishing his quarters,
Than horses do the whips o' carters;
He therefore made a hard exertion,
To save himsel' frae fresh immersion,
And get his carcase extricated
Frae lodgings he so truly hated.
At last he to a planting got,
And then began to bless his lot,
For there he might some shelter find
Frae the fell storm o' rain and wind;
But then the rain might overflow
The place, it lay so very low,
And should he stretch him on the ground,
He ran the risk of being drowned;
What shift remained? for heavy sleep
O'er his tired frame began to creep,
And fain wad he his een hae closed;
But busy Fear here interposed,
And whispered, if he shut an e'e,
He very soon a corpse might be.—
Necessity! resistless power!
How oft in the most trying hour,
When feeble man, by thee opprest,
Almost gives up the hard contest,
That crushes him down to the earth,
Dost thou give bright Invention birth;
Though stern thou art, how much do we
Poor helpless mortals owe to thee,
For mony grand discoveries made
In every science, art and trade.

Poor Peter, to his last shift driven,
Beset alike by earth and heaven,
An angry sky aboon him frowning,
On earth below the risk o' drowning.
If he but stretched him down to sleep,—
Langer awake he could not keep,

Digitized by Google

For, jaded nature worn out quite,
Demanded quickly some respite :—
What's to be done ?—a happy thought !
O gude be praised ! the *meikle coat*
The meikle coat !—weel, what of it ?
Ye'll shortly hear, but rest a bit.
Plunging in water to the knees,
Peter searched through amang the trees
For ane, aneath which he might stand
Securely, upon solid land.
At length a stately pine he found,
And then the big-coat buttoned round
Both *tree* and *him*—and thus made fast,
Poor Peter got a nap at last.

But busy Fancy now began
To picture things ne'er seen by man ;
In ither words—he dreamt a dream :—
He thought that, coming to a stream,
Swelled by the rains, by whirlwinds tossed,
And that it must by him be crossed,
The only brig a single plank,
That lay across frae bank to bank ;
With trembling steps he ventured o'er,
But ere he reached the farther shore,
With horrid crash down broke the plank,
And to the bottom Peter sank.
The furious waves enclosed him round,
He struggled long and hard for breath ;
But no relief poor Peter found ;
At last he closed his eyes in death.
But, ah ! what scenes now met his view !—
Scenes altogether strange and new ;
For Fancy, as she wildly sported,
Had him to the next world transported :
By some resistless Power unseen,
He rapidly through space was whirl'd ;
And, looking back where he had been,
Descried far off this nether world,
At first like a small taper blinking,

Digitized by Google

And less and less each moment shrinking;
Till, by degrees, receding fast,
The glimmering thing went out at last.
Now, upwards as he cast his eyes,
He saw new suns, new stars, new skies,
Whose boundless glories filled him quite
With inexpressible delight.
Fain, fain would he have lingered there,
Among those planets bright and fair,
Those golden isles of heaven that lay,
Scattered along the *milky way.*
For as he drew those islands nigh
That gem the ocean of the sky,
And there in living brilliance glow,
A heavenly archipelago,
Whose dazzling lustre far outshines
The brightest gems of earthly mines;
He deemed they were the blest abodes
  Of beings of celestial birth,
Or those who had thrown off the loads
  Of mortal clay they bore on earth;
And as he near and nearer drew,
Still more expanded waxed the view,
So that his eye, where'er it strayed,
Ten thousands worlds at once surveyed;
For now upon his vision showered
  The glories of ten thousand spheres,
Such as would wholly have o'erpowered
  Frail man in this dark world of tears,
Whose weak and mortal eyes must shun
The blaze of one far distant sun.
And now he saw the happy race
Blest tenants of that glorious place,
  With beauteous forms divinely fair,
Arrayed in robes of purest white,
  Moving majestic through the air,
Up-borne on golden sun-beams bright;
Or, walking in unclouded day,
Along the emerald paved way;
Or bathing their celestial limbs

Digitized by Google

In heaven's pure translucent streams;
Or hymning forth their grateful songs,
Fit only for celestial tongues;
While every face, and every eye,
Beamed with the purest ecstacy.
For now, all earthly greatness gone,
They, pure ethereal beings, shone,
In all the vigour, bloom and joy,
Of youthful immortality.
No wrinkled forehead, stamped with care,
No saddened countenance was there,
No squalid cheek, no tearful eye,
No breast that heaved the woe-fraught sigh.
No guilt, no pain, no wretchedness,
No virtue struggling with distress,
No frame bowed down with toil or age,
No secret hate, no party rage,
No servile slave, no haughty lord,
No red depopulating sword;
Nothing to hurt, or to destroy,
Was known in all those realms of joy;
But beauty, youth and innocence,
Smiled sweetly on each countenance;
And love benign, and freedom bland,
Made every gladdened heart expand;
And peace serene, and purest pleasure,
And rapture without end or measure,
Enlivened all those haunts of bliss,
Those worlds of endless happiness.

Though longing greatly to alight,
And dwell among those isles so bright,
Yet still a conscious worthlessness
Rose up 'tween Peter and such bliss,
Proclaiming he was no fit guest
For those pure "Islands of the blest."

So, by the Power unseen, urged on,
He left those islands one by one,
Far on his right, with deep regret,

Digitized by Google

And soon each orb to *him* was set.
Now, as he cast his eyes below,
He thought he saw the shades of woe
Far on his left, where a dark cloud
Of sulphur did the place enshroud;
Pushed onward with resistless force,
He stopped not in his downward course,
But whirled along, o'erwhelmed with dread,
Till light and giddy grew his head:
Losing his recollection quite,
He knew not further what befel,
Till waked with horror and affright,
Upon the black confines of hell:
He found himself bound to a stake,
Upon the borders of a lake,
From whose foul surface noxious steams,
And, here and there, sulphureous gleams
Arose, and mounting to the air,
With poison filled the atmosphere.
No sun shone there, diffusing light,
But all was dark and drear as night,
Save where a flame, of livid hue,
A pale and sickly glimmer threw
Around this dreadful place, which light
Was worse by far than tenfold night.
No shrub nor blade of grass grew near,
The weary wakeful eye to cheer,
No music of the grove was there,
But piercing yells of deep despair,
And sickening groans, and rending sighs,
And wailings loud, and deafening cries,
And murmurs deep were heard around
From many a heaving smould'ring mound,
Where heaps of tortured wretches lay,
Banished the blissful realms of day,
And bound in everlasting chains,
A prey to hell's acutest pains.

Beyond the lake was dimly seen,
Through the blue flames that rolled between,

Digitized by Google

A Being of tremendous size,
  Seated upon a fiery throne,
Whose prideful brow, and wrathful eyes
  Bespoke the mighty fallen One;
Whose boundless pride made him rebel,
And who, by madly mounting,—fell.
Though dark despair sat on his face,
Yet still his looks bore many a trace
Of heavenly birth; for even there
Lingered the lost archangel's air;
The glory of whose former state
Even *hell* could not obliterate.
For, notwithstanding his offence,
His loss of perfect innocence,
Of heaven, of happiness, and all,
He still looked noble in his fall.
Around his throne a numerous crowd
Of dark inferior beings bowed,
Involved alike in his sad fate,
Upon whose faces deadly hate
And stern defiance were portrayed:
For heaven had no impression made
Upon their stubborn hearts, which still
Rejoiced to thwart th' Almighty will;
And, all malignant, they obeyed
  Their terrible chieftain's word or nod,
Fulfilling each plan of mischief laid,
  Against the *broken Image* of God,
The poor degraded human race,
To drag them to that dismal place,
Incessantly to undergo
Their long, long *quarantine* of woe!

As Peter viewed these awful scenes,
A chilling fear ran through his veins,
His knees together smote with dread,
The hair stood bristling on his head,
His teeth were chattering, lips were quivering,
His frame all o'er was seized with shivering,
A cold, cold sweat bedewed his skin,

Digitized by Google

While hot the fever raged within.
His burning tongue and parched mouth
Already felt the quenchless drouth,
Which plagues the miserable race
For ever in that dismal place.
While trembling he stood looking on,
The awful chief upon the throne,
With voice as loud as tenfold thunder,
That seemed to rend all hell asunder,
Cried, Guards! go fetch yon culprit here,
Yon shriveled ghost, who shakes with fear,
Go quick, and loose him from the stake,
Then plunge him in the sulphury lake,
And there baptize him in our name,
O'er head and ears in liquid flame;
For by such rites, 'tis our intent
To mimic the Omnipotent:
That done, present him here before us,
He'll help to swell the infernal chorus."
The guards no sooner orders got,
Than quick they flew toward the spot
Where Peter stood, and loosing him,
In frantic horror with a scream
He woke—when, lo!—'twas all a dream.

A band of tinklers passing by,
And hearing Peter's doleful cry,
Humanely thought it was their duty
To help a creature in distress,
For though their looks were grim and sooty,
Their hearts felt not a whit the less.
So, by the assistance of a light,
They soon found out the hapless wight;
But oh! how great was their surprise,
They scarcely could believe their eyes,
To see him *buttoned* to a tree,
And vainly struggling to get free.
They questioned him how he got there,
His only answer was a stare
Of hopeless grief, for though awake,

Digitized by Google

His thoughts still ran upon the stake,
The burning lake, and heaving mounds,
The dreadful *sights* and dismal *sounds*,
Which he had lately *seen* and *heard;*
For, when the swarthy band appeared,
Their sable looks could ill dispel
His fears of being still in hell.

By soothing words and treatment kind,
They calmed at length his troubled mind;
Heard him his piteous tale relate,
How he had wandered aff his gate;
How he had lost baith staff and hat,
How he had neither lain, nor sat,
But stood lashed to a tree that night;
And lastly, what an awfu' fright
He got, by dreaming o' a dream,
Which almost true, even yet did seem.

The tinklers, pitying Peter's case,
Had him conducted to a place
Where he his weary frame might rest,
Wi' cauld and hunger sair distrest;
An auld untenanted abode,
That lay twa gun-shot aff the road,
Weel sheltered by a clump o' trees,
That sughed and whistled in the breeze:
This auld deserted lanely biggin',
Sair riddled baith in wa's and riggin',
The tinklers had, wi' nae sma' pains,
Made proof against the winds and rains,
And there, amid their vagrant trudgings,
Ta'en up their temporary lodgings.
Thence aft in bands they issued out,
And roamed the country round about,
Mending auld kettles, pats and pans,
Cheese toasters, heaters, jugs and cans,
Making horn spoons, repairing bellows,
Clasping or splicing auld umbrellas;
Cementing china, glueing fiddles,

Digitized by Google

Or vamping up auld sieves and riddles;
And sometimes 'mid their various jobbing,
If need required, a hen-roost robbing;
Or nabbing, sly, a pig or sheep,
To help a holiday to keep.
But, to gi'e fair play to the devil,
If country folks to them were civil,
And paid them freely for their wark,
Or sheltered them when nights were dark,
They paid a sort o' just regard
To a' about their barn-yard,
And wadna harm a single haet,
Although their needs were e'er sae great.
But stingy churls, that dared to differ
Wi' them, were always sure to suffer
In worldly substance, for their pains,
By loss o' pigs, sheep, ducks or hens:—
For tinklers didna care a button
Whether 'twas poultry, pork or mutton,
With which they did themselves supply
Frae *niggard's* hen-house, bught, or sty;
And never stuck to let their ass
Feed on his hay, his oats or grass;
Nor, in cauld weather, were they slack
To help him down wi' his peat stack.
Back to their haunt again returning,
A' rules o' sober prudence spurning,
They spent hale days and nights carousing,
In feasting, fiddling, singing, boosing,
Till, prest by want, they trudged again,
To scour the country, hill and plain.

'Twas when a party coming back,
Frae an excursion round the country,
Wi' routh in ilk ane's haversack,
To stow, for ance, their sair-run pantry—
And drawing near their auld houff-door,
Rejoicing o'er their ample store,
And, in anticipation, tasting
The joys, ance mair, o' fun and feasting:

Digitized by Google

'Twas at this very nick of time,
When sadness would have been a crime,
That Peter, wi' the dreadfu' scream,
Awoke from out his fearfu' dream.

A shriek so wild, so loud, so near,
Chilled the hail hardy gang wi' fear,
Who made a simultaneous pause,
Listening wi' open ears and jaws.
But soon recovering frae their fright,
They quickly ran, procured a light,
And to the wood their footsteps bent,
Some dreadfu' mischief to prevent:—
Where luckily they Peter found,
Whom with amazement they unbound,
And to their dwelling straight conveyed him,
Stripped him, and in a warm bed laid him,
And tried what means was in their power,
The exhausted creature to restore;
Rejoicing that, as things then stood,
They could afford rest, warmth and food,
To their benumbed, benighted guest,
Who needed food, and warmth, and rest.

Peter, recovering by degrees,
Looks round, and with amazement sees
A motley group, wi' queer like faces,
Not overstocked wi' *smiles* and *graces*,
Such as on ladies' faces play,
And o'er their lovely features stray
Like streamers bright in northern skies,
Darting from cheeks, to lips—to eyes,
Where oft from 'neath each silken lid
Young Love peeps out, half-seen, half-hid,
Or sporting o'er the neck's soft white,
Or round the sweetly dimpled chin,
Or 'mong luxuriant ringlets bright,
Fluttering about—now out—now in;
Like butterflies, 'mong beds of flowers,
Or blooming honey-suckle bowers,

Digitized by Google

Revelling on every luscious sweet,
And sporting in the noon-day's heat:
No, no!—the faces Peter saw
Had nae sic loveliness at a';
But waggish winks and merry grins,
Scarred cheeks, wide mouths, hard bristly chins,
And shaggy brows, a' soiled and sweaty,
Supplied the place o' fair and pretty.
Yet, maugre these forbidding features,
They seemed a set o' happy creatures,
Exempt, for ance, frae care and sorrow,
And quite regardless of to-morrow;—
Determined to enjoy their hour
Of pleasure, while 'twas in their power,
And therefore to begin aright
The pleasure business o' the night,
A hearty supper, piping het,
Upon the board was quickly set;
Nor was there wanting nappy brown,
Nor blue,* to synde the supper down.
When placed around the rustic table,
Good-humoured, warm and hospitable,
Remembering still the hapless stranger
Whom they had lately saved from danger,
They vowed they wadna taste a bit
Till he, too, wad participate.
So frae the bed they got him raised,
And in the snuggest corner placed,
While the auld Patriarch o' the gang,
A rauchle carle, stark, stiff and strang,
Placed in the corner opposite,
Wi' greasy locks o' black and white,
A swarthy visage, gaunt and lean,
A hooked proboscis, sharp gray e'en,
A lengthy chin protruding out,
As if in mockery o' the snout,
A grizzly beard, lang, hard, and rough,

---

* *Alias*, Whisky.

Digitized by Google

An upper lip begrimed wi' snuff,
A hoarse rough voice, and grave grimace,
Mumbled owre something like a grace.
Peter, whase brain was yet affected,
His wits, at least, scarce quite collected,
With eager looks the group surveying,
While the auld carle the grace was saying,
Wondered if what he saw was real,
Or if it only was ideal;
And, as his nose inhaled the steam
  Of ilka reeking savoury dish,
Thinks he, if this be a' a dream,
  To wake again I ne'er would wish;
And then he mutters to himsel',
"Faith! this is no that ill a hell,
And as for thae black deils around,
I've met wi' waur aboon the ground."
But helpit by a gude horn spoon,
Wi' knife and fork, he gathered soon
His wandering scattered wits again,
That for a while had slipt the rein,
And into wild disorder run
Like the hot coursers o' the sun,
That day when *Phaeton*, stuffed wi' pride,
Presumed to undertake to guide
The car of light—which, when he got,
He made a pretty business o't.
And thus, with man, 'tis still the case,
When passion sits in reason's place,
That a' things to confusion rin
As weel without him as within,
So that his every thought and act
Is guided mair by whim than fact.
But sage experience tells us a'
That something solid in the maw
Helps to dispel the fumes and vapours,
That mak' the passions cut their capers
At sic a wild unruly rate
As ding the senses aff their gate,
And set them jostling 'gainst ilk ither,

Digitized by Google

Till ance they're a' confused thegither,
Such was the case wi' Peter here,
Whase intellect was pretty clear
In general, except when he
Took rather meikle barley bree;
A practice which, I'm wae to say,
Prevails owre meikle in our day,
Amang the high as well as low,
Which aften ends in want and woe;—
But then it helps the *revenue*—
A good excuse for getting fou,
Especially for loyal folks,
Or those whase siller's i' the Stocks.

But I had maist forgotten Peter:
Weel—as he was a right guid eater,
Takin' a hearty belly-full,
And eke o' swats a noble pull,
He was sae far again brought round
As ken he was aboon the ground;
And not in that sad place below,
To where, 'tis said, the wicked go,
But placed amang a set o' folks
That relished weel his funny jokes:
For Peter had a chosen store
Of tales, sly jokes, and such like lore;
And then the way he set them aff
He'd mak' the very gravest laugh;
Forbye ye couldna tak' him wrang
At smutty jest, or merry sang.
These qualities which he possessed,
Soon made him a most welcome guest
Amang this merry careless core,
Wha gloried in a hearty splore,
An' wadna gi'en a night o' fun
For a' the grandeur 'neath the sun.
The supper being now discussed,
The twa-pint bottle was produced,
Which, circulating for a wee,
Drew forth loud bursts o' mirth and glee,

Digitized by Google

And made the jest, the laugh, the sang,
Be keepit up the hale night lang.
Peter was ca'd on for a verse,
At first, his voice was somewhat hearse,
(And little wonder, when it's kent
How he that night had partly spent),
But helpit to a wee drap *blue*,
As he got on it clearer grew;
And then he gied them sic a lilt,
And made sic funny gestures till't,
That when he ended, an *encore*
Was ca'd for by a general roar.
Which sang we here set down in print,
Though, trowth, ye'll find but little in't.

PETER'S SANG.

AIR—"*Peter Cornclips.*"

My mither men't my auld breeks,
An' wow! but they were duddy,
And sent me to get Mally shod
At Robin Tamson's smiddy;
The smiddy stands beside the burn
That wimples through the clachan,
I never yet gae by the door,
But aye I fa' a-lauchin'.

For Robin was a walthy carle,
An' had ae bonnie dochter,
Yet ne'er wad let her tak' a man,
Tho' mony lads had soucht her;
And what think ye o' my exploit?—
The time our mare was shoeing,
I slippit up beside the lass,
An' briskly fell a-wooing.

An' aye she ee'd my auld breeks,
The time that we sat crackin',
Quo' I, my lass, ne'er mind the *clouts*,
I've new anes for the makin';
But gin ye'll just come hame wi' me,
An' lea' the carle, your father,
Ye'se get my breeks to keep in trim,
Mysel', an' a' thegither.

Digitized by Google

'Deed, lad, quo' she, your offer's fair,
I really think I'll tak' it,
Sae, gang awa', get out the mare,
We'll baith slip on the back o't;
For gin I wait my father's time,
I'll wait till I be fifty;
But na;—I'll marry in my prime,
And mak' a wife most thrifty.

Wow! Robin was an angry man,
At tyning o' his dochter:
Thro' a' the kintra-side he ran,
An' far an' near he soucht her;
But when he cam' to our fire-end,
An' fand us baith thegither,
Quo' I, gudeman, I've ta'en your bairn,
An' ye may tak' my mither.

Auld Robin girn'd an' sheuk his pow,
Guid sooth! quo' he, you're merry,
But I'll just tak' ye at your word,
An' end this hurry-burry;
So Robin an' our auld wife
Agreed to creep thegither;
Now, I hae Robin Tamson's pet,
An' Robin has my mither.

Sae soon as Peter's sang was sung,
Frae every neive, and throat, and tongue,
There cam' sic volleys of applause,
As almost shook the very wa's;
And even made the soot to come,
In sable showers, down the lum.
The glass again was sent about,
And ilk ane had to drink it out,
For, to his health, it was a bumper,
That he might richer grow—and *plumper*,
And aye be able to rehearse
A merry tale, or sing a verse.

A sturdy member o' his gang,
Was neist requested for a sang,
Wha, after hemming twice or thrice,

Digitized by Google

In order to mak' clear his voice,
He pitched upon the proper key,
And then began wi' life and glee
  Quite in the true bravura style,
But wi' a pipe so strong and rough,
  That, though you had been off a mile,
You might hae heard him weel enough.

THE TINKLER'S SONG.

AIR—"*Allan-a-Dale.*"

O WHO are so hearty, so happy and free,
Or who for the proud care so little as we?
No tyrants control us, no slaves we command,
Like free passage birds we traverse sea and land;
And still to the comfort of all we attend,
By singing out, "caldrons or kettles to mend."

Each climate—each soil, is to us still the same,
No fixed local spot for our country we claim;
Yon lordly domain, with its castles and towers,
We care not a pin for—the world, it is ours;
Superiors we know not—on none we depend,
While our business is, caldrons or kettles to mend.

The law says we're vagrants—the law tells a lie,
The green earth's our dwelling, our roof the blue sky.
Then tho', through the earth, for employment we roam,
How can we be vagrants, who ne'er are from home?
Our neighbours are mankind, whom oft we befriend,
While trudging about, pots or kettles to mend.

No rent, tythes, nor taxes, we're called on to pay,
We take up our lodgings wherever we may,
If people are kind, we show kindness to them,
If people are churlish, why we are the same;
But those who are friendly, fare best in the end,
While their pots, bellows, caldrons or kettles we mend.

Not even the Parson, the Squire, nor my Lord,
A daintier supper than we, can afford,
For nature profusely each blessing doth grant,
Then why should her children be ever in want?—
Let them share with each other whate'er she may send,
Like us—while we've caldrons or kettles to mend.

Digitized by Google

Then fill to the stranger a cup of the best,
And when he is wearied conduct him to rest,
For the poor lonely wanderer, homeless and bare,
Should ever the wanderers' sympathy share;
Now we've one consolation—whate'er be our end,
While the world remains wicked—*we* daily do *mend*.

The Tinkler's ditty being finished,
The bottle, too, right sair diminished,
Not in dimensions—but contents,
Like purses after paying rents;
Anither jar was ordered out,
To serve the company about,
Wha still were bent upon the splore,
While they could drink, or sing, or roar.

But I had 'maist forgotten fairly,
Something I should ha'e min't mair early,
Namely, the group o' *tinkleresses*,
(I kenna whether wives or misses),
That still accompanied this gang
Through a' their journeyings alang.
For each male veteran o' the squad
A sort o' *tack-to* partner had,
Forbye a bunch o' duddy brats,
Brought up amang auld pans and pats,
And through the country borne in creels,
Or trotting at their mithers' heels,
While they from place to place were straying,
Poor love-sick lasses' fortunes spaeing.

But to portray aright this gang,
Wad tak' my time up rather lang,
The reader's, too, it wad be wasting,
On subjects little interesting.
However, I may here assert
That each was just the counterpart—
The second self—the rib—the Eve
O' him to whom she then did cleave;

Digitized by Google

And was his like in a' respects
With ae slight difference—the sex.
But there was ane I must not pass,
A truly interesting lass,
The only daughter o' the man
Wha seemed the Patriarch o' the clan;
And such a contrast to the rest
Was she, as is the east to west,
Or as to swarthy night is day,
So lovely she—unlovely they.
This little sprightly black-e'ed creature
A deeper interest felt for Peter,
And tended him since he cam' thither
Far mair than a' the rest thegither;
And though her tongue was not so loud
As ither tongues amang the crowd,
Her eye a great deal more exprest
Than a' the tongues of a' the rest;
For often had that eye been filled
With drops from Pity's urn distilled;
Oft on her cheek those drops had glistened,
The while she sat and meekly listened
To Peter's tragi-comic story;
While round was heard "dear me—I'm sorry,"
"O what a pity,"—"well,"—"I vow,"
"But bless me! how did you get through?"
And though he ne'er before had seen her,
Her mild and affable demeanour,
Her loveliness o' form and feature,
Completely captivated Peter.
She was as lively as a lintie,
Her years might border upon twenty;
And though her dress was rather odd,
Made after some outlandish mode,
As fair a form it covered o'er
As ever silks or satins wore,
And sure a lovelier tapered waist
The arm of lover ne'er embraced.
Her sweet complexion—light brunette,
O'erhung with curls of darkest jet,

Digitized by Google

At times was brightened by a smile
That would a saint from heaven wile;
And then the expression of her eye
Might charm a seraph from the sky.
This lovely contrast to the rest
So great a power o'er them possessed,
That, with one disapproving frown,
She'd make the boldest front look down.
Not that they worshipped her through fear,
(That passion was a stranger here).
But love, esteem and admiration,
Still made them court her approbation,
And hang upon her every look,
Which for an oracle they took.
And though the example she had seen
Had not the very *fairest* been,
She still remained as unstained water:—
Such was the tinkler's lovely daughter.
With such a sylph, so fair, so winning,
To fa' in love were nae great sinning;
At least our Peter thought sae then,
And so, indeed, might wiser men.
For he who could, unmoved, behold
A being of such beauteous mould;
He, who could see the modest blush
That would her neck and face o'erflush;
He, who could mark her eyes mild beaming,
In pity's soft suffusion swimming;
That man, if such a man there be,
Who could with cold indifference see
Such beauty clothed in smiles or tears—
A human form perhaps he wears,
But nothing more—his heart, indeed,
Must be of flint—his brain of lead;
Unblest through life, he ne'er can know
The purest bless of man below.
But then, I wish to mak' it clear,
That this same love I speak of here,
Is not that grovelling sensual passion
That mak's such crowds to ruin dash on,

Digitized by Google

But love of that exalted kind
That is by Heaven itself refined.
In such a place, at such a time,
To be in love were nae great crime,
Especially when a' united
To mak' the opened heart delighted;
When, heated by the genial bowl,
Each generous purpose of the soul,
Enlarged, exalted, unconfined,
Glowed with good-will to all mankind,
And ere the liquor's potent spell
Had changed the scene frae heaven to hell.
I say, at such a place and time,
To feel pure love was nae great crime.
But now, the liquor operating
Upon the auld, as weel as young,
Each tinkler's heart wi' pride elating,
And loosing every tinkler tongue.
It showed a very different scene
Frae ony thing that yet had been.
For now they a' were getting glorious,
Or rather boisterously uproarious;
The humblest striving wi' the proudest,
Wha wad talk maist, or roar the loudest.
Here—ane was telling queer auld stories,
There—twa were quarrelling, mad as furies;
Here—ane a smutty verse was bawling,
And there—a female tongue was brawling;
Here—sat a chiel that puffed and smoked,
Anither there—the table knocked;
Here—ane was boasting o' great feats,
Anither there—was muttering threats;
Here—stood a chiel wi' clenched fist,
Anither there—his doxy kissed;
And here—was heard the vacant laugh
Of blockhead, bellowing like a calf.
Amid this tumult, noise and gabble,
Resembling much a scene at Babel,
Was heard the mingled strange hotch-potch
Of English, Irish, Welsh and Scotch.

Digitized by Google

As things proceeded at this rate,
Nor likely soon to terminate,
A single circumstance took place
That quickly altered quite the case,
And did so great a change produce
As made the very drunkest douce.
The thing was neither mair nor less
Than this :—a fellow seized a glass
Brimfu' o' whisky, in his ire,
And dashed the hale o't in the fire.
The fire was brisk—up flew the low
Quick as a kindled tap o' tow,
Which, meeting wi' the soot aboon,
Set a' the lum a bleezing soon.
Like shot stars fell the clots o' soot,
That, burning, flew the house about,
While ilka ane, to save himsel'
By speed o' foot, in rising, fell.
And as the fire wi' fury burned,
Seats, boards, and bottles were o'erturned,
Which, midst the uproar and confusion,
Dealt mony a black and sair contusion
Amang the crew ;—wha, daised and foundered,
Owre ane anither sprawled and floundered ;
While nought was heard but cursing, bawling,
The screams o' wives, and gettlings squalling.
Amidst this bustle and uproar
Peter essayed to reach the door ;
But stumbling o'er a heap o' strae
That hidden in a corner lay,
And finding it baith saft and warm,
He thought there might be little harm
In lying there, to 'bide the event,
And watch and hear how matters went ;
For though he wasna fond o' fire,
He didna like to risk the mire,
And face the blast without the door,
As he had done the night before.
Meanwhile, recovering frae their fright,
A few, that had escaped by flight,

Digitized by Google

Returned again, and, fetching water,
Soon put an end to a' the matter:
In short, they got the fire put out;
A lucky circumstance, nae doubt,
For had the fire but put out them,
They'd found the earth a right cauld hame,
Especially on sic a morning,
For a' their vaunting, pride and scorning.

Now, every thing again set right,
And morning ushering in the light,
The sobered party a' agreed,
That they o' sleep stood maist in need.
They therefore a' retired to rest,
Each wi' the mate he liket best,
While poor forgotten Peter lay,
Still snug and warm amang the strae.
Nor very lang had he reposed,
Till baith his e'en in sleep were closed,
And then his busy working brain
Fell speedily to work again.
The tinkler's daughter, fair and kind,
Had ne'er been absent frae his mind
During the time he was awake;
Yet then he could no freedom take,
To tell her she was fair and good,
And talk of—love? no;—gratitude.
But now, set free from a' restraint,
Fancy again began to paint
Bright scenes of youth, a' fresh and glowing,
Love's sweets, and beauty's roses blowing.
He dreamt, that, being young again,
And walking o'er a spacious plain,
O'erspread with summer's richest hue,
And brightly gemmed with morning dew,
And decked with flowers and trees in bloom,
That lent the air a sweet perfume;
While clear the rivulet purled alang,
Sweet mingling wi' the blackbird's sang;
He thought that idly walking there,

Digitized by Google

Inhaling morning's purest air,
He saw the tinkler's lovely daughter
Wading a brook of clearest water,
With feet unshod, and ankles bare,
O' finest shape, and hue most fair;
That crossing o'er the daisied green,
With downcast eye and modest mien,
Her feet still bare, her ankles wet,
She saw him not until they met;
That then a blush of purest red
Her lovely modest face o'erspread,
Which, gazing on, he silence broke,
And thus with tremulous voice he spoke:
"Dear lassie! lovelier than the morn,
Sweeter than blossoms on the thorn,
Lang hae I had an anxious wish
To meet thee in a place like this,
And tell thee a' this bosom feels,
Which every ardent sigh reveals,
O list! and hear this vow o' mine,
If thou'lt thy vagrant life resign,
Leavè thy rude race, and come wi' me
My loving mate through life to be;—
If thou'lt consent—lo! here, I vow,
To love thee aye, as I do now."
Then thus the maid, with face averted,
While from her eye the big tear started,
And o'er her cheek ran trickling down,
Which now was darkened with a frown:
"What! leave my sire, forsake my clan,
To live with thee? presumptuous man!
No; rather let me perish first
Than with a parent's hate be curst;
Become the apostate of my race,
And bring on all my kin disgrace!
No, never;—but if thou'lt resign
Thy grovelling race with ours to join,
I may consent to bless thine arms,
But not on any other terms."
Then Peter thus: "Yes, I agree,

Digitized by Google

For what are all my kin to me ?
To live upon thy cheering smiles ;
With thee I'd trudge ten thousand miles,
And with thy race contented share
The hardest toil and humblest fare."
Then beamed her face with look so kind,
While she her hand to him resigned,
That Peter, while he fondly seized it
Between his own, with rapture squeezed it.
And then with both his arms embraced
Most ardently her gentle waist.
But, ah ! the ecstacy, too great
For Peter's poor enfeebled state,
Awoke him, panting, breathless, gasping,
Just in the very act of clasping ;
When lo ! instead of that sweet lass,
Peter embraced the tinkler's—Ass !
Wi' downright wonderment o'erpowered,
He at the *Cuddy* gaped and glowered,
Rubbed baith his e'en—then, muttering, stammered,
"Gu—gu—gude L—d ! I'm a' be-glamoured ;
Did ever mortal get the slip sae,
As I've got frae this tinkler gipsy ?
Was ever ought sae mad provoking ?
O horrible !—O—shocking—shocking !
To think I hugged a bonnie lass,
Then waukened hugging this auld ass.
I wadna this were kent at hame
For a' the goud that I could name.
I'm clean bewitched, I really think,
Och hey !—my head !—a drink—a drink !"
The tinklers hearing a' this clatter,
Approached to learn what was the matter ;
When lo ! they saw the ass and Peter,
Baith snugly bedded 'mang the litter.
But soon as he the group espied,
He started up and wildly cried,
"Avaunt ! ye fiends, wi' your curst spells,
That mak' poor mortals no themsel's,
For, ay since I cam' here yestreen,

Digitized by Google

Your glamour has misled my e'en,
And made me think, and say, and do,
Things that I may for ever rue.
Avaunt! I say, ye hounds o' hell,
Or loose me frae this horrid spell.
O were I but mysel' ance mair!
Hech! bring a drink—my head is sair."

The tinklers seeing him sae mad,
Recourse to their auld nostrum had,
Namely, a hearty lunch o' meat,
Which soon as he began to eat,
A' the blue devils by degrees
Flew frae him like a swarm o' bees;
And left him quite himsel' again,
Wi' good sound head and settled brain.
Preparing now to tak' the road,
He got his person made as snod
As circumstances wad allow,
Considering what he had come through.

It being now about mid-day,
He was escorted on his way,
But he had ten lang miles o' trudging
Ere he could reach his Whitburn lodging.
For, poor man, he had wandered far
South through the muirs beyond Benhar.
Arrived, he got a good night's rest,
Which his worn carcase weel refreshed;
Set off for Reekie,* reached it too,
But mony a street and lane sought through,
And mony a brae gaed up and down,
Aft cursing sic a tiresome town,
And mony a weary round about
He had, ere he his friend found out.

Now let me tak' my breath awee,
And just suppose twa things or three:

* Auld Reekie, a common appellation o' the gude town o' Edinburgh, where Peter's friend resided.

Digitized by Google

Suppose a hearty welcome gi'en,
To Peter by his gentle frien';
Suppose him in the parlour seated,
Fu' snug and warm and kindly treated;
Suppose his frien' an interest taking
In his new plan o' bannock-baking,
And every thing completely settled,
Just to his mind as he had ettled;
Suppose him great as ony king,
And ye will just suppose the thing,
The very thing that ne'er took place,
In hapless Peter Cornclips' case.
But, on the ither hand, suppose
That Peter to the front door goes,
Surveys the place, then pulls the bell,
Thinking the laird will come himsel',
Wi' gladness beaming in his e'e,
His poor, yet honest frien' to see;
Suppose then, that a powdered flunky,
Tricked out like ony showman's monkey,
In antique parti-coloured claes,
And cheeping shoon as clear as slaes,
Ruffles and lace, and sic like gear,
As stage buffoons and flunkies wear;
Suppose that he comes to the door,
Sees Peter weary, lean and poor,
His meagre face wi' bruises scared,
His upper garments a' be-glaured,
Orders him aff, wi' saucy sneer,
For beggar trash get nothing here,
D—ns him and all his lousy race,
Then slaps the big door in his face:
And through the lobby strutting back,
Wishing old Nick had all the pack,
A lousy, lazy, dirty vermin,
With which the town, for shame! is swarming;
Suppose—but stop; we've had enough
O' suppositions and sic stuff;
Try now, and wi' the Muse prevail,
To gie a plain straight-forward tale,

Digitized by Google

Without sae mony ins and outs,
And langsome turns and round-abouts,
For wha can comprehend her meaning,
When aye to right and left she's rinning?
True;—on we'll jog then wi' our tale,
In a straight-forward even course,
Nor tack wi' every shifting gale,
Like Hawser Trunnion on his horse.
Weel then, as was supposed before,
The flunky coming to the door,
And seeing Peter's odd-like figure,
At him began to sneer and snigger,
To screw his mouth, and hem and cough,
Then scold him to get quickly off,
Wi' a' the vulgar insolence,
And self-important consequence,
With which such pampered slaves are puffed up,
Wha on the best are fed and stuffed up.
Peter began to tell his story,
Which put the thing quite in a flurry;
"Be off," it cried, "I cannot hear you,
I tell you, sir, I cannot bear you,
Off, off I say! I've heard enough,
I'm not accustomed to such stuff."
Then making a most graceful wheel
Upon its pretty weel-turned heel,
Into the house the creature rushed,
And in his face the great door pushed;
Leaving poor Peter so amazed,
That nought he did, but gaped and gazed,
Wi' sic a stupid vacant stare,
That had ye seen the body there,
Ye'd taen him for some ancient bust,
For ages hid 'mang dirt and rust:
Or warldly frien' o' Mistress Lot,
Struck dead and fixed upon the spot;
Or timmer man, for setting up
In front o' some tobacco shop;
So set his mouth, so fixed his een,
His living likeness ne'er was seen.

Digitized by Google

At length, recovered frae his trance,
Peter began to leave his stance,
But near the spot he still did hover,
Hoping he might his friend discover,
And be enabled, face to face,
To let him ken his waefu' case.
But as his evil star, or fate,
Misluck, or some such thing wad hae't,
(For Fate, like Death, tak's nae denial),
He had to bide a further trial;
Not ane by fire, like godly martyrs,
But ane by mire, like drunken carters,
Wha aften when their swats are in,
Regardless o' a paiket skin,
Fa' out and fight like folk gane wud,
And row ilk ither in the mud.

As 'twas within the Police bounds,
Where stood the house o' Peter's frien',
A sergeant passing on his rounds,
On Peter fixed his corbie een;
For gentlemen o' his profession,
Mixing amang the low and vicious,
By their superior education,
Become confoundedly suspicious;
A fact which, to establish clear,
Just let us view this red-neck * here,
Wha judging Peter might belang
To some rapacious thieving gang,
And stationed there to act as spy,
He, like grimalkin, keen and sly,
Determined for a while to watch him,
And try, if possible, to catch him.

For twa lang hours did Peter wait,
Lingering about the great man's gate;
But not a soul was to be seen
Could tell him aught about his frien'.

* A red collar generally forms part of the official dress, in Scotland, of an Officer of Police.

Digitized by Google

At last, his patience quite worn out,
He thought he e'en might slip about
By the back-door, and wait awee,
Perchance he there might some ane see
That wad mair kindness to him show
Than did the powdered flunky beau.
But maun I tell it?—here again
Poor Peter sadly was mista'en;
For if he was ill-used before,
He now was treated ten times waur,
Not by a flunky, or sic like,
But by a surly mastiff tyke,
Whilk, wi' a loud and angry growl,
Seized Peter by the neck, poor soul!
And in the gutter laid him sprawling,
While loud for help he fell a-bawling;
But aye the louder he did roar
The dog held faster than before;
And if a limb he dared to stir,
He was admonished by a gurr
Frae the fierce brute, to lie there quiet;
For to get free 'twas vain to try it.
Now red-neck, thinking a' things snug,
And that he might approach the dog,
And bear frae him his prisoner aff
By dint o' his official staff;
Quite certain that a scarlet neck
Wad frae the beast ensure respect;
So, in on Peter straight he ran,
But, trowth, he had mista'en his man,
Or rather, had mista'en his dog,
For he was gript fast by the lug,
And ere he could ca' out for aid,
Was side by side wi' Peter laid.

And now began a glorious splutter
Amang this trio in the gutter;
For, on three sides, three mutual foes
Alike ilk ither did oppose,
Not ane on twa, nor twa on ane,

Digitized by Google

But a' the three against ilk ither,
Like Midian's graceless host langsyne,
When every man turned on his brother.
The bipeds struggled, cuffed, and swore;
The quadruped growled, bit, and tore;
For though he couldna help the quarrel
By cursing, yet he weel could snarl;
So that between the men and dog
Ensued this pretty dialogue.

"Let gae your grip, sir—what d'ye want?"
"Let co my grip?" (gurr) "No, I sha'nt,
She's shust my prisoner."—"What! me?"—"Yes."
"Your (gurr) your warrant."—"Look at this."
"At that!—if that be your authority,
Here's ane disputes it wi' a—gurr at ye;"
"Here! catch him fast, tog," (bow, wow, gurr,)
"Tamfound her for an uglee cur!—
She's pit my"—(bow, wow,)—"Sorrow cares!
You're cheap—(gurr)—mind your ain affairs."
"Tamn'd tieving rogue! I knows your cuilt,"
"You know the!"—"Come, sir, no consult,
But mind fat's tue unto my coat;"
(Gurr) "Snarling felp! I'll cut your throat."
"Your coat! and you! confound you baith;
Here's ane as big as three o't, faith."
"Come! crip him, sir;"—"Ye hangman's jackall—
Vile sweep-street—nab-thief—dirty rake-hole."
"Tiel tamn her pluit, man!"—(bow, wow, wow)—
"Weel, sergeant, lad! wha's prisoner now?"
"Help! murter!—O my—plastit felp!"
(Bow wow, wow, wow) "ho! poliesh, help!
Coot Cot! tiel tamn!"—"aye—that's it now"—
"Help! poliesh, poliesh!"—(bow, wow, wow.)

Alarmed by this unusual din,
The whole inhabitants within
Rushed out to learn what was the cause
When lo! the sturdy mastiff's paws
Were firmly pressed on Peter's breast,

Digitized by Google

While the ill-mannered surly beast,
Regardless of the official coat,
Held the poor sergeant by the throat!
But ordered now, he loosed his grip,
And yielding baith his prisoners up,
Stood blythely by, his tail a-wagging,
Not ostentatiously a-bragging,
But, conscious o' his ain utility,
Begging wi' a' a dog's humility,
A kindly word, a stroke, or smile,
The full reward for a' his toil:
Like some auld veteran frae the wars,
Disabled and deformed wi' scars,
Worn out by battles and by broils,
Unhealthy climes, unceasing toils,
Deprived, perhaps, o' baith his shanks,
Thankfu' to get his sovereign's thanks.

The landlord came among the rest,
To whom the man of rule addressed
A lang harangue, complaining sair
O' Peter and the watch-dog there;
"Ta ane, no toubts, a cot tamn tief,
Wasna her face tere 'ficient prief?
Ta other, an uncivil tog,
Treating her as she'd treat ta rogue,
For which, py cot, she'd have her shot,
Wishout telay upon ta spot,
To teach her to pay more suspect
In future to ta scarlet neck;
Ta tamn plack uglee pitch's ghost,
She'd hang her at ta first lamp-post."

An explanation now took place,
For recognized was Peter's face,
The honest watch-dog was caressed,
The man of office was dismissed,
But not without this admonition—
"Beware on whom you fix suspicion,
And fasten not your grappling hooks
On all who may have blackguard looks."

Digitized by Google

Peter at length an audience gained,
The purpose o' his jaunt explained,
With condescension great was heard,
While his petition he preferred,
And to enforce his argument,
To mony a deep drawn sigh gied vent;
Nay, by some folk 'tis even said,
That tears by Peter then were shed;
But that is only a report—
Of course, I winna answer for't,
Bound, as I am, the truth to state,
In every thing that I narrate,
In good, plain, honest, hame-spun diction,
Without embellishment or fiction.

Now, Peter, having tald his story,
Was answered by his friend, "I'm sorry,
Extremely sorry, I must own,
To think that you have come to town,
On such an errand as you've come,—
Ho, John!—Fetch up a glass of rum
Or brandy, to this starving creature,
Or would you fancy whisky, Peter?"
"O Sir, just ony thing you please."
"And, John, set down some bread and cheese;
Or stop, bring rather some warm broth,
For he is cold and hungry both;
Yes, fetch some comfortable dinner:—
Peter, I think you're now much thinner
Than what you were last time we met;—
Come, John, be quick—and don't forget
A bottle of your good old beer,
To cheer the heart of Peter here.
Why, Peter, I am truly sorry,
To say I can do nothing for ye;
For let me tell you, you're too lean,
And your appearance rather mean,
For filling such a situation,
Which, people of a higher station,
Would be right glad of, I assure you;

Digitized by Google

And they should be preferred before you ;
For those, you know, who cannot dig,
Should never be allowed to beg.
Besides, I'm told you've been imprudent,
And often done the things you should'nt ;
For, if you are belied not greatly,
Your conduct has been so-so lately ;
Now Sir ! you know, 'twould never do,
For me to involve myself with you,
While you possess a character
That is not altogether fair.
I therefore, would advise you, Peter
To do the thing would fit you better,
And that is, to get quickly home,
Nor more upon such errands come,
But follow your own trade with diligence ;
For, be assured, I get intelligence,
When any of my poor relations
Act counter to their humble stations.
Now take your dinner, if you can,
And I will send my gentleman,
To help you to procure a bed,
Somewhere about the Cowgate-head :
And lest that you should money lack,
To help you on your journey back,
Here, take this crown, and so adieu,
I've got no more to say to you ;
I hope your walk home will be pleasant,
Farewell—I'm just engaged at present."

So saying, quickly he withdrew,
Ending, at once, the interview,
Leaving poor Peter in a state
Waur than when first he took the gate ;
For back again he had to trudge,
Deep wading through the mire and sludge,
And little else got for his pains,
But blistered feet and wearied banes.

Reader, our tale concluded now,
We will, although we scarce know how,

Digitized by Google

Proceed some moral to deduce
From what we've said, which may produce
Good fruits, and be of vast advantage,
Both to our Sinnerage and Sauntage.
(Critic, perhaps, thou'lt say we're coining
New words, but no; we're just combining.
We have our Peerage—very true,
Then why not have our Sauntage too,
And Sinnerage—if these two classes
Wore badges, or distinctive dresses?)
For our part, we see no more harm in
Drawing a moral from a story,
Than in the improving of a sermon
By Guns at pulpit oratory;
Then, by your leave, we'll just proceed,
Though gude kens how we may succeed.

And, in the first place, we may learn,
What bitter wages drinkers earn,
When, heedless of the consequences,
They sit and drink away their senses,
Impair their faculties and health,
Neglect their business, spend their wealth,
Ruin their families, hurt their morals,
And get themselves involved in quarrels;
Hence headaches, bruises, foolish whims,
Unquiet sleep and frightful dreams,
With many other nameless ills,
That daily flow from whisky stills.

And, secondly, we may observe,
That if we have some end to serve,
We ne'er should loiter on our way, *
Lest haply we be led astray

* Rodger has left a note detached from this poem, in which he describes "Peter Cornclips" as "one of those airy architects who are always forming plans of aggrandisement, fated never to be realized. He was also a great dreamer of dreams, and a seer of visions, some natural and some supernatural; but, withal, he was a man of social habits, who could take off his glass, tell his story, or sing his song with any of his associates. He was a calico-printer to business, and wrought many years in Barrowfield Printfield, where the author first became acquainted with him."

Digitized by Google

Far from our mark, we know not whither,
And lose our object altogether;
But use all diligence and speed,
Which is the best way to succeed.

And, in the third place, we may see,
Whatever our condition be,
We should upon ourselves depend,
If that condition we would mend;
Nor trust to friends, nor rich relations,
For bettering our situations,
For this world's friendship's always best
When it is least put to the test.

And, fourthly, we may here perceive,
That if we would the calling leave
Which we've been bred to, and aspire
To modes of living somewhat higher,
The greatest care is necessary,
Else, ten to one, but we miscarry,
And meet the fate of Whang the miller,
Wha lost his mill through greed o' siller.

And, in the fifth place, to conclude,
We may observe what solid good,
In certain cases, may be got,
By having on—a good Big-Coat.

Now, Reader, that thou mayest have grace
To act in thine own proper place
With credit to thyself, and those
Who nightly round thy fireside close,
And that thou mayest not like an ass
Through Peter's miry ordeal pass,
Nor get thy good name soiled nor hurt
By Calumny's besmearing squirt;
And whilst thou travellest life's rough way,
That thou like him mayest never stray,
Surrounded with affliction's gloom,
By adverse storms of fate o'ercome,
Plunging from hardship into hardship,
Is the warm prayer of our Bardship.

Digitized by Google

AN EXPOSTULATORY ADDRESS TO DEATH,

ON THE DEMISE OF A GREAT LAW LORD.

THOU ruthless tyrant, Death! what dost thou mean?
A few weeks since thou snatched awa' our Queen;
And, greedy monster! not content wi' that,
Thou neist took Lucky Fleeming's auld blin' cat.
Weel, twa sic bouks, on whilk to gorge and feast,
Might weel hae sair'd thee for three months at least;
But na; thou's just again at thy auld wark,
And, ah! thou's ever sure to hit thy mark;
For upright Ellenborough's gane, alas!
And that poor doited brute, Neil Daily's ass!
Nae mair the *ane* upon the Bench will tell
That "truth's a cursed libel," "false as hell;"
Nae mair the *ither* through the streets shall trudge,
An innocent, insulted, patient drudge,
For thou hast ca'd them frae this life o' care,
This, to his rest—*that*, to the L—d knows where.

Stop, glutton! slacken now thy spulzieing trade;
For since thy faithfu' ally, War, is dead,
Thou's grown sae keen, that fient haet now thou passes,
Not even Queens, nor Judges, cats, nor asses.
On what great man will thou neist lay thy paw,
To glut thy ever-craving horrid maw?—
Some gouty Prince, it's like, and then, of course,
Thou'lt doubtless seize Pat Figgan's auld lame horse;
For now thou seems to hae made this a law,
That like to like, even in the grave, should draw.
Weel, tak' the poor auld brute, thou's welcome till him,
Else Pat himsel' will soon be forced to kill him:
A useless creature, no worth half his meat,
For, like a certain Prince, his hardest wark's to eat.

O, that our order-loving Parliament,
Sae pure! sae virtuous! sae omnipotent!

Digitized by Google

Wad pass an act to get three shipped awa'
To that detested place—America;
That cursed spot—cursed wi' the want o' Kings,
Queens, Princes, Dukes, Lords, Bishops, and sic things!
There thou might'st gorge and revel till thou'dst burst,
Upon a low-born race, wi' want o' taxes curst.
Or wad Lord Sidmouth clap thee up in prison,
Condemn, hang, and behead thee for high-treason,*
He'd get the Boroughmongers' thanks at least,
For ridding them o' sic a fearfu' pest;
For, truly, in this country ne'er was seen
Sae rank a leveller—sic a Jacobin;
Even Spence's levelling system, and Tam Paine's,
Compared wi' thine, are only toys for weans;
For when it enters thy capricious head,
Thou never sticks to level wi' the dead,
Without the least compunction, or remorse,

---

*The facts of the case are these:—Three men were tried and found guilty of passing forged notes upon the Bank of England, knowing them to be forged. They were condemned accordingly, and ordered for execution on the following Monday. In the interim, however, some facts transpired affecting the character of the Bank witnesses, upon whose testimony the men were condemned; a warm interest was therefore awakened in the public mind in behalf of the poor unhappy individuals under sentence of death. Accordingly, numerous petitions, most respectably signed, from the different wards of the City of London, were forwarded to the office of the Home Secretary (Lord Sidmouth), and addressed to the Prince-Regent, praying His Royal Highness to grant a respite for a few days, till a proper inquiry should be made into the character of the witnesses. His Lordship, however, not being disposed to lay the petition before his Royal Master, very coolly returned for answer, "That as forgeries had been very frequent of late, he was determined to let the law take its course."—The law took its course—the men were executed—they were murdered. For it turned out afterwards that they were innocent. But the villains, upon whose testimony they were found guilty, were out of the country, and safe. What a fine piece of work here! Three men are condemned upon false evidence—an appeal is made to the Royal mercy in their behalf—an official steps in, shuts up the fountain of mercy, and, by his own *ipse dixit*, declares that the law must take its course. If this is not treason, what is it? Shall a servant so far interfere with the Royal prerogative of mercy—the brightest jewel of the Crown—as to say who shall, and who shall not, be objects of clemency? But this affair has not been altogether without its use. Juries, since that time, have been more cautious in receiving evidence, and the *Old Lady* has had to content herself with fewer victims than she did heretofore.—Author's Note.

Digitized by Google

A Queen, cat, Justice, jack-ass, Prince, or horse:
It has been proven, too, thou levelling dog,
Thou mak'st nae difference 'twixt a Bishop and a hog.

But should the Parliament not interfere,
And thou be still allowed to linger here;
Should Sidmouth and his keen-e'ed beagles fail,
Wi' a' their arts, to catch thee by the tail;
Should gags and circulars, without effect,
Thy tod-like depredations leave uncheckt,
And thou still prowl about as heretofore,
Like Satan, seeking whom thou may'st devour—
Then, hear my earnest prayer, O gruesome Death!
Tak' thou awa' as muckle vulgar breath
As suits thy purpose; but, O spare, I pray.
Spare pious Sidmouth, and meek Castlereagh!
Spare Geordie Canning, too, that courtly fool,
Wha turns our sufferings into ridicule!
O, think on their past services! and spare
Their useful lives that they may serve thee mair.
Remember, how thy wark they carried on,
To get an auld fat Hog placed on a throne;
Remember, too, how muckle, muckle mair
They did, to get that Hog reseated there.

Spare their coadjutors—their worthy spies,
And for thy profit they'll new plans devise,
Whereby a set o' needy starving wretches
Will be consigned to thy unfeeling clutches.
O spare thy favoured son—the muckle Duke!
Wha for thy sake the office undertook,
Of being in thy kitchen second cook,
And aft for thee made ready sic a feast,
As even a devil wad been proud to taste,
For ilka dish made red the verdant grass,
Blood was thy soup, and brimstone was thy sauce;
Nae doubt thou's grieved, that now he sometimes fingers
The panting bosoms o' sweet opera singers,
And that his mighty Dukeship condescends
To sort their ither little odds and ends;
For siccan wark as that nae joy can gie

Digitized by Google

To a gaunt fleshless skeleton like thee;
Yet thou must just allow him, gude sir Death,
To rest himsel' a wee, and tak' his breath,
And he'll begin again as keen and fell
To his auld wark, as thou wad'st do thysel'.

Thy worthy servants, spare—the Bank Directors,
And likewise their infallible inspectors—
That hetacombs o' victims yet may be
On their *high altar* offered up to thee.
Remember what a *swinging* sacrifice
They lately offered thee, (amidst the cries
And groans of an indignant rabble rude,
Wha grudge thee even thy most common food),
When Sidmouth, in his holy vestments drest,
Officiated as thy great High Priest.

O spare a' these! if it be thy good will,
That to the brim their measures they may fill,
And mak' themsel's mair worthy thee, their head,
By still supplying thee wi' heaps o' dead.
And when they've a' performed their several parts,
Deprive them not, then, o' their high deserts;
But let strict Justice their good deeds reward
With a conspicuous post, a night-cap, and a cord.

THE WAILINGS OF CORRUPTION.

Occasioned by the recent Defeat and Detection of her Spies and Informers, with a prediction of her Downfall.

WRITTEN IN 1817.

WHAT howlings are these from that huge lofty dwelling,
As if some fell sorc'ress were struggling with death?
'Tis beldam Corruption lies cursing and yelling,
And tainting the air with her putrified breath.

She curses the fate of her Spies and Informers,
She wails o'er their efforts so fruitlessly made,
When they prowled thro' the land for the blood of Reformers,
Seduced the unwary—then basely betrayed.

Digitized by Google

To slake her dire thirst she on blood fondly reckoned,
When forth she commissioned them warm in the cause
But now from her dream of delusion awakened,
She howls as if hell had rent open its jaws.

For, lo! 'midst their zeal for their worthy employers,
(Who know how to estimate talents aright),
While grasping at victory, these fiend-like destroyers
Have fairly been baffled and dragged forth to light.

When crushed 'neath a burden of galling taxation,
Brought on by a profligate blood-thirsty set,
The peaceable suff'rers, throughout the whole nation,
To pray for redress, in their villages met;

'Twas then that Corruption, half frantic with terror,
Bethought her of aid from her blood-hunting Spies,
And straightway prepared, to excite dread and horror,
A pair of green bags—crammed with horrible lies!

She called on her Reynolds, so famous for murder,
Her Oliver, Castles, and Richmond most dear,
And, dubbing them knights of the Spies' noble order,
Bestowed the insignia they henceforth should wear.

(The insignia consists of a cross-beamed gibbet,
From which a hemp ribbon hangs gracefully down,
With a noose at the end, whence they yet may exhibit
Their chivalrous feats to amuse a whole town).

Then to prove how they'd shine in their several high stations,
Their talents she scanned with a scrutinous eye,
And found each possessed of the qualifications
Essential in forming a full finished Spy.

The heart of a tiger—the eye of an eagle—
The ears of a watch-dog—a bawd's brazen face—
The tongue of a syren—the snout of a beagle,
Keen-scented, for tracing their game in the chase.

Digitized by Google

"Go forward, my champion, be zealous and prosper,"
Said the old bloated hag, with a self-soothing grin,
"Note down every word—catch at every close whisper,
And learn what these mad innovators would mean.

"If they wish for redress in a peaceable manner,
If timely reform be the whole of their aim;
Then unfurl to their fancy rebellion's black banner,
And with revolution their bosoms inflame.

"Let equalization be still your chief subject,
And converts to Spence's wild principles make;
Nor stick at base lies to attain our grand object,
For who would not lie when his all is at stake?

"And when for revolt you have ripened the wretches,
And made every heart with keen ardour to beat;
O, then! if there's virtue or power in these clutches,
I'll make them repent of their furious heat.

"Go forward, my sons, take my blessing and prosper,
Your zeal shall insure you a long life of ease;
Note down every word, seize on every close whisper,
And go every length in seduction you please."

They bowed—they departed—and forth went a prowling
For victims, to glut the insatiate maws
Of her and her offspring, whose terrible growling
Breathed death to the wretch who fell under their paws.

Hence nothing was heard of but plots and sedition,
High-treason, rebellion, and blasphemy wild;
Because that the people had dared to petition
In plain honest language, firm, manly, and mild.

The laws were suspended—the prisons were glutted—
Indictments preferred—and juries inclosed;
But mark!—by her own wicked efforts outwitted,
Corruption at once is defeated—exposed.

Digitized by Google

Her suborning of wretches she fed and supported,
To make them state *facts*, as she wished them to do;
And every vile shift unto which she resorted,
All, all! is ripped up and laid open to view.

And now it turns out that her creatures had hatched
Each damnable plot, to attain her own ends;
Hence, quick from her clutches her victims are snatched,
And safely restored to their freedom and friends.

'Tis that makes her howl like a hag at departing,
'Tis that makes her offspring re-echo her cries;
She foresees that her doom, though delayed, is most certain,
She knows she must fall never more to arise.

Although for a time she may seem to recover,
Although a faint glimmering may gleam on her still,
'Twill be as the dream of a heart-broken lover,
Who only awakens more keenly to feel.

For when lulled to repose 'midst her numberless engines
Of fraud and oppression, of terror and power,
The morn of her doom shall awake her with vengeance,
And plague, chasing plague, shall assail her that hour.

And as she insulted, afflicted, tormented,
The good and the upright who hated her ways,
So much shall her portion of woe be augmented,
When Justice in terrible splendour shall blaze.

Her chief—her most guilty partakers in plunder,
Who in her own lap have been pampered and fed,
They, too, shall partake of her fate, when the thunder
Of just retribution shall break on her head.

But how are these judgments at last to assail her?
And what shall occasion her terrible fall?
In the hour of her need, her resources will fail her,
Then down she must tumble, bereft of her all.

Digitized by Google

And over her head has a load been suspended,
More huge and enormous than Atlas e'er bore,
Which will fall with a crash, as she wallows extended
In misery's gulph—to engulph her the more.

While thus she lies sunk in the depths of affliction,
The kings of the earth shall with terror shrink back,
When they see her devoted to lasting destruction,
An awful example of infamy black.

As fares an old strumpet, grown hoary in whoredom,
When every enticement her dupes cannot keep,
Who each stands aloof since the beauties that lured him,
Have faded, and only left wrinkles more deep:

So fare shall Corruption, when all those forsake her,
Who sue for her favours, by which they may live;
For who, when her sorrows so thick overtake her,
Will choose to remain when she has not to give?

A few fleeting years—and unfriended, neglected,
Bereft of her lovers—her riches all gone,
She'll lie a vile outcast, forlorn and dejected,
And brood o'er the days that for ever are flown.

And none will be found then to comfort or soothe her,
Not even her own creatures she fostered so well;
But each passer-by shall detest her and loathe her,
Till down, down! she sink to her own native hell.

Now ye who around her have wantonly revelled,
And basked in the beams of her prosperous day,
When you see your sole prop to perdition thus levelled,
Ah! how your proud hearts will be struck with dismay.

Unpitied—detested—and loathing existence,
You'll hide your base heads in some dark lonely nook,
Or, roaming like beggars, implore a subsistence
From those on whom once you would scarce deign a look.

Digitized by Google

But ye who have felt her dire lash of displeasure,
All ye who for suffering humanity sigh,
When ye see her receiving, of wrath, her full measure,
Rejoice, for your long-wished-for day draweth nigh.

Though now your best motives are misrepresented,
Though now your best actions are held up as wrong,
Yet still persevere in your efforts undaunted,
And ample success shall reward you ere long.

For Truth must prevail over Falsehood and Error,
In spite of the Devil, Corruption, and Spies,
Who down to their dens shall be driven in terror,
While man to his scale in creation will rise.

STANZAS WRITTEN ON A WOMAN-HATER.*

He who hateth lovely woman,
And forswears her dear embrace,
Can lay claim to nothing human,
Save, perhaps, an idiot's face.

Thick his skull as blocks for wigs,
Cold his heart as coldest metal,
Who'd prefer the grunt of pigs
To the smiling infant's prattle.

With the pigs, then, let him herd,
Ne'er may smile of woman bless him;
And if e'er he be interred
None but pigs will ever miss him.

---

* A person whom the author heard declare before a company that he would rather see a sow with a litter of pigs, than see a mother suckling her infant at her breast.

Digitized by Google

A PARAPHRASE FOR THE ASSEMBLY'S FAST.

BY ALISANDER THE SEER.

"A FAST, a Fast! proclaim a Fast,
And Naboth set on high;
Hire spies to swear his life away,
And stone him till he die."
Thus wrote Queen Jezebel, of old,
Unto a venal crew,
Who promptly her behests obeyed,
And righteous Naboth slew.

"A Fast, a Fast! proclaim a Fast,"
Old Mother-Church now cries,
(For all our doings must be cloth'd
In meek Religion's guise),
That we in others' *pots* may dip
Our *sacerdotal prongs*,
And feast and fatten on the *flesh*,
Which not to us belongs."

But, saith the JUST ONE,—"Lo! ye fast
For *strife* and for *debate*,
To smite with fist of wickedness,
And stir up party hate.
Ye shall not fast as on *this day*,
To make your voice be heard:
'Gainst all such solemn mockeries
Are heaven's pure portals barr'd.

"Are formal prayers, and turned-up eyes,
And bendings of the knee,
Such services as ye would deem
Acceptable to Me?
Is this the fast that I would choose,
That ye afflict your souls?
Do I require my worshippers
To tread on burning coals?

Digitized by Google

"To bow the head like bulrush down—
In sackcloth to be clad—
To mourn in ashes, all demure,
When not a heart is sad
Is rank hypocrisy and guile,
And what I will not bear;
For none but they of contrite heart
Can shed the contrite tear.

"But here's the Fast that I would choose,
If thou would'st honour Me:—
That thou undo the heavy loads,
And set the fetter'd free;
That to the hungry thou should'st deal
With lib'ral hand thy bread;
And from the wintry winds protect
The houseless wanderer's head:

"That on the poor and destitute
Warm clothing thou bestow;
Nor from thy brother hide thy face,
But soothe him 'midst his woe.
OBSERVE THIS FAST—then shall thy light
Break forth as doth the morn,
And rays of glory from above
Henceforth thy brows adorn."

MIND THE BUTTER.

During Dr. Chalmers' late visit to the good town of Greenock, we are assured that he, in the course of an after-dinner speech, spoke nearly as follows:—

"My brethren and beloved friends, I have been often asked, in the course of these agitations, *how much* I thought would suffice, if we were to get what we wanted in the shape of Endowments? I always replied that that was a difficult question to answer. But I happened, a few days ago, to be looking through an old book on cookery, and I saw a recipe for some dish or other, I forget the name of it just now—(Laughter)—but the recipe, I think, was a capital answer to the question, how much would suffice for Endowments. After enumerating several items necessary for the preparation of the dish, the recipe added, *any quantity of Butter*, and the cook was very particular about the Butter, for, (quoth the Doctor), at the end of the recipe there was

Digitized by Google

this injunction—mind the Butter—be sure to mind the Butter. Now, my friends, (added the Doctor at the close of this climax), in regard to Endowments, I would just tell you, as the cook did, do not be particular about the *quantity*—but just mind the Butter—be sure and mind the Butter."—*Scotch Reformers' Gazette*, 22nd December, 1838.

HAIL! chosen Champion o' the kirk,
Endowment-hunting doughty Chalmers,
On wi' thy great Extension work,
Nor heed the vile Dissenters' clamours;
While King, Heugh, Marshall (precious three),
Their Voluntary speeches sputter,
Let this thy motto henceforth be—
"Oh, mind the butter, mind the butter."

Auld grunting, gouty Granny Kirk
Comes hobbling on her twa State crutches,*
Determined by ilk wily quirk
To grab a' wi' her haly clutches;
Her bloated bouk and brandy een—
Her staggering step and stammering stutter,
Have made the Carlin still mair keen
To "mind the butter, mind the butter."

Then quick and cook her up a feast
Of vile unhowkit heathens' livers—
The heart's blood of a Popish Priest:
A Deist's cranium cracked to shivers;
Frae puffed-up Prelate's pampered painch,
A whang o' morbid matter cut her—
A sturdy Independent's hainch?
But, oh, be sure to "mind the butter."

For Granny Kirk's not half content
Wi' a' the guid things she has gotten,
But, still on fresh Endowments bent,
Has grown a downright greedy glutton.
Her CORBIES through the land she sends,
Their ever-craving screams to utter;
And, as each greedy throat extends,
Their craik is still—"Oh, mind the butter."

* Patronage and Endowments.

Digitized by Google

But, oh, the days when she was young!
And free from blemish, blotch, and swelling;
Her muirland plaid around her flung—
The breezy hill-side was her dwelling;
Plain hame-spun plaiden was her wear,
Nae silks about her then did flutter;
Her drink, the mountain streamlet clear,
And aft she lack'd baith bread and butter.

Chased like a roe frae hill to dale,
Debarred from village, town, and city;
Her bleeding feet and visage pale,
Ne'er moved her wicked hunter's pity:
To every murderous wretch a prey,
Who chose to mangle, maim, and cut her,
Heaven was her only hope and stay,
In whom to trust for bread or butter.

But mark the change on Madam now!
While silk and velvet robes bedeck her,
Wi' greedy een and brazen brow
She glowers into the State Exchequer;
Though bread be given, and water sure,
Yet these do not exactly fit her,
Some richer thing she maun procure,
And hence her howl, "Oh, mind the butter."

The "Poor Man's Kirk" is all her cry,
Yet wi' the rich she fondly dallies;
Yea—poortith's cot she passes by,
To banquet in the lordly Palace,
Wi' Dukes and Lords she feasts and rants,
Drinks smutty toasts—kicks up a splutter;
Then wails about her waefu' wants,
And whining cries—"Oh, mind the butter."

Her "Kingdom is not of this warl',"
At least, if we may trust her story:
But oh! she's fond to get a haurl
O' warldly wealth, and pomp, and glory.

Digitized by Google

Her bloody sister up the gate—
Wha lang did tramp her in the gutter—
She fawns, now, on her ear' and late,
And cries—"Oh, help me to the butter!"

But hail! redoubted Chalmers, hail!
On in thy glorious course careering,
Though Voluntaries rave and rail,
Treat with contempt their jibes and jeering;
In pleading greedy Granny's cause,
Ne'er stick a rousing whid to utter,
Till cheering echoes rend the wa's,
Wi' "Mind the butter, mind the butter."

LINES

WRITTEN IN A CERTAIN BRIDEWELL, BY A STATE PRISONER, IN THE MONTH OF APRIL, 1820.

PENT up within this horrid cell,
How heaves my breast with anger's swell!
To think what I must suffer here,
Cut off from friends and freedom dear;
Reft of the truest joys of life,
The joys o' hame—my bairns, my wife;
Whilst they sit round a cheerless fire,
And wistfully at her enquire
What makes their father stay sae lang,

And if there's ony thing gane wrang?
And while they watch her looks, and see
The big tear gathering in her e'e,
The sad contagion spreads around,
Till not a tearless cheek is found—
Till not a breast but heaves and throbs,
Labouring with bitter sighs and sobs.

Such scenes—and there are many such,
The hardest human heart would touch—

Digitized by Google

Would make the Cherokee draw back
His scalping knife and tomahawk,
Nor torture mair his vanquished foe,
But loose and let his prisoner go,
Armed with his hatchet, club and bow;
Would make the cannibal, that's bent
On eating human flesh, relent,
And throw aside his bloody knife,
And spare his wretched victim's life.
But, ah! such scenes can never thaw
The icy hearts of men of law,
For there meek-eyed *humanity* is dead,
And fell *Hyena-ty* reigns in its stead.

But what's the reason I'm confined?
Nae reason, troth, can be assigned,
Unless it be, I chance to differ
Frae them wha will that I should suffer,
And that my views o' politics
Accord not wi' some statesmen's tricks;
Whilst they, good sauls, wha keep me here,
Are blest wi' een sae very clear,
That they can see that a' is right
That's done by them wha hae the might.

And so they weel may see, in short,
For some o' them are weel paid for't,
Five hunder pounds or sax a-year,
Should mak' a man see gey-an-clear,
And view things in anither light
For ony poor hard-working wight,
Wha doesna get a brown bawbee,
And therefore hasna een to see.

Yet though a poor man wants the sight,
To see things in their proper light,
Though wi' a squinting vision, he
Must every thing obliquely see—
Must view oppression and taxation
As real evils to a nation—

Digitized by Google

Must think state paupers and their brats
A vermin o' destructive rats,
Devouring up the public good,
And robbing man o' half his food :—
Though thus, the poor man views the matter,
(What pity he can see nae better),
Is that enough for those in power,
To gang at an untimely hour
And bind and drag him aff to prison,
Under the horrid charge o' treason ?
As I was used—nor only I,
But scores o' mole-blind fools forby,
Wha couldna see, they were sae poor,
The beauties o' the scarlet w——e ;
Wha never bowed the knee in homage
Unto the beast, nor yet his image—
Wha never did his mark receive,
Nor did his lying tales believe—
Wha never chimed in wi' the custom
O' praising up a rotten system,
Wi' paper pictures a' patched round,
To hide its parts that are unsound—
Wha never could perceive the use
O' starving men to feed a goose—
Wha never could admit the fack,
That black was white, or white was black,
But raised their voices loud and strang,
Against what they conceived was wrang.

And therefore were they seized by dizzens,
And dragged to Bridewells and to prisons,
And there shut up in cauld damp cells,
Where not a single comfort dwells,
But where the beds on which they lie,
Are scarcely fit for horse or kye,
Where creeping and where jumping cattle
Move thick as armies gaun to battle,
And where coarse meat in dirty cogs—
Meat fit for feeding ducks and hogs—
Is served up by some thief-like sinner,

Digitized by Google

Wi' hands wad mak' the deevil scunner,
And spew his fire and brimstone dinner.
But as for those wha sent us hither,

* * * * * *
* * * * *

THE DAIRO'S ANTHEM.

A modern effusion of modern Japanese loyalty, as sung by all the loyal subjects of Japan on the day in which their beloved Regent, the great Prince of Whales and Leviathans, was crowned and consecrated Dairo of the three Islands of Japan, by the High Bonze of Canterburara. Translated from the Japanese, and adapted to an air once very popular in England.

PART I.

FAME, let thy trumpet sound,
Tell all the worlds around,
Great Dzheordzhe * is king;
Tell Rome, and France, and Spain,
Tell Russia's vast domain,
Tell German, Swede, and Dane,
Great Dzheordzhe is king.

Sound it at Johnny Groat's—
Tell the grim Hottentots,
Great Dzheordzhe is king;
Publish it far and near,
Let Pole and Tartar hear,
Howl through Siberia drear,
Great Dzheordzhe is king.

Tell Turkey's turban'd sons,
Moors, Dutchmen, Greeks, and Huns,
Great Dzheordzhe is king;

---

* In the Japanese tongue, the *dzh*, when combined, produce a sound nearly similar to the English *g* soft; but it would be using too much freedom with Royalty to make any such alteration in the translation. —Author's Note.

Digitized by Google

From Mount Blanc's cap of snow
Shrilly thy trumpet blow,
Warning the vales below,
Great Dzheordzhe is king.

Tell the red Chippewas,
Tell the squat Esquimaux,
Great Dzheordzhe is king;
Through icy Greenland blow,
Let frozen Lapland know,
Through her wide wastes of snow,
Great Dzheordzhe is king.

ound where the Atlantic roars,
Round Afric's *sable* shores,
Great Dzheordzhe is king;
Let the glad echoes then,
Bound o'er the distant main,
Till Cape Horn ring again,
Great Dzheordzhe is king.

Tell the United States'
King-hating reprobates,
Great Dzheordzhe is king;
Through those rebellious lands,
Once, beloved Ferdinand's,
Blow, while thy trumpet stands,
Great Dzheordzhe is king.

Say to the dark Hindoo,
Tell the brown Arab, too,
Great Dzheordzhe is king;
Through all Japan proclaim
His super-glorious name,
Till China shout, O fame!
Great Dzheordzhe is king.

Make all New Holland yell,
Through wood, rock, swamp and dell,
Great Dzheordzhe is king;

Digitized by Google

Sound it from Borneo,
Round Patagonia,
Tell California
Great Dzheordzhe is king.

Raise, raise thy notes more high,
Peal through the crystal sky,
Great Dzheordzhe is king;
From the bright blazing sun,
Wide let the tidings run,
Till Georgium Sidus own
Great Dzheordzhe is king.

Tell every twinkling star,
Glimmering through space afar,
Great Dzheordzhe is king;
Up through the milky way,
Loud let thy trumpet bray,
Warning the isles of day
Great Dzheordzhe is king.

Down the Tartarian steep,
Growl through each cavern deep,
Great Dzheordzhe is king.
Howl out thy harshest tone,
Till night on sable throne,
Startled, with terror groan,
Great Dzheordzhe is king.

Louder still be thy blast,
Blow through creation vast,
Great Dzheordzhe is king;
One more tremendous peal,
Till Nature's limits reel,
And farthest Chaos feel
Great Dzheordzhe is king.

Part II.

Dzheordzhe reigns—let us submit
To all that he thinks fit,
Great Dzheordzhe is king;

Digitized by Google

To the yoke yield your necks,
To the load bend your backs,
Cheerfully pay each tax—
Great Dzheordzhe is king.

Who, upon earth or sea,
Dare in the balance weigh
Great Dzheordzhe, the king?
Who makes the sacred throne
Break when he sits thereon,
He, weighing sixty stone,
Great Dzheordzhe, the king.

Who can with Bacchus vie
At draining hogsheads dry?
Great Dzheordzhe, the king.
Who, when he's fraught with wine,
Nightly at Venus' shrine
Kneeleth by "Right Divine?"
Great Dzheordzhe, the king.

Who by his potent word
Can create duke or lord?
Great Dzheordzhe, the king.
Who rules the light of day,
Making each solar ray
Tribute to Cæsar pay?
Great Dzheordzhe, the king.

Who by the pomp of war
Can death's fell gates unbar?
Great Dzheordzhe, the king.
Who can death's portals close,
By making peace with foes,
And ending warfare's woes?
Great Dzheordzhe, the king.

Who can do nothing wrong?
Who human life prolong?
Great Dzheordzhe, the king.

Digitized by Google

Who, by his Royal will,
Can, with a grey goose quill,
Graciously save—or kill?
Great Dzheordzhe, the king.

Who is the Church's Head,
Mighty, and high, and dread?
Great Dzheordzhe, the king.
Who makes the nations pay
Tythes—that a tythe may pray
After one certain way?
Great Dzheordzhe, the king.

THE MUCKING O' GEORDIE'S BYRE.

Written in 1819.

THERE lives an auld farmer ca'd Geordie,
A wee bittock south o' the Tweed,
O' three bits o' farms he's ca'd lordie,
Three snug little mailin's indeed:
It's now about three score o' winters
Since he did the mailin's acquire,
Weel stockit wi' routers an' grunters,
A stackyard, a barn, an' a byre.

A farm, too, he had ower the water,
At least, he aye thocht it his ain,
But he lost it, poor gowk (deil mak' matter),
An' how—I will try to explain:
He milket the cattle sae sairly,
That, troth, they began soon to tire,
At last they turned tail on him fairly,
An' gat for themsel's a new Byre.

But though he thus lost a guid mailin',
The loss o't ne'er made him mair wise,
For he was possessed o' this failin',
He'd ne'er tak' a wholesome advice.

Digitized by Google

He keepit a pack, too, about him,
Wha aft to such heights wad aspire,
As to do what they liket without him,
An' mak' their ain use of the Byre.

An' aye the maist pairt o' their labours
Was lickin' the cream o' ilk farm,
An' makin' him quarrel wi' his neighbours,
Whilk bred the poor cattle great harm;
For in droves they were ca'd aff an' slaughtered,
To keep up the strife an' the ire,
The rest were half fed an' half watered,
An' ne'er gat a clean muckit Byre.

At last the poor body grew silly,
Or rather, gaed wrang in the head,
So they made his auld son—a queer billie—
Half factor, half laird in his stead;
But he grew sae drucken an' crazy,
He dozed for hale days by the fire,
Or boozed wi' some fat-hippit hizzy,
An' ne'er wair'd a thocht on the Byre.

He keepit the pack, too, about him,
That gulled his auld father before,
So up in a closet they shut him,
An' ane Mouthy guarded the door;
An' nane o' his herd could get near him,
To breathe a complaint—or desire,
For Mouthy took care aye to scare them,
For fear they wad hint at the Byre.

By something that's ca'd "social order,"
The grunters were ringed in the snout,
An' squeezed was ilk rowter's toom udder,
Till ilk drap o' milk was wrung out;
An' sair were they scrimpit o' fodder,
To let Geordie's pack get their hire,
Wha loot his affairs a' gang thro'ther,
By keeping sae dirty a Byre.

Digitized by Google

The pleugh it stood still in the furrow,
The beasts were unable to draw,
An' covered wi' rust was the harrow,
The flail it lay broken in twa;
The hedges wi' weeds were up-chokit,
The cart-wheels were laired in the mire,
An' waur than a' that, ne'er was muckit
The cattle's last refuge—the Byre.

The brutes that sae lang had been patient,
Began then to rowt an' to roar,
For now they could see what occasioned
Their being sae lean an' sae poor.
But mark the upshot o' their rowting!
The butchers, wi' gullies sae dire,
Fell on them wi' slashing an' cutting,
To mak' them content wi' their Byre.

But now they're far louder than ever,
They bellow wi' might an' wi' main,
An' threaten to gore an' to skiver
The first that daur fash them again:
In droves, too, they gather thegither,
An' closely united conspire,
To break baith the stake an' the tether,
Before that they want a clean Byre.

They see how they used to be bilket,
When loosely they ran o'er the bent,
But now they declare they'll be milket
Nae langer, without their consent.
An' though they respect Factor Geordie,
An' likewise his auld doited Sire,
They vow they'll tak' measures ere New'rday,
For mucking ilk sta' in the Byre.

Digitized by Google

SAWNEY, NOW, THE KING'S COME.*

AIR—"*Carle an' the King come.*"

Written in 1822.

SAWNEY, now, the king's come,
Sawney, now, the king's come,
Kneel, and kiss his gracious ——,
Sawney, now, the king's come.

In Holyroodhouse lodge him snug,
And butter weel his sacred lug,
Wi' stuff wad gar a Frenchman *ugg*,
Sawney, now, the king's come.
Sawney, etc.

Tell him he is great and good,
And come o' Scottish royal blood—
To your hunkers—lick his fud—
Sawney, now, the king's come.
Sawney, etc.

Tell him he can do nae wrang,
That he's mighty, heigh, and strang,
That you and yours to him belang,
Sawney, now, the king's come.
Sawney, etc.

---

* When, in 1822, George IV. visited Scotland, Sir Walter Scott was largely in evidence, and produced for the occasion, as everybody knows, his celebrated poem—"Carle, now the King's Come," Rodger sounded quite another note—not less spirited; and almost simultaneously with the appearance of Sir Walter's well-known poem, and, in point of fact, just as His Majesty was enriching his Scottish subjects with the first glint of his royal person, the *London Examiner* made its appearance in Edinburgh containing the above satirical lyric, "Sawney, now the King's Come," which caused scarcely less sensation. It certainly greatly annoyed the sensitive loyalty of the author of "Waverley," and speculation ran wild as to the identity of the author, until, by and by, Rodger chose to reveal himself.

Digitized by Google

Swear he's sober, chaste, and wise,
Praise his portly shape and size,
Roose his *whiskers* to the skies,
Sawney, now, the king's come.
Sawney, etc.

Mak' your *lick-fud* bailie core
Fa' down behint him—not before,
His great posteriors to adore,
Sawney, now, the king's come.
Sawney, etc.

Mak' your tribe in good *black claith*,
Extol, till they rin short o' breath,
The great "DEFENDER O' THE FAITH,"
Sawney, now, the king's come.
Sawney, etc.

Mak' your Peers o' high degree,
Crouching low on bended knee,
Greet him wi' a "Wha wants me?"
Sawney, now, the king's come.
Sawney, etc.

Mak' his glorious kinship dine
On good sheep-heads and haggis fine,
Hotchpotch, too, Scotch collops syne,
Sawney, now, the king's come.
Sawney, etc.

And if there's in St. James' Square
Ony *thing* that's fat and fair,
Treat him nightly wi' sic ware,
Sawney, now, the king's come.
Sawney, etc.

Shaw him a' your *biggings* braw,
Your castle, college, brigs, an' a',

Digitized by Google

Your jail, an' royal *forty-twa*,*
Sawney, now, the king's come.
Sawney, etc.

An' when he rides Auld Reekie through,
To bless you wi' a kingly view,
Charm him wi' your "Gardyloo," †
Sawney, now, the king's come.
Sawney, etc.

A MOST LOYAL ODE.

In celebration of Ten Thousand Pounds' worth (per annum) of Royal Filial Love.‡ Dedicated (without permission) to His Royal Highness Frederick Duke of York, Bishop of Osnaburg, etc., etc.

WRITTEN IN 1820.

AWAKE, my Muse! awake again,
The theme demands a loftier strain
Than e'er thou tried'st before;
Come, plume thy wings, thy pipe make clear,
And mount aloft, devoid of fear;
There sing, that all the world may hear,
May wonder and adore!

---

* A famous Temple of Cloacina, containing forty-two altars for the numerous worshippers who attended daily in the Temple.—Author's Note.

† See Winiford Jenkins' letters in the Tale of Humphrey Clinker, where the term is fully explained.—Author's Note.

‡ After the death of the late Queen Charlotte, (of blessed memory), who had been appointed by Parliament nurse to her sick husband, with a salary of only £10,000 per annum, another nurse had to be appointed, and who so fit for the arduous task as the Right Reverend Father in God, His Grace the Bishop of Osnaburg, His Royal Highness Duke of York, Commander in Chief, etc.? His Right Reverend, Royal-High-Bishop-Duke-ship accepted the office of wet and dry nurse to his Royal Father, for the same paltry sum which his Royal Mother had received; but great must have been his piety and filial love, when, for so paltry a sum, he was obliged to attend his father's sick bed so often as once-a-month. Verily, we poor folks have no conception of the ways of Royalty.—Author's Note.

Digitized by Google

'Tis Royal Frederick claims thy song;
Then let thy notes be loud, and long,
And sweet, and full, and clear;
But, O! where wilt thou matter find
To sing his Royal heart so kind—
His filial feelings so refined—
His ardour so sincere?

O, for a touch of Pindar's pen!
With just one-half of Pindar's brain
Within this skull of mine;
How would I sing of Royal Dukes,
Of Royal mitres, Royal crooks—
Of Royal scullions, Royal cooks—
Of Royal whiskers and perukes—
Of Royal sprees divine!

How vain the wish!—then be content
To employ the one small talent lent
By Heaven's exhaustless bank,
In singing Royal Frederick's deeds—
Frederick! whose heart all hearts exceeds,
As far as diamonds do glass beads,
Or oak a soft fir plank.

He condescends (O matchless love!
Or only matched by those who move
In tight-laced dandy-stays),
For poor ten thousand pounds per annum!
To take his father's keeping on him,
To go and witness justice done him
Just once—in thirty days!

Sure Royalty's no common thing,
When such a son, of such a king,
Can stoop so very low,
As fob the cash, throw sword aside,
Take coach, and off to Windsor ride,
And there an hour or two preside,
To see how matters go!

Digitized by Google

And there the Royal soup to taste—
The Royal pudding, beef, and paste—
The liquors hot and cool—
To air each change of Royal clothes—
Of Royal drugs to mix each dose—
And wipe the Royal mouth and nose
Like snivelin' child's at school.

Such filial tenderness as this,
The young stork of the wilderness
Has never yet displayed;
For though upon his wings he bears
His aged parent, worn with years,
Yet what of that?—it not appears
That for his care he's paid.

But why compare a stupid stork
To Royal Frederick, Duke of York?
The thing is most absurd;
The one's a warrior brave, confessed,
As Dunkirk Course can well attest,
Where he at running proved the best—
The other's but a bird!

Great Frederick! no offence, I hope—
Thou art thy father's only prop
In life's declining day;
For thou!—thou only dost possess
That pure disinterestedness
Which prompts thee to relieve distress,
Provided thou get—pay!

O, Johnny Bull! thou'rt blest indeed,
In having such a Royal breed
To nourish and support;
No wonder thou art great and free—
No wonder neighbours envy thee—
When they such bright examples see
Of virtue, grace thy Court.

Digitized by Google

And yet thou'lt growl, thou bumpkin big!
And grunt like any half-starved pig;
Yea, like a galled jade, wince;
Great clodpole! devil strike thee dumb,
To growl about so small a sum,
Which, not to take, would ill become
"The honour of a Prince!"

I grant thou'rt losing flesh and blood;
What then?—the loss will do thee good,
As pruning does a tree;
Ne'er grumble, therefore, to support
The pomp and splendour of thy Court,
But pay for every Royal sport,
And Royal pleasure, for, in short,
That task belongs to thee.

The meagre wretch, who, for his sins,
Is doomed to eat potato skins
And munch on turnip peelings,
May grunt, and growl, and cry he starves,
But he gets just what he deserves;
Then why should he hurt Royal nerves,
Or shock fine Royal feelings?

For Royal feelings have, of late,
Become so very delicate,
Have got so fine an edge,
That nothing, sure, can wound them worse,
Than that the Royal privy purse
Should e'er be opened to disburse
The expenses of a Royal nurse;
For see'st thou, Johnny! that, of course,
Were downright sacrilege.

Come, Southey! what art thou about,
Thou good-for-nothing, lazy lout?
What?—art thou dumb or dead?
Here is a subject for thee now;
Come sing—or else, by Jove! I vow
I'll tear the laurels from thy brow,
And wreathe them round my head.

Digitized by Google

Why ! is it not a pretty thing,
Thou must be paid, yet wilt not sing,
Although the Court's own bard ?
Whilst I, a poor, though loyal wight,
Not only sing but also write,
Yet ne'er receive one single mite ;—
The case is very hard.

Well, thanks to Heaven, 'twill not be long
Until thou have to give a song,
Both long and loud enough,
Not about hot and bloody battles,
But Royal gossips' tittle-tattles,
And Royal babies ! Royal prattles,
With Royal gum-sticks, bells, and rattles,
And such like Royal stuff.*

But why not sing of Royal Fred.
Tending with care his Royal Dad ?
Which Johnny Bull must pay for ;
What is the reason, I would ask,
Thou'lt not perform this grateful task ?
Thou who above all bards dost bask
Beneath the Royal favour ?

No matter ;—thou canst hold thy tongue,
Yet shall not Fred. remain unsung,
While I've a breath to spare ;
And lo ! his Dwarf-ship † shall proclaim,
To gaping millions, Frederick's name,
Who shall reverberate the same
From mouth to mouth, until his fame,
His matchless deeds, and filial flame,
Shall make a world to stare.

---

* Some of the Royal Princesses were getting Royal Husbands at this time, and surely it was noways unreasonable to expect such Royal results as those mentioned here.—Author's Note.

† The *Black Dwarf*, a London periodical, printed and published by T. J. Wooler.

Digitized by Google

MORAL.

Ho! every base-born vulgar wretch,
Who by a parent's bed may watch,
While he is sick or dying;
Here's an example set for you,
Be sure you're paid for what you do;
Yes, paid, and that most amply, too;
If not;—just leave him lying.

CHARLES JAMES FOX.

COMPOSED FOR, AND SUNG AT, THE ANNIVERSARY OF HIS BIRTH, 24TH JANUARY, 1827.

AIR—"*Over the Water to Charlie.*"

YE'VE heard o' "the Pilot that weathered the storm;"
But where is the vessel he saved?
Like a log on the deep lies her auld shattered form,
That for ages the tempest had braved:
The rats are devouring her now scanty stores,
Her timbers are worm-eaten sairly,
Her hands, discontented, desert her by scores,
For lang they've been victualled but sparely.

Her Captain, poor chiel', hardly kens what to do,
To fit her again for tight sailing,
For so heartless and weak are her once sturdy crew,
That their efforts seem quite unavailing:
But O! had her captain been captain langsyne,
She ne'er wad hae suffered sae sairly;
For then, for his steersman, he sure wad hae ta'en
That true "heart of oak"—honest Charlie.

Digitized by Google

He weel ken'd the shallows, the breakers, and rocks,
That *such* vessels founder and split on;
Then sure they were daft, not to tak' Charlie Fox
For pilot, yet mak' Willie Pitt one:
For he, through the tempest, drove recklessly on,
Tho' warned o' the danger by Charlie,
Till rigging and masts overboard were a' blown,
Which crushed her best hands most severely.

Then what can be done to preserve her afloat,
When she scarce can hoist one of her flags, now?
For what are her *jury* masts?—next thing to nought:
Her *sails?*—bits of auld *rotten rags*, now:
And the billows of ruin her hull so o'erwhelm,
That they threaten to swallow her fairly;
Alas! that e'er Willie was placed at the helm,
That should hae been guided by Charlie.

For he was the lad that could hand, reef, and steer;
His compass could box to a hair, too—
Had skill of the weather, be't cloudy or clear,
Could tell when for squalls to prepare, too;
And though he could swig off his can of good flip,
He still did his duty most rarely,
So that each jolly seaman, on board of the ship,
Respected and loved gallant Charlie.

Then here's to the memory of generous Fox,
For nane to our hearts should be dearer;
And may the *auld ship* yet survive her late shocks,
Be repaired, and have tight lads to steer her;
And here's to the Captain that bears the command—
May he keep by his post late and early;
And may the BRITANNIA still henceforth be manned
With brave honest fellows, like Charlie.

Digitized by Google

A LOYAL LAMENTATION.*

O DEAR! what can the matter be?
Dear, dear! what can the matter be?
Mercy upon us! O, what is the matter? we
Can't get a son and an heir!

What will become of legitimate Royalty,
Now that the Commons are tinged with disloyalty?
Shame! O, for shame! not to grant the small moiety—
Only ten thousand pounds bare.

O dear, etc.

Whoever did hear of such monstrous ingratitude?
Men, who are basking in courtly beatitude,
Not to grant means to beget us a pretty brood,
Princely, and portly, and fair.

O dear, etc.

Poor John † hoarsely mutters, "O blast such economy!
Surely the rascals are now making fun o' me,
Would they not willingly grind every bone o' me,
Were they themselves to get share?

O dear, etc.

---

*This "Loyal Lamentation" was occasioned by the following circumstance:—A certain Royal Duke, foreseeing the evils the country might be subjected to for want of an heir to the throne, very generously made an offer to Parliament to take a Royal Consort, and beget a Royal race, provided Parliament would give him a yearly grant of £20,000 of additional income, to enable him to maintain a wife, and beget kings. The Parliament, to their eternal disgrace, rejected the generous offer. His Royal Highness still wishing to render the country an essential service, notwithstanding the rebuff he met with, kindly offered to take the one-half of the sum, and be contented therewith; but mark the ingratitude of the Commons!—they rejected that offer also. So the poor Duke could not take a wife, and the country ran the risk of being brought to utter ruin for want of a king. What a heavy responsibility the Commons incurred by their ungallant and ungenerous conduct!—Author's Note.

†John Bull, of course.

Digitized by Google

"One really would think that these blustering fellows
Had lately been growing most savingly zealous;
But, faith! I believe, when such stories they tell us,
'Tis merely a flourish of air."

O dear, etc.

Bereft of a king—Heavens! what would become of us?
Sorrowful times these would be for poor some of us;
Goodness! we might be devoured every crumb of us,
Wanting his shepherdly care.

O dear, etc.

The sun might refuse then in mercy to shine on us;
Clouds might not choose then in kindness to rain on us;
Vile foreign kings might come over to dine on us,
Liking, as they do, such fare.

O dear, etc.

Our rivers to run to the ocean might cease then;
Our flocks might deny us their milk and their fleece then;
Our now fertile plains might produce no increase then,
And all become sterile and bare.

O dear, etc.

The song of our birds in the woods might be mute then;
No more might we hear either bagpipe or flute then;
A still sullen sadness might seize man and brute then,
And all wear the gloom of despair.

O dear, etc.

Pale poverty's weeds might in wretchedness deck us then;
Cramps, rheumatisms, and cholics might rack us then,
Every malignant disease might attack us then,
Leading on death in the rear.

O dear, etc.

Digitized by Google

Our reason no longer might balance and guide us then;
Binning's * strong-holds might immure us and hide us then;
Old haggard beldams might nightly bestride us then,
Spurring us swift through the air.

O dear, etc.

To crown our disasters, our loads so delightsome,
Which sit on our backs now so easy and lightsome,
Might fall with a crash, so tremendously frightsome,
That monarchs would tremble and stare.

O dear, etc.

Then, O that the loyal would raise a subscription,
To purchase new stocks to engraft royal slips on!
Or the old sapless branches will be so frost-nipt soon,
As not to be able to bear.

O dear, etc.

For a king must be got, if there is to be had one,
It matters not whether a good or a bad one,
A sober, a drunken, a wise, or a mad one,
Provided he's Royalty's heir.
And then we'll cease crying, O what can the matter be?
Dear saintly Sadmuzzle † what can the matter be?
Salt and gunpowder! ‡ och, what is the matter? we
Can't get a son and an heir!

---

* Lord Binning, at that time, was a great advocate for the erection of madhouses in Scotland.

† Lord Sidmouth.

‡ Castlereagh, the carotid artery cutter, who introduced the humane practice of rubbing the backs of flogged delinquents with salt and gunpowder!

Digitized by Google

A KING'S SPEECH.

A COPY OF HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY'S MOST GRACIOUS SPEECH, WHICH WAS MOST GRACIOUSLY DELIVERED TO BOTH HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, ON THE 24TH OF FEBRUARY, 1835.

My Luds and Gintlemen:
Since you are met,
And all upon your benches snugly set;
I feel myself in duty bound to meet you,
And with a gracious Royal smile to greet you.
My Luds and Gintlemen, I should be sorry,
To mention anything *de-rogue-a-Tory*
To your high characters, since you are sent,
My loyal subjects, here, to represent.

(Yet let me whisper to myself this truth, *(Aside.)*
I do not like your presence here, forsooth;
For you so frankly smell of opposition
I fear you'll drive my projects to perdition).

I'm sure you'll feel with me the evils dire,
Which have resulted from the recent fire,
Which burned your Houses down about your ears,
And filled all Cockney-land with sighs and tears;
While wicked scoffers jeered and loudly cried,
Now, now, these Houses will be purified;
For fire which purged the city once before,
Is still as potent as it was of yore.

My Luds and Gintlemen—I'm proud to say,
That all my allies for my welfare pray;
And are with me upon such friendly terms,
As ne'er to dream of battles, blood, nor arms.

My faithful Commons—for this once agree
To drop your jars, and bring your "maut to me;"
I'm wanting money, and must have it quickly,
For cares on cares are pressing on me thickly.

Digitized by Google

I'm growing old, my Ady's growing bulky,
And little Vicky's looking mighty sulky;
While cooks and chamber-maids cry out, "I vow,
Our Missus looks—I really can't tell how (*e*)."

My Luds and Gintlemen—I'm truly glad
To state, that commerce, far from being bad,
Is really in a flourishing condition,
In spite of Continental opposition;
No starving weavers now toil at the loom,
But every face wears sweet contentment's bloom;
There's not a man in any branch of trade
But what is well employed—and better paid.

My Luds and Gintlemen—I'm grieved to state
How much I feel for the poor landlord's fate;
Provisions now are sold so very cheap,
They can't get in their rents in any shape,
They're truly in a miserable plight,
And, if not helped, will soon be starved outright;
Then give them fresh corn-bills to raise their grain,
And make their lands yield four-fold rents again.

My Luds and Gintlemen—the Church, the Church—
O leave not that Old Lady in the lurch;
Remember she is frail, requiring crutches,
And sore disfigured with foul blains and blotches.
She needs your aid—O lend it while you may,
Preserve her life that she for you may pray.
Rally around her, be her prop and guard,
For wicked infidels now push her hard,
Scrambling for mitre, surplice, sleeves and bands,
For tithes, and teinds, and consecrated lands;
O keep these harpies from her sacred person
Who'd leave her nought to set her holy —— on.
Preserve each Bishop, Dean, and sleek soul-curer,
Who with gunpowder can make sinners purer;
Preserve their revenues and benefices,
Ne'er mind the flocks, but let them have the fleeces.
The good old Lady, you'll observe, is sickly,

Digitized by Google

And does not bear her troubles over meekly;
Then give some gentle medicines to soothe her,
Some purgatives to make her skin look smoother.
Give her warm baths, her tattered dress repair,
Smooth down her wrinkles, decorate her hair,
Whitewash her well—then will she yet shine forth
The pride and glory of a gladdened earth—
Fair as the moon, clear as the orb of day,
And dreadful as an army at Rathcormac fray! *

SHAVING BANKS;

OR, MATTHEW'S CALL TO THE WORTHLESS, TO COME AND BE SHAVED O' THEIR SILLER.

Being the substance of a speech delivered by Matthew, (not the Evangelist), at a Public Meeting held in the ——, on the —— day of ——, 1818, on the utility of "Shaving Banks."

Ho! ye poor worthless, thriftless trash;
Worthless, because ye haena cash—
Thriftless, because ye try to dash
Like your superiors;
Come hither, till I lay the lash
To your posteriors.

Sae lost are ye to a' reflection—
To wisdom, prudence, circumspection—
That naething but some smart correction
I see will do;
And naething else than pure affection
Mak's me fa' to.

And now, ye thochtless, wairdless sinners,
O' tippling weavers, cotton-spinners,
Smiths, nailers, founders, braziers, tinners,
What right hae ye
To sit down to your flesh-meat dinners—
Your toast and tea?

---

* Fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners.—SONG OF SOLOMON.

Digitized by Google

What right hae ye to sit an' drink
Till ance your e'en begin to blink,
Keeping your families on the brink
O' yawning ruin?
Stop, sirs!—I charge ye, stop an' think
What ye are doin'.

What right hae ye to wear braw claes,
And strut about on holidays
Alang Clyde side, up Cathkin braes,
Or through the Green,
As thochtless as the brutes that graze
Before your e'en?

What right hae ye at e'en to lie
On gude saft beds, baith warm and dry?
You—wha nae better are than kye!
Troth, scarce sae gude—
And yet ye'll daur wi' us to vie—
Ye hoggish brood!

What right, ye wretches, can ye hae
To siccan gudely things as thae?
Boiled beans, burnt yill, horse rugs an' strae,
Wad be mair fittin'—
Wi' gude sharp shears, to stop you frae
Your brat-begettin'.

Sic goodly things alone are ours;
Brose thrice a-day is a' that's yours;
And that's enough to keep your powers
In working play,
As ye've to toil but sixteen hours
Ilk lawfu' day.

And as for Sundays—troth, I think,
Instead o' wasting precious clink
On base bewitching sinfu' drink,
'Twad set you better
To get but twice, that day, a skink
O' meal and water.

Digitized by Google

For when your hands hae nocht to do,
Your teeth should be as idle too ;
Gude troth, it ill sets folk like you,
When earning naething,
To sit and cram your bellies fou,
Or wear braw claithing.

Ye maun retrench, and live mair canny,
And, while it's summer, gather honey ;
That is, lay weekly by what money
Ye're used to waste,
To kep a strait that may come on ye
When looked for least.

Ye may be forced to beg when auld,
Ye may be reft o' house and hald,
And be obliged, 'mid winter's cauld,
To sleep out-by ;
The dark-brown clouds your curtain's fauld,
Your roof the sky.

Ye may become the beagle's butt,
Ye may be up in prison shut,
Ye may be on the parish put ;
(Faith, quietly speaking,
I'd rather see your thrapples cut,
Your base blood reeking).

But to prevent these numerous ills,
Now is the time to help yoursel's ;
Leave aff your drinking sinfu' gills,
And living high,
And learn, although against your wills,
To lay cash by.

And here's the method ye maun' tak',
If siller ye wad try to mak',
As ye hae ne'er yet learned the knack
O' taking care o't,
Hand into us ilk orra plack
That ye can spare o't.

Digitized by Google

And we'll tak' care o't sure enough,
For we're the lads can guide the stuff;
We winna wair't, like you, on snuff,
Or tea or liquor,
Then quick and lay't into our loof,
We'll haud it sicker.

For we've established SHAVING BANKS,
For shaving o' the lower ranks,
For which we claim the gratefu' thanks,
Withouten flattery,
Of you, wha are but useless blanks
In life's great lottery.

(And L—d, we'll shave you if we can,
By auld George Rose's shaving plan,
Whilk shortly will succeed frae "Dan
Unto Beersheba,"
In shaving ilka labouring man
As clean's a sybo).

Then hear, ye cyphers o' the State,
If ye'd get forward on your gate,
Rise soon to work, and sit up late,
And toil like niggers,
Else, by my saul, ye'll never rate
Amang the figures.

And aye snib aff the ither groat
Frae whisky stoup and porter pot,
Ne'er letting liquor weet your throat,
While water's cheaper,
And soon ye'll come to hae a note
O' gude bank paper.

And when you've scrapit ane thegither,
By bringing a' your bawbees hither,
Quick, work, and scrape, and get anither;
Confound your blood!
What gars ye shake your heads and swither?
'Tis for your good.

Digitized by Google

Your goods I mean, and chattels, too,
If we durst tell our motive true;
But we'll keep that hid out o' view
As lang's we can,
Else ye might try, ye stubborn crew,
To thwart our plan.

Come, come, my lads, this is nae hoax,
Here are our books—and here's our box,
We'll put your siller in the stocks;
And when it's there,
Confound you for a set o' blocks,
Gin ye see't mair;

What then?—Ye tim'rous, backward set,
The interest ye'll be sure to get,
The stock will help to pay some debt
John Bull is awn,
Or creesh the sair-worn wheels o' State,
To keep them gaun.

For look ye, it is our intent
To cleek you firm to Government;
Then, when your siller a' is lent
To Van & Co.,*
Ye'll stick, while ye can draw a cent,
Come weal or woe.

And doubtless ye'll soon see the day
When ye'll be hugged by Cast-ill-ray
Sad-mouth himsel' will owre you pray,
And grunt a blessing;
The Regent's muckle gouty tae
Ye'll e'en get kissing.

And that choice chip o' lucky Hunn,†
Wha in St. Stephen's plays buffoon,

---

* Vansittart, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

† George Canning, the Parodist and Punster.

Digitized by Google

Will chat to please you—mak' a pun
To shew his wit,
And girn like ony auld baboon
Cracking a nit.

And a' the loyal in the land
Will come and shake you by the hand,
Wi' a' our treason-hatching band
O' moral spies,
Wha serve us aye, upon demand,
Wi' bags o' lies.

That hopeful brood o' true hell game,
Begot upon the bloated frame
O' that auld venerable dame,
Yclep'd Corruption,
By holy *Sid*—frae you will claim
The friendly grip soon.

And we shall leave nae scheme untried
To get ye a' upon our side,
For though your looks we scarce can bide
When ye come near us,
Yet we maun drap our distant pride
When times grow serious.

But we've anither plan forbye,
Which we intend wi' you to try,
And that is, if you e'er apply
For parish aid,
The feint a plack o' such supply
Ye'll e'er be paid.

And if ye daur to raise a fuss.
Or meet the poor laws to discuss,
Then a' your cash belangs to us,
Which we will keep;
Be therefore ye as calm as puss,
And never cheep.

Digitized by Google

Or if ye do, then, by my faith,
And that, ye'll mind, is nae mock aith,
We'll hae the lads in blood-red claith
Again brought in,
Wi' a' their instruments o' death,
To stop your din.

Anither thing we hae in view,
Though it maun ne'er be tauld to you,
We'll see how far taxation's screw
Will thole a thraw yet,
And hence impose some taxes new
By dint o' law yet.

For we're determined—do ye see,
To keep you low as low can be,
To gar ye toil like brutes, that we
Like gods may fare,
And shave ye o' the last bawbee
That ye can spare.

Sic are our motives, sic our drift,
For trying this bit loopy shift;
And, thanks to Gude, ye want the gift
O' common sense,
Else ye our hale design would sift,
And keep your pence.

Digitized by Google

THE WAEFU' LAMENTATION

OF THE PROVOST AND BAILIES OF THE ROYAL BURGH OF BLYTHSWOOD.

Occasioned by the passing of the Reform Bill.

3. And when the people heard these things, they shouted aloud with a great shout, for their joy was very great.
4. But the chief ruler and the elders which sat in the gate gnashed their teeth and rent their garments; yea, they lifted up their voices and wept bitterly, making a sore lamentation.
5. And the chief ruler cried grievously, saying, Alas! alas! for this great evil which hath now come upon us; truly may we be called "*Ichabod*," for the glory is departed from us and from our house for ever.—BOOK OF JASHER, CHAP. IX.

Wow, Sirs! what's this come owre us a'?
Wae worth that vile Reforming Law,
That's torn the vested rights awa'
Frae ilka borough,
An' left us Bailies nocht ava'
But dool an' sorrow.

Alas! that I should live to see't,
The thocht o't 's like to gar me greet,
An' gnash my teeth, an' stamp my feet,
Wi' grief an' anger,
To think how many pickings sweet
We'll pree nae langer.

Gane are our bits o' canny jobs,
By whilk we used to line our fobs,
And creesh our loofs, and gust our gobs,
An' dink us braw;
That curst Reform! it comes an' robs
Us o' them a'.

Nae close electioneerings now—
Thae times are a' gane by, I trow,
When ye chose me, an' I chose you;
An' here sit we,
As cowed as ony hummilt cow
That treads the lee.

Digitized by Google

Hech ! but we've got a fearfu' fa',
We, wha were wont to gang sae braw,
Whase word or nod was aye a law
To a' aboot us ;
The rabble now will owre us craw,
An' rudely flout us.

Where now are a' our gowden dreams ?
Our hole-an'-corner plots an' schemes ?—
Gane, like the sun's departed beams,
Ayont the hill—
While ilka future prospect seems
To lour wi' ill.

Nae mair we'll dine now wi' his Grace,
Nor to my Lord haud up our face,
To bargain for some snug bit place
For Jock the laddie ;
Nor get our wife bedeckt wi' lace
An' silks fu' gaudy.

An' there's your auld bit house an' mine,
We thocht to get replaced short syne
Wi' ashlar wa's o' freestane fine,
An' sclated riggin's ;
That's past—an' here we still maun pine
In auld thack biggin's.

An' mair than that, I thocht to get
A grand piano for our Kate,
Where, leddy-like, she'd sit in state
An' thrum her tune ;—
The pirn-wheel now maun be her fate
To birr an' croon.

An' as for Jock, wi' a' his lear,
He needna think on pu'pits mair,
For notwithstanding a' my care,
Expense an' pains,
I fear he jimply has a share
O' common brains.

Digitized by Google

But yet, for a' that, his bit lack
Would ne'er hae been a great drawback
Unto his wearing o' the *black*,
Provided still
Things hadna a' been knocked to wrack
By this curst Bill.

For had we still possessed our vote,
We might hae made that muckle o't,
As, through some Patron, to hae got
Our Jock a kirk;—
That's gane—now he maun cast his coat,
Poor chiel'! an' work.

An', waes me! since he wants the brains
To handle chisels, files, and planes,
There's naething for him now remains
In this world wide,
That I can see, but knapping stanes
By some dyke side.

Nae mair will Blythswood meet us here,
And dine with us four times a year;
We'll be for nae mair use, I fear,
To him, och hon!
An' therefore he will never speir
The road we're on.

Nor yet will Finlay Kirkland ca',
An' treat us in our ain Town Ha',
Nor kiss our wives and dochters a',
An' slip fu' sleek
A bonnie yellow George or twa
Into their cheek.

O had we but ta'en care langsyne,
An' made hay while the sun did shine!
But na—we boost to dash sae fine
Aboon our level;
An' wi' our dinners an' our wine,
Feast, rant, an' revel.

Digitized by Google

Short-sighted mortals! ne'er to ween
But things wad be as they had been:
We little dreamt a blast sae keen
For us was brewin',
Whase breath wad bring our branches green
To wrack and ruin.

Ay, ay! the crowd may bawl "Reform!"—
What wondrous gude it will perform!
To us it proves a ruthless storm—
A devastation—
A plague—a pest—a canker-worm—
Annihilation!

May muckle trouble, dool, an' wae,
Alight on Russell, Brou'am, and Grey,
They've ta'en frae us our prop, our stay,
Our chief support;
But bide a wee,—they yet will hae
To answer for't.

Ay, that they will—an' wi' a vengeance!—
For soon as comes a happy change ance,
We'll mak' them chaunt, in Royal dungeons,
"Sweet Libertie!"
Or try if *Robespierrean* engines
Can set them free.

An' a' the rest wha wi' them fought,
An' their unhallowed labours wrought,
We'll hae them served, too, as they ought,
Vile, graceless fallows!
To justice they shall a' be brought—
An' that's the gallows.

May ruin seize that wicked Press—
The movin' cause o' our distress;
It has exposed ilk wee finesse,
An' loopy job,
An' shown us, in our nakedness,
To a' the mob.

Digitized by Google

An' O, confound the Unions a' !—
Sae bauld an' crousely now they craw,
They'd rule the King—they'd rule the law,—
Ilk thing they'd rule :
I fear they'll try to chase awa'
Our King, ere Yule.

But Gude preserve him, honest man !
Frae that infernal, graceless clan ;
I hope he'll yet do what he can
In our behalf,
An' try to mend, by ilka plan,
Our broken staff.

An' Heaven shield our spotless Queen
Frae ilka scoundrel Jacobin—
For she has kept her garments clean
'Mid a' this stour,
Nor filed her fingers wi't, I ween,
Up to this hour.

May ilka blessin' light upon
The glorious Duke o' Wellin'ton,
An' may he do as he has done ;
Gude bless his Grace !
He was our leading-star—our sun,
When he kept place.

May Heaven uphold Sir Robert Peel,
An' Weatherall, that witty chiel—
An' Croaker, too, wha fought sae weel,
In our ain cause,
An' a' the rest wha, true as steel,
Maintained our laws.

Gude save auld Airland's weeping Church,
Now hurklin' low without the porch ;
They've torn her mantle, and her curch
They've set on lowe,
While wicked corbies crousely perch
On her bare pow.

Digitized by Google

An' gin they're no scaured aff, I doubt,
They'll pick her bare, clout after clout,
Nor leave her ought to wrap about
Her naked skin;
Na, waur—they threaten to pick out
Her vera een!

An' her gude Bishops still preserve,
Wha daily in the temples serve—
Through want o' tithes may they ne'er starve,
But aye hae plenty—
For muckle, muckle they deserve,
They are sae tenty.

They never stain their snaw-white bands
By breaking ane o' the Commands,
Nor e'er defile their haly hands
Wi' dirt o' Mammon;
Then, O! may those wha'd seize their lands
Be strung like Haman!

An' may red wrath an' indignation
Be poured out on this graceless nation!
May ruin an' black desolation
Sweep owre the land!
While, safe entrenched in domination,
We snugly stand!

BLACK COATS, AND GRAVATS SAE WHITE.

Ye puir silly priest-ridden bodies, attend
To ane that would caution you now as a friend
'Gainst black coats, and gravats sae white;
For mair kittle customers hardly exist,
Than *some* who are dubbed wi' the title o' priest;
For their plan is the puir human mind to mislead,
Whilst four or five hundred a-year is their creed—
With their black coats, and gravats sae white.

Digitized by Google

O, rare to behold! how demurely they look,
When, plac'd in the rostrum, they handle the book,
With their black coats, and gravats sae white.
Pretending to solve what they care not about,
And damning all those who their word dare to doubt,
They tell you fine stories about this an' that
But would starve you on *husks*, while they gorge upon *fat*,
With their black coats, and cravats sae white.

So rapt up in spirit—so heavenly are they,
So dead to the world and its vanities gay,
With their black coats, and gravats sae white,
That a young blooming doxy, with cheeks plump an' red,
Can only convince them they're still flesh an' blood;
When snugly, unseen, a sweet kiss and a squeeze,
Wi' *lively devotion*, bring them to their *knees*,
With their black coats, and gravats sae white.

When man, led by reason, demands what's his right,
"The Kirk is in danger!" they bawl a' their might,
With their black coats, and gravats sae white;
When they cry out, "The Kirk!" 'tis the teinds they've in view,
For they watch o'er their flocks just for sake o' the woo';
Wi' oppression's sharp sheers to their hurdies applied,
They fleece them sae bare, that they scarce leave the *hide*,
With their black coats, and gravats sae white.

There's glib-gabbit Tammy, that star frae the east,
When he speaks, a' the warld wonders after the beast
With the black coat, and gravat sae white;
He wrote a fine book with a high-sounding name,
But what do you think is the hale o' its theme?
Just burden on burden, an' tax upon tax,
To learn the base rabble the use o' their backs,
With his black coat, and gravat sae white.

Digitized by Google

Davy Tartan grunts out, that your sins are the cause
O' your skin-cutting ribs an' your clay-coloured jaws,
With his black coat, and gravat sae white;
What double-mill'd sinners the poor folk must be,
Since they, not the gentry, sic punishments dree;
Nay, search the hale globe, an' my lug for't, ye'll fin'
That priests never suffer, of course never sin,
With their black coats, and gravats sae white.

There's pensioner Jamie, corruption's chief tool,
Whose tears flow as freely as whisky at Yule,
With his black coat, and gravat sae white;
So keenly he feels for the suffering poor,
That he'd willingly do what he did for Tom Muir,
To get them sent aff to a far better state,
By hanging or starving them out o' the gate,
With his black coat, and gravat sae white.

And thundering Willie, besouth o' the Clyde,
Wha'd skin a starved louse for the sake o' its hide,
With his black coat, and gravat sae white;
So liberal his hand is, his heart so humane,
That he deals out, to comfort all those who complain,
A dish o' content o'er a bit o' brown crust,
Yet laughs at them slyly, and pockets their dust,
With his black coat, and gravat sae white.

There's grave Willie Grovel, o' true loyal crouch,
Wi' three herrin' tails sticking out o' his pouch,
With his black coat, and gravat sae white;
Against smuggled whisky he piously rails,
And with blue damnation its drinkers assails;
Yet see the guid man at a wee Hielan' still,
Thrang trysting sax gallons, or aucht, for himsel',
With his black coat, and gravat sae white.

An' Johnny M'Greed, how he lashes at them
Wha gang the grey gate that brings lasses to shame,
With his black coat, and gravat sae white;

Digitized by Google

For into temptation himsel' is ne'er led,
But bauldly plumps into her net when it's spread,
An' when he is caught in her strait kittle mesh,
He greets, and cries out, "O, how weak is the flesh!"
With his black coat, and gravat sae white.

Johnny Bishop, the kind, the humane, the belov'd,
Wi' the cries o' the starving is now so much mov'd,
With his black coat, and gravat sae white;
That when they look up to him, asking for bread,
He gives,—not a stone, but provides for them—*lead;*
When they ask for a fish—not a serpent he'll grant,
While a three-edged steel can relieve every want,
With his black coat, and gravat sae white.

An' Johnny M'Roarin, wi' his raree-show
Of elegant metaphors, all in a row,
With his black coat, and gravat sae white;
He swears that Reform is so heinous a sin,
That none who pursue it to heaven will get in;
That pigs will be seen flying thick through the air,
And whistling like lavrocks, ere black-nebs get there,
With his black coat, and gravat sae white.

Now, that's but a sample o' maist o' the crew,
Wha laugh in their sleeves while they're hoodwinking you,
With their black coats, and gravats sae white.
The gospel they preach, is the gospel of Pitt,
Which teaches that mankind are born to submit,
Yea, meekly to bend to the haughty behests
Of legalized robbers and humbugging priests,
With their black coats, and gravats sae white.

But, as among chaff there are pickles o' wheat,
So there are exceptions, ilk ane maun admit,
Amang black coats, and gravats sae white;
But oh! these exceptions, how trifling! how few!
Compar'd wi' the mass who self-interest pursue;
For, were not a weel-baken bannock their aim,
Religion might gang to the devil for them,
With their black coats, and gravats sae white.

Digitized by Google

Now, if you would just tak' this counsel frae me,
Sae mony fat drones ye would soon cease to see,
With their black coats, and gravats sae white;
Nae langer support such a time-serving set,
Go study the BOOK, where true wisdom you'll get;
Instruct one another—practise what is right,
An' let each pious worldling go feel his own weight,
With his black coat, and gravat sae white.

A BUNDLE OF TRUTHS.

A PARODY.

Written about the time of Hone's Trial.

GEORGE, the Regent, 's chaste and wise,
Castlereagh 's an honest man,
Southey tells no fulsome lies,
England's free—likewise Japan:
Sidmouth's acts are all upright,
Canning 's modest as a maid;
Darkness can be proven light,
So can Britain's debt be paid.

Hey triangle, derry down,
Doctor, old bags, wig and gown,
O how grave a judge can tell,
"Truth's a libel—false as hell."

Johnny Bull is plump and stout,
All his sons are fat and fair;
Spies are worthy men—no doubt;
Taxes are as light as air.
Ellenborough 's mild and just;
Ministers no rights invade;
Prison keys are brown with rust,
Jailors starve for lack of trade.

Hey triangle, etc.

Digitized by Google

Parsons are a liberal race,
Noble paupers waste no cash;
Everything now thrives apace—
Paper 's sterling, gold is trash.
Parliament is pure as snow—
Vile corruption hides her head:
Everybody now must know,
Dearest grain makes *cheapest bread.*

Hey triangle, etc.

Trying times are fairly past;
Want no more dare show his face;
Treason is pent up at last,
Close within a *thimble's space.**
Wealth has banished discontent,
Press and people both are free,
Doctor Sadmouth—pious saint—
Grunts "Amen: so let it be."

Hey triangle, etc.

SONG,

COMPOSED FOR THE PUBLIC DINNER TO BE GIVEN TO THE EARL OF DURHAM.

AIR—"*Ye Mariners of England.*"

Ye Patriot hearts of Scotland,
Who prize your country's weal,
Whose strenuous efforts still have been,
Her woes and wrongs to heal;

---

* When the treason hunters made a domiciliary visit to Frank Ward, an honest working tailor of Nottingham, they searched every hole and corner for the expected "treason," but without success. One of the faithful, more knowing than the rest, narrowly inspected all the *thimbles* in the house, lest, peradventure, he might find the treason lurking there.—Author's Note.

Digitized by Google

The glorious task be yours to-night,
To lay corruption low,
And tread
On her head,
While you strike the avenging blow.

That all-devouring monster,
Detested and accurs'd—
Whose thousand maws on Britain's blood
For ages have been nurs'd—
Now pale and prostrate, writhing lies,
With many a mortal throe:
Then smart,
Through her heart,
Let the sword of Justice go.

Britannia, smiling, views you
With mild and placid eye,
And Freedom looks delighted down,
From her abode on high,
Approving of the manly strains,
Which from your lips do flow—
While your sires'
Spirit fires,
Every breast with Freedom's glow.

Then hail the Noble Stranger
With gladsome welcome here;—
To Britain, and to Liberty,
May he be ever dear.
While others shrink, may DURHAM still,
Undaunted, forward go,
While the flame
Of his fame,
Bright and brighter still shall grow;
And ages hence revere the man
Who was Oppression's foe.

Digitized by Google

A MOST LOYAL PEAL,

IN HONOUR OF SIR ROBERT PEEL,

As chanted in a Wooden Booth, at the back of Buchanan Street, on Friday the 13th January, 1837, at the enacting of the Peel-Tory Feed and Farçe.

WRITTEN BY ANDREW WHAUP O' HAZELKNOWE.

WELCOME, mighty man of Tamworth,
To our Tory banquet here;
Come like lion, come like lamb, forth,
Our desponding hearts to cheer.

Come in all thy pride and glory,
Come with all thy power and might;
With thy breath to *bless* each Tory,
But to *blast* each Whiggish wight.

Prince of princely cotton-spinners,
As our chief we hail thee now;
Who would grudge a thousand dinners
To a thousand such as thou?

Fast our Tory cause was sinking;
Murky clouds our hearts deprest;
Not a star of hope was blinking,
Save the *star* on Lyndhurst's breast.

Numb'd, inert, we lay like oysters;
All was drear as death's abode;
Till auld Clutha's rotten cloisters
With phosphoric lustre glow'd.

Thus, by light o' rotten timmer,
Were we made to see our way;
While our een wi' howlet glimmer,
Cursed the ugly glare o' day.

Digitized by Google

Monkish Greybeards, bald and hoary,
In their plenitude of power,
With a kindness truly Tory,
Help'd us in our needfu' hour.

Yes, as if by force of magic,
Out o' darkness brought they light
And, by dint o' lear and logic,
Gart their *breeklings* vote aright;

Gied them mony a solemn lecture,
Did their barren minds direct;
Made them choose thee for their RECTOR,
And the wily Whig reject.

Hence, ten score o' bubbly blichens,
Like the geese that sav'd auld Rome,
By their gabbling (dear young chickens!)
Saved us from our threaten'd doom:

Saved us from annihilation,
Made us fix our hopes on thee;
Who, 'midst joy and tribulation,
Still our guiding star must be.

Wants there proof, now, of reaction!
When a batch of beardless chaps
Peal'd out "Peel" at thy election,
And for "Peel" threw up their caps.

From the mouths of babes and sucklings
Here was *wisdom* perfected;
O, the dear young dainty *ducklings*,
What sweet *quacking* then they made.

Hence, let honours be decreed them;
Round their necks be garlands hung;
Out o' siller dishes feed them;
Be their praises ever sung.

Digitized by Google

That their deeds may live in story
After they are dead and gone,
Pointing to each future Tory,
Where to rest his hopes upon.

As our sires, when we were younkers,
To Pitt's image bent the knee;
So, on our obsequious hunkers,
Here, great Peel! we worship thee.

Here, we lowly bend before thee;
Here, we kiss thy *muckle tae;*
Here, enraptured, we adore thee,
And for thy assistance pray.

Save us, then, from wheedling Whiggies;
Save us, too, from rampant Rads;
Save our sacred *gowns* and *wiggies*
From those vile, rapacious squads.

Save our throne, and save our altars,
Places, pensions, O preserve;
To the Rads give chains and halters—
Richly they such things deserve.

Save *Hereditary Wisdom*
From the rabble's wicked fangs;
Save the *whisker'd* Duke from *his* doom,
For on him our safety hangs.

Save our Kirk and save our steeple,
Save our Poopit and our bell:
That we still may awe the people
Wi' the terrors o' a hell:

That we still may keep them under;
Mak' them toil that we may eat;
Be allowed to fleece and plunder,
And tak' ease while others sweat.

Digitized by Google

Up, then, mighty man of Tamworth,
Seize again the helm o' State;
Melbourne—poh! he's not a d—n worth—
Mak' him quickly tak' the gate!

Drive the Whigs and Rads to ruin,
Turn them to the right about;
Else they'll work our sad undoin',
If not smartly a' kick'd out.

O, that VICKY, some dark morning,
Wad be pleased to *cut her stick;*
And auld WILLY get his warning,
Soon we'd send the Whigs to Nick.

By the adored *grey moustachios*
Of the *saintly* Cumberland,
Not a rascal then durst fash us,
While we ruled with mighty hand.

Every foe we'd put to rout then,
Through the land our spies should prowl;
Not a Whig durst show his snout then,
Not a Rad durst gie a growl.

Reinstated in our places,
Then how happy should we be,
Midst a group of jolly faces,
Ruled by Cumberland and thee.

Digitized by Google

COME, FYE, LET US A' TO THE GUZZLE.

A SONG.

WRITTEN BY ANDREW WHAUP OF HAZELKNOWE.

AIR—"*Fye, let us a' to the Bridal.*"

COME, fye let us a' to the guzzle,
For there will be munching there,
For Peel, that *political puzzle*,
Is come to partak' o' our fare;
And there will be *cod-heads* in plenty,
And *calfs'-heads* and *bullocks' heads* too,
Wi' store o' *stuff'd geese* (nae great dainty),
And rowth o' rich *white-livered* broo.

And there will be *gulls and fat gudgeons*,
And gammon, and flummery, and froth!
And likewise to stuff our curmudgeons,
Some rich yellow *Carlton broth;*
And there will be guttling most glorious,
And guzzling till ance we're a' fou,
Wi' hip-hip-hurraying uproarious,
And damning the vile Whiggish crew.

And there will be worthy LORD HARRY,*
Whase person will grace our board-head,
As plump and as round as a berry,
Wi' intellect brilliant as—lead;
And there will be WEATHERCOCK SANDFORD,†
The knight wot spouts *gammon* and *Greek;*
Vile freedom—he ance made a stand for't,
But now he's our ain Jerry Sneak.

---

* "*Worthy Lord Harry.*"—H—y M—n—th, Esq. of C——rs.

† "*Weathercock Sandford.*"—Sir D. K. Sandford, late Professor of Greek in the Glasgow University, who, from being a staunch Radical, made a complete wheel round to the opposite extreme of politics. He was some time M.P. for the town of Paisley, but resigned his seat in Parliament, finding it was easier to harangue *boys* in Greek, than to harangue *men* in English.—Author's Notes.

Digitized by Google

And there will be DOCTOR STATISTICS,*
Still fash'd wi' the ghaist o' Nanse Baird,†
Wi' twenty fat clerical mystics,
Whase creeds by State tactics are squar'd.
And there will be EX-DEACON B——Y,‡
Wi' his most vociferous lungs,
To play us the part o' *Grimaldi*,
Wi' sleek, *plural-paunch'd* DUNCAN RUNGS.§

And there will be jolly JOHN GEORDIE,‖
The king o' the *Calico Nobs*,
Wi' ROBIN, that proud cotton lordie,¶
Sae fond o' nice pickings and jobs.
An' tere will pe NORMAN M'TARTAN,**
Wha in her nainsel' pe a host,
Wi' face red an' round as a partan,
To greet us wi' some yeuky toast.

And there will be braid-backit STEENIE,††
Whase *bouk* made the *Glaizert* recede,
Ae nicht, when pursuing some *queanie*,
He plumpit in, heels over head;

---

* "*Doctor Statistics.*"—The late Dr. Cleland.

† "*Nanse Baird.*"—A clever, and rather eccentric character, who was a great annoyance to the Doctor, in as far as she often, through the medium of the public prints, controverted the statements made by the worthy Doctor.

‡ "*Ex-Deacon B——y.*"—A very worthy Conservative gentlemen, who, during the time of his Deaconship, often made a good deal of noise at the Town Council meetings.

§ "*Duncan Rungs*"—A very amiable pluralist in the Kirk of Scotland.

‖ "*Jolly John Geordie*"—A gentleman who cut a very conspicuous figure in the unhappy strike of the calico-printers in 1834.

¶ "*Robin, that proud cotton lordie.*"—R——t D——sh, Esq., a late worthy Provost.

** "*Norman M'Tartan.*"—A very worthy rev. gentleman, who at public dinners can delight his audience with toasts about cross-breeds of cattle, and other edifying subjects.

†† "*Braid-backit Steenie.*"—S——n D——sh, Esq., a very portly gentleman, who once fell into the Glaisert, and caused it to overflow its banks.—Author's Notes.

Digitized by Google

(The holms and the haughs were o'erflooded,
The hay ricks were carried awa',
The beasts to the hills quickly scudded,
Or else they'd been drown'd, ane an' a').

And there will be glib-gabbit GIBSON,*
Sae famed for his telling o' truth,
Wham wicked Dissenters crack squibs on,
Because his kirk's *crammed* to the mouth.
And there will be JORDANHILL STRATA,†
To gie us a nice dainty dish,
Composed o' the *fossil potatoe*,
And ante-diluvian fish.

And there the great *Pythagorean*,‡
Half-dosed wi' his *drinking* and *sleep*,
Wha swears that each nasty plebian
Was made, not to walk, but to creep.
And there—the black KNIGHTS *o' Gartsherrie*,§
Wha ne'er did vulgarity ken,
But soon o' *dung-wheeling* grew weary,
To mak' themselves grit wi' great men.

And there will be *Saintly* KILLERMONT,‖
Wha, though he'd exchange *Saint* for *Sir*,
Wad yet tramp ten miles to hear *sarmont*
Frae mighty Mike Crotty of Birr.¶

---

* "*Glib-gabbit Gibson.*"—The Rev. James, of the firm of "John, James, and Robert," famous for filling kirks and keeping them full, and famous, too, for telling the truth, when the interest of his party is concerned.

† "*Jordanhill Strata.*"—J—— S——th, Esq., well known as an eminent Geologist.

‡ "*The great Pythagorean.*" The late Dr. M'Nish, author of the "Philosophy of Sleep," and the "Anatomy of Drunkenness."

§ "*The black Knights o' Gartsherrie.*"—The Messrs. B—rd,—the one now a Town Councillor—the other, an Hon. M.P.

‖ "*Saintly Killermont.*"—The Knight of the double creed—at once an elder in the Kirk of Scotland, and a member of the Church of England, the lately rejected of Kilmarnock.

¶ "*Mike Crotty of Birr.*"—A sort of Religious Mountebank, who, for some time, ran from place to place preaching down the creed from which he had lately apostatised—he was a great favourite, and a welcome guest at Killermont House.—Author's Notes.

Digitized by Google

And there—our wee PIGGIE o' KNOWLEDGE,*
Wi' face like a winter day's sun,
Wha aft to the chaps in the College
Is subject o' frolic and fun.

And there will be great Dr. BELFAST,†
Our church's chief Cook, and her hope,
Wha'd fry every *Papist* in h—ll fast,
And give each Dissenter a rope.
Och ! troch, he's the broth of a bruiser,
Can smash Dr. Ritchie to pie ; ‡
Some people say Cooke is the loser,
But, blazes ! that's all in my eye.

And there will be wee Doctor Corky,§
Wi' blinker half-open, half-shut,
As pompous and proud as a turkey,
Displaying his medical strut.
And there—our braw gawcey Reporter,‖
Wha ne'er in his lifetime gat fou,
Save ance—when he dined on a quarter
O' coal-hunting Craig's *fossil cow.*¶

And tere will pe bare-hippet gillies,
Frae Morven, frae Mull, and Tiree,
As rampant and rough as young fillies,
Shust cam ta great wonder to see.

---

* "*Wee Piggie o' Knowledge.*"—A worthy Professor in one of our Scottish Universities.

† "*Dr. Belfast.*"—Dr. Cooke of Belfast.

‡ "*Dr. Ritchie,*" of Edinburgh.

§ "*Wee Dr. Corkey.*"—A very little consequential gent., who is often seen strutting about Glassford Street, and very frequently appears in the witness box at the Circuit Court, to give evidence as to the cause of death, etc.

‖ "*Our braw gaucey Reporter.*"—Mr. James M'Nab, late of the Herald, now of the Constitutional Newspaper.

¶ "*Coal-hunting Craig.*"—Mr. John Craig, an eminent geologist and intimate friend of the Author, well known in the West of Scotland, who has written many able and excellent papers upon the science of geology.—Author's Notes.

Digitized by Google

An' hooch! how she'll grunt '*Gaelic agud*,"
And gie her a sneesh o' her mill,
Tan swore if py Whigs she's attackit,
Her tirk pe mak' very goot kill.

And there our rough Tatterdemallions,
Wha signed the *Peel-Garlic* address,
Wha'll nicher and squeel like ramp stallions,
For sake o' a fuddle and mess;
For sake o' auld bauchels and hushions,
They'll kiss our great IDOL behind—
Wear chains, or drink oil, like the Russians,
And roar they are free as the wind.

And there will be lang frothy speeches,
Wi' nonsense and humbug replete,
In praise o' State locusts and leeches,
And ilka State-clerical cheat.
And there we'll drink death and destruction
To Whigs, and their damnable cause,
Success to exclusion, restriction,
State churches, and intricate laws.

Then, fye, let us a' to the guttle,
For there will be gorging there,
For the son o' the *jenny* and *shuttle*
Will sit on the right o' the chair.
And there will be hundreds o' asses,
Wha loudly his praises will bray;
Then wi' smashing and crashing o' glasses,
We'll end wi' a right bloody fray.

Digitized by Google

VERSES,

SUGGESTED ON VIEWING MR. ANDERSON'S COMIC GROUP OF FIGURES IN STONE, "THE DEIL'S AWA' WI' THE EXCISEMAN."

BY HUMPHREY HENKECKLE, EGG–CADGER.

WEEL, Saunders, thou hast made a seizure,
The Gauger's now thy siccar treasure;
O, what a smile o' fiendish pleasure
Lurks in that leer,
While he, poor saul, beyond a' measure,
Seems struck wi' fear:

His mouth, hands, nostrils, een, and hair,
What terror is depicted there!
What agonies o' fell despair
Contort his face!
He'll ne'er seize cask or caldron mair:
O hopeless case!

I trow thou hast him tightly graspit,
Thy barbed tail about him claspit;
Firm as a bolt securely haspit,
There is he fixt;
Ne'er to get loose, till down thy ash-pit
The wretch thou kick'st.

My sang, thou art nae lazy lurdane,
In takin' on thee sic a burden,
Boa-Constrictor-like, a girdin'
His worthless waist;
But, Clootie, let me put a word in,—
What's a' thy haste?

Digitized by Google

Wad'st thou not let him aff again ?
Thou ken'st he'll be a' thine ain ;
Then, wherefore gie him needless pain
Before his time ?
He yet might yield thee meikle gain,
By future crime.

Fair fa' the Artist—clever chiel',
For truly he's portrayed thee weel :
Frae snout to tail, frae horn to heel,
"The foul thief loon ;"
The veritable, true Scotch deil,
The "auld Mahoun."

Could Burns himsel' but rise and see
The pawkie glint o' hellish glee
That plays about thy mouth and e'e,
As aff thou hies,
Wi' welcome hand he'd wish to thee
"Luck o' thy prize."

But, ah ! 'twas hardly fair to trace
His Dukeship's beak upon thy face ;
Had Bailie P—l's but ta'en its place,
Or Chartist R—s's,
Such wad hae gi'en a *coup de grace*
To thy proboscis.

Or had the visage a' thegither,
Been lent thee o' the ane or ither,
Those wha ance saw thee ne'er could swither,
About thee mair ;
For like thou should'st be as a brither,
To that choice pair.

O, had'st thou never done mair ill
Than seized the *seizer* o' a still,
Mankind, in mony a Highland gill,
Had toasted thee ;
And drank thy health wi' right good will,
In barley bree.

Digitized by Google

But, O, thou auld malignant thief!
Fell origin of a' mischief;
Thou art the author of our grief,
Our toil and pain,
And never shall we get relief
Till thou art gane.

But though thou art the vera fiend,
Thou'rt still the Clergy's dearest freend,
By thy vast influence unscreen'd,
They might shut shop,
For, wanting thee, baith *tythe* and *teind*,
I trow would stop.

Hence, I'd propose a vote of thanks
Frae them to thee, for thy d—d pranks:
'Tis thou wha keep'st them on their shanks,
And gi'est them bread,
Their weel-filled aumries soon were blanks,
Gin thou wert dead.

Therefore, just carry on thy calling,
To keep their Reverences frae falling,
For, O, they'd raise a hideous bawling
Wert thou to stop;
As in the mud they lay a-sprawling,
'Reft o' their prop.

Improve thy time, then, while thou'rt here,
The "*Thousand Years*" will soon draw near,
When closed will be thy curst career
For that lang season;
Man winna then be fool'd by fear,
But ruled by reason.

But, Nick—gin I might ca' thee such—
I've ae request, if not too much:
I carena though thou sometimes clutch
A greedy Gauger;
But, O, I pray thee, dinna touch
THE AULD EGG-CADGER.

Digitized by Google

SUNDAY RAILWAY TRAINS.

DEDICATED (WITHOUT PERMISSION) TO THE REV. DR. MACKAY OF DUNOON.

BY HUMPHREY HENKECKLE, EGG-CADGER.

HAS mad *Revival* BURNS broke out,
Prowling the kintra round about,
And *biting* wi' his teeth *devout*,
Baith men and women,
That now there's sic a yell and shout,
'Gainst Sunday steamin'?

Or has Saint Andrew, 'clept Agnew,
O' Sabbath keeping zeal sae fou,
Been galloping ilk clachan through,
A-convert making,
That there is sic a great ado
'Bout Sabbath breaking?

Indeed it's true—what need ye spier?
And troth ye weel may think it queer,
That ne'er a *whish* you'll ever hear
'Bout gigs or noddies,
Or gilded coaches, built to bear
Braw bailie bodies.

Drivers may drink, and swear, and battle,
Horses may reek—poor hard-wrought cattle,—
And wheels owre causey-stanes may rattle,
Wi' ceaseless birr;
But sic unhallowed wark to settle,
What tongue will stir?

Digitized by Google

The Fourth Command enjoins, at least,
A day of rest for man and beast;
That a' that toil may be realised
Frae yoke and team;
But say, when was the *veto* placed
Upon the *steam?*

Whist, whist; we never maun reproach
A great man riding in his coach,
A vulgar, fat, unloesome *hotch*,
Beside him lolling;
But should a puff o' steam encroach,
'Twere past a' tholing.

Indeed, 'twad be an awfu' sin
For Sunday Trains on rails to rin,
Disturbing wi' their whizzing din
A peacefu' nation;
And whirling a' that ride therein
To red d——n.

But might the humble sons o' care,
Wha toil and pine sax days and mair,
Not get a breath o' caller air
Ae day in seven?
No, no; the pack maun gang to prayer,
If they want heaven.

My certy, it wad set them weel
To get a Sunday forenoon's wheel—
They wha can scarce get milk and meal
To mak' their crowdie;
And yet they'd *steam it* to the deil,
Baith saul and body.

But if ye'd keep the day sae holy,
Wi' visage sour and melancholy,
How will you stop the the thochtless folly
O' that vile gang,
Whase motto is, "Live and be jolly"
The hale day lang?

Digitized by Google

Just hing a mortclaith owre the sun,
Mak' nature dreary, dark, and dun,
Till even the blade upon the grun'
Forget to grow;
Till mighty rivers cease to run,
And burns to row.

Let woods and forests a' be dumb,
Nor let the reek ascend the lum,
Let man forget his fellow chum,
And faithfu' rib,
And hurkle down, morose and glum,
Low in his crib.

Shut up "rude Boreas" in his caves;
Nor let "old Ocean" sport his waves;
Mak' trees and shrubs fauld up their leaves
As if a-dying;
Stop "Johnny Ged" frae howking graves;
And wives—frae *crying.*

Mak' cities solitary glens,
Gie social creatures caves and dens,
Put rams and ewes in separate pens,
To bleat and fast,
And lock the cock up frae the hens
Till Sabbath's past.

Such is the day wad please a Jew,
Or rabid Burns, and Saint Agnew,
And a' the sanctimonious crew,
Wi' looks demure,
Wha wi' the bigot's vice wad screw
The labouring poor.

O, gin our Pastors could prevail,
How wad they mak' us cower and quail,
The fient a ride upon a rail
They'd grant ava;
For then their flocks might tak' *steam bail,*
And skelp awa.'

Digitized by Google

To check it, then, they've right good cause,
For some might preach to empty wa's;
On pews unlet their lungs and jaws
Might spend their force;
And, therefore, mind ye, "empty sta's
Mak' biting horse."

Hence, Public Meetings now they ca',
At which they glibly gab awa',
Wi' haly zeal denouncing a'
Steam Sunday trips;
But catch them hinting aught ava
'Gainst spurs and whips.

And, look ye, how our *meek* Leadbetter,
The Sunday trains wad try to fetter,
And mak' them, to the vera letter,
The Sabbath keep,
But 'gainst the Sunday Navigator,
Say, will he cheep?

Nae farther gane than Sabbath last,
Despising every surly blast,
Did he not stand beside the mast,
And watch his luggage,
Till at Dunoon he fairly pass'd
Wi' bag and baggage?

And though 'twas then the hour of prayer,
What did his *Lowly Meekship* care?
Stout porters had his trunks to bear
Up through the toon;
But *Glasgow* did not see him there,
'Twas just *Dunoon.*

And there's our worthy Bailie Bain,
O how it gies the good man pain!
To see the godless puffing train
Swift sweep the rails;
For weel it's kent he mak's nae gain
By Sunday mails.

Digitized by Google

For poor horse flesh how much he feels,
While smack—the brutes tak' to their heels;
Loud blaws the horn, round whirl the wheels—
Awa' they dash;
But then, their torture never yields
The Bailie cash.

The mail arrives—what crowds convene,
(Nae desecration, this, I ween),
Wi' gaping mouths and glow'ring e'en,
The news to swallow;
And wi' debating fierce and keen,
The day to hallow.

It maun gie meikle consolation,
To ane in our gude Bailie's station,
To think how Sabbath desecration
His soul abhors;
Nae pelfish vile consideration,
E'er opes his doors.

It's a' to serve the cause of God,
The Bailie's coaches tak' the road,
Bearing alang their righteous load,
O' news and letters,
Concerning cotton, corn, and cod,
And sic like matters.

These are but samples o' the lave,
Wha wi' demeanour staid and grave,
At Sabbath strollers rail and rave,
As hardened sinners;
Yet aft in secret, sweet conclave,
Munch Sunday dinners.

Wi' lengthened phiz, and sour grimace,
They'll talk o' mercy, faith, and grace,
Parading in ilk public place
Their saintly airs;
Yet mock their Maker to his face,
Wi' hollow prayers.

Digitized by Google

O, for a robe of dazzling white,
To clothe ilk hollow hypocrite,
And hide his doings, dark as night,
Frae sinfu' view;
For, O, Sirs, 'twere an unco spite
To be seen through!

Weel, let the rich enjoy their ride,
Through town and kintra, far and wide,
In a' their dignity and pride,
And consequence,
While they the sons o' toil deride
For want o' sense.

But cease to growl, ye *worthless* poor,
Ye're born privations to endure;
What! Sunday steaming, air that's pure,
And relaxation?
No, mount the treadmill, that's mair sure
To suit your station.

VERSES

WRITTEN ON BOARD "THE AYRSHIRE LASSIE" STEAMER (CONSORT TO THE "ROBERT BURNS,") DURING HER SECOND TRIP DOWN THE CLYDE, ON MONDAY, 22ND APRIL, 1839.

WELCOME, bonnie Ayrshire Lassie!
To thy native home—the Clyde;
Wha in beauty may surpass thee
As thou brav'st the swelling tide?
Meet companion of thy "Robin,"
(He who took thee first in tow),
O'er the wavelets gently bobbin',
Beauty blooming on thy prow.

Digitized by Google

As thou glidest o'er the waters,
  Like a thing of life and light,
Say, 'mang Coila's far-famed daughters,
  To whose name thou claim'st a right?
Light and lively as a fairy,
  Buskit in thy robes o' green,
Art thou Burns' "Highland Mary"—
  "Handsome Nell," or "Bonnie Jean?"

Tell me art thou "Charming Chloris"—
  "Nancy" on the "Banks o' Coil"—
"Darling" daughter o' "Rob Morris"—
  Or the "Lass o' Ballochmyle?"
Art thou "Maggie," proud and saucy,
  Gecking at poor "Duncan Gray?"
Or the "milking shiel" "blythe Bessie,"
  Lilting 'mang the new maun hay?

Say, art thou the "Flower of Devon,"
  "Once a Bud upon the Ayr?"
"Anna" wi' her light locks waving,
  "Blooming Bell," or "Lucy fair?"
Art thou "Bonnie Leslie Baillie,"
  Fair as Eve in Eden's bower;
Or the fickle, "fair, fause Phely,"
  Wi' a "new love" every hour?

Say, art thou the "spotless Nanny,"
  Pure as dew-wet gowan's sheen?
Or the fond confiding "Annie,"
  'Mang the "Barley rigs" at e'en?
Or, art thou the "artless lassie,"
  Wi' the "lint white-locks" sae fair?
Or the peerless, hapless "Jessie,"
  Waking thrillings o' despair?

Art thou—but nae mair I'll query;—
  Lang may'st thou thy course pursue,
Tight and steady—light and airy,
  O'er thy path of liquid blue.

Digitized by Google

Leeze me on thee! "Ayrshire Lassie,"
Thou may'st take each name by turns;
For these names were aft, my lassie,
Sweetly sung by "Robin Burns."

STANZAS,

WRITTEN ON READING IN AN AMERICAN NEWSPAPER AN ACCOUNT OF THE DEATH OF THOMAS PAINE, AUTHOR OF "COMMON SENSE," "THE RIGHTS OF MAN," ETC.

TOM PAINE is dead—Satan, be on thy guard;
Remember, he's thy most inveterate foe;
Get thy strong Pandemonian gates well barr'd,
Nor let him enter thy dark realms below.

Else if thou do, prepare to meet thy fate,
Nor longer vainly boast of being king,
But quit thy throne—throw off thy robes of State,
Thy crown and sceptre from thee quickly fling.

For if his levelling doctrines once get ground,
Thy sooty subjects will in fact rebel,
Pull down thy throne, spread Deism around,
Chop off thy head, and make a—FRANCE of Hell.

THE END.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google